On the page following is a picture by Mr. Wm. Balfour Ker. This is the first of a series of paintings, entitled "The Story of an American Home," which will be used as frontispieces during the coming months.

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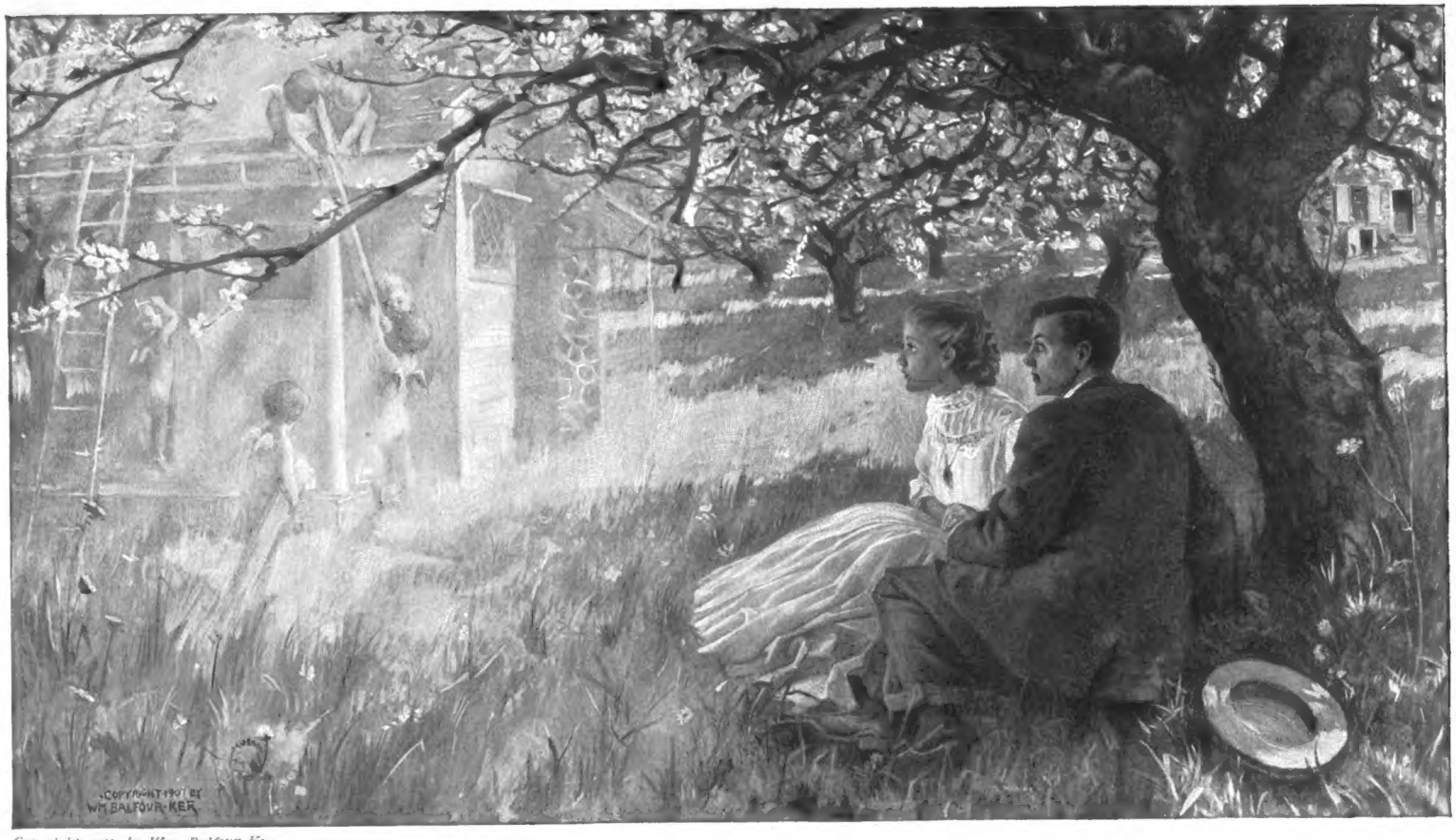

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THE STORY OF AN AMERICAN HOME.

I. CASTLES IN SPAIN.—THE OLD HOME AND A DREAM OF THE NEW.

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EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XVII. OCTOBER, 1907. No. 4.

The Keystone Crime

Pennsylvania's Graft-Cankered Capitol

By OWEN WISTER

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Owen Wister occupies a field remote from sociological investigation or journalistic exposure of national evils. It happens, however, that having of late passed much time within his native state, he has become, through his identification with the Philadelphia reform movement, or City Party, thoroughly familiar with the events leading to the scandal of the Capitol at Harrisburg. When urged to present them in EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE, he felt it proper to accept. He has consequently devoted much of his time to the hearings of the Investigation Commission and to an examination of the whole sordid crime, believing that in giving these facts the widest publicity lies Pennsylvania's greatest hope.

IF you will walk up the great staircase in the Capitol at Harrisburg, and proceed left to the Senate side, and find your way to the Senate cloak-room, and look to the left as you enter the door of that room, your eyes will immediately fall upon a stand for blacking boots. Nothing visible about this piece of furniture suggests its story; it is of decent dark wood, of dimensions convenient for its purpose; two senators can be seated upon it with comfort and have their four boots blackened simultaneously. Its maker, a Mr. Landis, sold it for $125 to Mr. Sanderson, the contractor who furnished the Capitol. Fifty dollars would duplicate this stand, it has been said; but its maker's profit is not the story of the stand. Mr. Sanderson placed two wooden chairs and four brass foot-rests upon it, and resold it to Pennsylvania for $1,619.20. That is the story of the stand.

A ten-per-cent. commission for a contractor is held to be generous; the commission here was 1,192 per cent.—and since he was dealing in figures of this size, why was Mr. Sanderson so precise about the $19.20?

In several rooms is a type of mahogany

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office table 8 feet long, 4 wide, 2½ high. The cost of each table to Sanderson was $40. He charged the State $1,472, a commission of 3,580 per cent. Still more remarkable are two rostrums, for which $2,060 were paid the builder, and for which the State paid Sanderson $90,748.80, a commission of 4,305 per cent. It appears that all this furniture, and much more, was bought by Sanderson by the piece, but was sold to the State "by the foot," at $18.40 a foot. If we now take the dimensions of the mahogany table, which originally cost $40, and compute its feet by multiplying its length by its width, and the result by its height thus: 4 times 8 is 32; 2½ times 32 is 80, and then multiply $18.40 by 80, we reach the sum of $1,472, or the price of 80 cubic feet of table paid by Pennsylvania to Sanderson. This gentleman by similar multiplications found that there were 88 feet of blacking stand —and so reached the price of $1,619.20 for that article. The rostrums were dealt with in the same cubical way, as were the hundreds and thousands of other objects that you will find distributed through the five stories of the enormous building. We Pennsylvania taxpayers have paid for I don't know how many thousands of feet of clocks, of umbrella-tubs, of clothes-trees, and of filing-cases.

"You knew you were including a good deal of air in that measurement, didn't you?" asked the counsel, Mr. James Scarlet, of a witness on May 31st, during the morning session of the committee that has been appointed to investigate this whole matter.

"Yes, sir, no doubt of that," replied the witness.

But when any precise cubic content was perplexing to calculate, measurement was dispensed with.

"Sometimes we would charge by the linear feet and sometimes by the square feet. We'd look at a piece of work and decide what it was worth. Then we would divide the estimated price by the unit price ($18.40) to determine the number for which to charge." It is thus that some 1,100 chairs were paid for.

Let us dwell upon one more item: the lighting fixtures. Sanderson sold these to the state not "by the foot" but "by the pound." The specifications called for "government statuary bronze," 87 parts copper, 13 parts tin, a thing unknown as a trade staple, with a name invented by the architect, Huston, for the emergency. The emergency was that "outside" bidders must be frightened off by the inordinate cost of such a material. They were. Sanderson, the successful "inside" contractor, bid $3.85 a pound, which was later privately raised to $4.85; and he was paid at this rate—but not for "government statuary bronze," of which he furnished not a single ounce. Chemical analysis of forty-one different styles of his fixtures has disclosed a substituted alloy that saved an immense percentage, both as to raw cost and assembling cost, and that is worth forty-four cents a pound, still further constantly cheapened by the use of scrap, instead of new alloy. Having now secretly raised his price and cheapened his material, Sanderson proceeded to make his chandeliers much thicker than was necessary, and further to load all possible hollow places in them with hunks of metal not merely superfluous, but in some cases dangerous—one chandelier having already broken several links of its badly cast supporting chains. These metal hunks cost Sanderson about twenty-five cents a pound, and it is estimated that there are 12,000 pounds of such loadings. The Senate and House chandeliers weigh 3½ tons. Having superfluously loaded his fixtures, Sanderson now added imaginary pounds to their weight; one type is charged as 900 pounds, but it weighs 755, while in the Supreme Court room, four fixtures were paid for at 1,302¼ pounds each; one has been found to weigh 802, the next 770. As to casting, pieces which should be solid turn out to be of many soldered fragments. And finally, there is the "solid mercurial gold finish" called for in the specifications. This is a process so handsome and durable, as well as expensive, that it is used almost altogether in Europe, and almost never here. Huston and Sanderson have often mentioned its universal presence in their bronze. There is not a square inch of it anywhere. Dipping in acid and brushing with powder is their very cheap substitute, and this "gold finish" has begun to wear off already.

Thus the Sanderson-concocted chandelier is an emblem of six different kinds of cheating:

(1) In material, his bronze is a fraud.

(2) In construction, his casting is dishonest.

(3) In finish, his gold-plating is a sham.

(4) He "loaded" his fixtures.

(5) He charged for weight that did not exist.

(6) He charged, and got, one dollar a pound over his bid.

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EX-GOVERNOR PENNYPACKER.
"I know of no graft; I do not like the term."

The fixtures cost Sanderson $569,000, which included a fifty-per-cent. profit, divided between him, Boileau, and Kinsman, under the terms of contract of the Pennsylvania Bronze Company. He then charged the State $2,041,522.97, of wnich his share, after paying a subcontractor, was $1,600,000.

It remains to be said that to charge for pieces of furniture "by the foot" and "by the pound" is a method utterly unknown to the business world, and impossible to carry out fairly, coherently, or intelligently. As Huston observed, it was not carried out.

The total cubic-foot capacity of the Capitol is 12,131,666. To *build* it cost $3,970,000—including sculptures by Barnard, some of Abbey's paintings, and all of Miss Oakley's decorative paintings. To *furnish* it cost $8,588,740.55—that is to say, that under a schedule calling for "furniture, fixtures, and decorations," the Board of Public Grounds and Buildings spent seventy cents a cubic foot (largely for fraudulent stuff), while for the building itself the Capitol Building Commission spent only thirty-two cents a cubic foot.

II

QUAY, late leader of political Pennsylvania, dead now, said once at election time: "I can sometimes do without a governor, but I always need a treasurer"; and upon another occasion, very late in life, he advised a friend: "Keep out of the Capitol job. Everybody in that will go to the penitentiary." Behind these remarks lie forty years of unpunished robbery, punctuated by occasional protests; for Pennsylvania is not rottener than she ever was, but merely as rotten as ever she has been. If anybody goes to the penitentiary this time, it will be because Quay is no longer alive to rob the penitentiary as well as the treasury. One protest was the new Constitution of 1874, making the office of treasurer elective. Previously, he had been chosen by the legislature —then owned by Cameron. But what is law unless vitalized by vigilance? The Pennsylvanian does not vigil; he sometimes tosses in his sleep.

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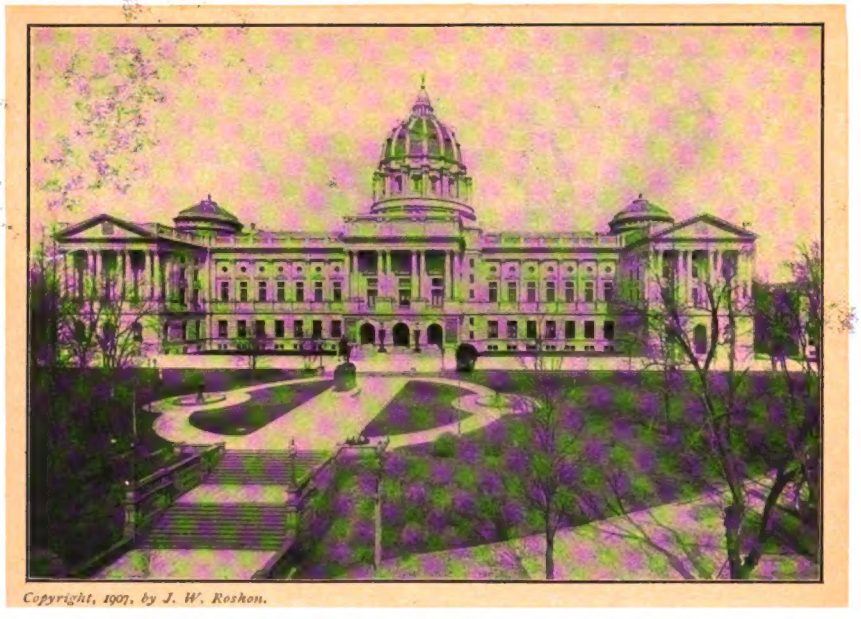
Robbery continued for five years, when another protest elected an honest and independent treasurer, Samuel Butler. He looked into the Treasury and saw he had fallen heir to a deficit. Less servile than his predecessors, he declined to receipt for $260,000, which he found was represented by not one cent of cash, but by queer certificates of shares in queer mining and land companies, and by politicians' promissory notes. It is now published and undenied history that this money had been taken out of the Treasury by Quay, and lost in speculation. Exposure loomed close; Quay fretted day and night, closeted in consultation with his partners, Walters, the cashier of the Treasury, and Norris, the auditor-general of the State. But as exposure loomed closer, Walters did more than fret—he blew his brains out, and stands historic as Treasury suicide No. 1. His tragedy may have suggested to Quay the little comedy that he himself now played. Struggle and search as they would, squeeze pennies from everywhere into the deficit, more than $100,000 remained to find. May 1st was at hand, the reckoning day, when Butler should take his office—and he refused to assume charge until the whole deficit was made up; meanwhile he promised silence. So Quay played his comedy. Seated in his shirt-sleeves in his room, and grasping the weapon of death in the presence of the rightly selected person, he repeated again and again that his time had come. Chris Magee, of Pittsburg, was the selected person, and Quay had understood his man. Magee's sentimental heart melted; he implored Quay to live (which Quay had not the slightest intention of not doing) and swearing to help him out, made good his word. He appealed to Cameron, and not in vain. To quote another of Quay's felicitous phrases, here was the man found "to get behind the Treasury and make things look good." Cameron paid the deficit, Butler took office, the people knew nothing, and Quay continued to live and loot. Noyes, the retiring State treasurer, did not. He had been ignorant of the looting worked by his cashier, Walters, and he soon followed him, dying of worry and shame in a few months.



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THE PENNSYLVANIA STATE CAPITOL WHICH COST FOUR MILLION TO BUILD AND MORE THAN EIGHT MILLION TO FURNISH.

Butler unfortunately appointed William Livesey, of Pittsburg, his cashier. Livesey turned out a jailbird of the Quay feather, and made the machinery of self-perpetuating theft perfect, thus: Bailey succeeded Butler, Livesey remaining cashier. Bailey was honest, but ignorant of the nature of the banks where Livesey now deposited State money, and where Quay and his friends freely drew on

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it without security. When two of these banks failed, and Bailey's entire fortune was taken under a confession of judgment, exacted by the sureties who had gone on his bond at the time he entered office, his eyes were opened and he understood. The politicians got him free transportation to his home, where he soon after died in poverty. Cashier Livesey now became treasurer, followed by Quay, who reappointed him cashier, but who resigned early in his second year, when Livesey was appointed treasurer for the unexpired term. He was made cashier again by his successor, Hart, probably an honest man. It is believed that what Hart discovered about the Treasury killed him. At any rate, he died in office, and the perpetual Livesey was again appointed to fill the vacancy. He was again made cashier by his successor, Boyer.

About this time a flood destroyed Johnstown, and for such emergency the machinery of self-perpetuating theft could not provide. It was proposed to call a special session of the Legislature to enact relief for Johnstown. But the "insiders" knew better than to subject the Treasury to such a sudden test. It would have lifted the lid off the vacancy beneath. The man was found again—William H. Kemble. He knew that there was no money to pay for any special session, nor for any appropriation for Johnstown, and he knew why. Another jailbird of the Quay feather (already once convicted of bribery and immediately pardoned by the State board of which Quay was chairman), he had coined a phrase as expressive as any of Quay's: "Addition, division, and silence." He paid his debt to Quay now, and came forward openly with $50,000 for Johnstown, and thereby a special session and an appropriation were rendered needless. Thus the darkness beneath the Treasury lid was unbroken, and the machinery of theft worked smoothly on—but not smoothly for everybody. The Treasury had been recently crippled by a raid of $400,000, got from it for Quay by Livesey, the cashier, assisted by Norris, the auditor-general. With this money Quay had bought certain bonds carrying a stock bonus. The bonds he sold in time, thus replacing the $400,000, and the stock he kept until it brought him $75 a share, when he observed: "A man is a fool who does not take advantage of his opportunities." But Norris, who with a negro porter had brought the State money in a cab to Quay, drank himself to death, while the negro porter, oddly enough, was soon after found at the bottom of the Susquehanna River. Before dying, Norris had written to Quay:

MY DEAR COLONEL: In the event of my death I wish as my last request that you see that Lizzie, for herself and children, receives my $10,000 in the Chicago deal. This is the only legacy I can secure them, and I trust you to look after it.

THE ARCHITECT HUSTON,
Through whose office the machinery of the graft was operated.

Mrs. Norris presented this letter. Quay laughed in her face, remarking: "When a politician dies, he leaves only what is found on him." She put the papers in legal hands; and the sum of $10,000 was promptly paid for them, and the lid was kept on. But Livesey, fearing that the lid might some day be lifted on himself, fled the State, and died in exile. The machinery continued without him. No suicides, however, occurred when the Chestnut Street Bank, the State Insurance Company, the Westchester Trust Company, and the German National Bank of Pittsburg were wrecked by the smooth running of the machinery. But the lid, nevertheless, nearly

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came off on March 25, 1898, when the People's Bank failed, and Hopkins, the cashier, blew his brains out, because he knew more about the self-perpetuating machinery of theft than he could any longer bear. We pass by most interesting letters from the State treasurer, Haywood, found in the cashier's desk, and quote only the famous telegram:

SAN LUCIE, FLORIDA, Feb. 11, 1898.
JOHN S. HOPKINS: If you buy and carry a thousand Met. for me I will shake the plum-tree.
M. S. QUAY.

Quay, his son Richard, and Haywood were indicted for conspiracy to use the funds of the Commonwealth for their own benefit. When the trial began, April 10, 1899, Haywood had opportunely and suddenly died. Quay attempted no defense, but pleaded the statute of limitations. Quay's plea excluded all evidence antedating two years—all evidence of the transactions narrated above, all evidence but Haywood's books—the dealings with the People's Bank being kept secretly by Hopkins in a sort of cipher. The expert accountant explained the cipher and made the secret and the open books of the bank fit like hands in gloves, showing that between May 6, 1886, and October 31, 1897, Quay got $1,906,703 from the People's Bank, and paid only $2,418 interest thereon. But several of the jury could neither write nor read. On April 21st Quay was acquitted, and the machinery of theft suffered no interruption, not even during the trial. Meanwhile, the new Capitol had begun to rise, at least in the imagination of the politicians. "Everybody in that job will go to the penitentiary," remarked Quay.

III

By Act of April 14, 1897, provision had been made for the erection of a new Capitol building,* and $550,000 had been the appropriation limiting its structural cost. Eight prominent architectural firms were invited to compete. Suddenly the committee revoked its program. From the political blur of all this emerges a new competition—everybody cordially invited. But the Institute of Architects passed a formal resolution, forbidding any of its members to deal with the politicians and their Capitol. There was now built the $550,000 Capitol, a brick shell evidently meant to be temporary, as it was. By Act of July 18, 1901, a Capitol Building Commission was created "to construct, build, and complete the State Capitol," the total cost not to exceed $4,000,000. Significant indeed is the proviso that none but Pennsylvania architects would be eligible. A third competition was now invited, Mr. Ware, of Columbia University, to perform the office of professional adviser. No architects of standing entered this competition, and over its finish gathers a blur—that blur which invariably shrouds all crucial moments in the doings of the Quay political offspring. We are now entering the crowded intricacies of this long and well-prepared plot. Out of the competition blur emerges Huston, whose premature boast that he was to be the chosen architect spoils the appearance of the simulated competition. Against this choice of Huston the Institute of American Architects formally protested. No notice was taken of this protest. On his entering the competition, Huston's resignation from the T Square Club was requested, and accepted—but he had got the Capitol, and the Capitol had got him, an inexperienced novice, and consequently sure to be amenable to the suggestion of those who had so distinguished him.

They had now got their man, and next they needed a little law. It was not lacking. By Act of March 26, 1895 (which enlarged and bettered one of ten years earlier), it was provided that "the Governor, Auditor-General, and State Treasurer shall constitute a board to be known as the Board of Commissioners of Public Grounds and Buildings, who shall have entire control of the public grounds and buildings, including . . . the furnishing and refurnishing of the same." Here legally we have the entering wedge, which very slight doctoring—imperceptible to the unperceiving public—was to render a fine weapon of defense for any amount of chandeliers and blacking stands. Were not such things "furnishings"? And did not the Board of Public Grounds and Buildings have full swing here? Let the Building Commission scrupulously spend its four millions on the *building*; the board would attend to the *furnishing*. Indeed, under this very amply worded power, dating back to 1885, there is no doubt that (in a small way) "addition, division, and silence" had been going on steadily, whenever "furnishing and refurnishing" was to be done. The "by the foot" and "by the pound" system turns up during these years,

* To replace the one burned February 2, 1897. Few believe that this burning was accidental.

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invented by one Delaney, who had sat at the feet of Quay and Cameron. Having unlimited power to furnish, all that was needed was authority to pay the bills. The plan was large and the men here engaged wanted full sway. So we find in the General Appropriation Acts of 1901, 1903, and 1905, what is known as Section 10: "The State treasurer is hereby authorized and directed to pay out of any moneys in the Treasury not otherwise appropriated . . . such sums as may be required . . . for furnishing, . . . which shall be done only on the written orders of the Board of . . . Public Grounds and Buildings." No $4,000,000 limit here; no limit at all; but who would have been able to see that "any moneys not otherwise appropriated" was going to mean nearly $9,000,000 for furnishing?

A SESSION OF THE INVESTIGATING COMMITTEE.

And now Mr. Samuel Pennypacker comes into this story. In the *Atlantic Monthly* for October, 1901, appeared an article, "The Political Ills of Pennsylvania," touching upon such methods as self-perpetuating machinery, and other matters too, and speaking of Quay with frankness unveiled. To this Mr. Pennypacker—Judge Pennypacker then—wrote a reply, which the *Atlantic* declined, and which he published in *The Press*, November 29, 1901. "Pennsylvania has no ills," declared the judge, and proved it by naming the institutions founded by Franklin, and recalling how brilliantly General Meade had won the battle of Gettysburg. And when he came to Quay he wrote: "It is not for me to express an opinion concerning his political methods. . . . Mr. Quay is a plain, simple, modest, and kindly man, with no propensity for the acquisition of riches, and with a genius for . . . organization . . . like the gift of Shakespeare." Quay was flattered by this, and he forthwith took his cousin Pennypacker from the bench, and made him the next Governor of Pennsylvania in 1903. Quay had been in recent trouble (we omit the history of ex-Senator Quay, as it is not organically essential to the story of the Capitol), and he was glad to offer in his cousin Pennypacker a candidate of whom everybody could say "he is honest"; moreover this cousin had been a perfectly reputable judge.

By virtue of the Act of 1895, Governor Pennypacker now found himself (with Auditor-General Hardenburgh and State Treasurer Harris) presiding officer of the Board of Public Grounds and Buildings. The contract for building the Capitol had been awarded on September 30th, some three months before; it was scarce yet time to think of furnishings—though oddly, very oddly,

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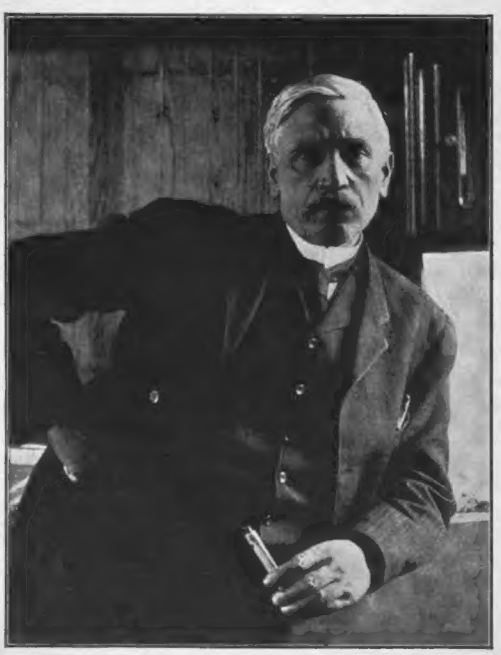
orders for all the metal furniture had already been approved by the governor's predecessors. But quite aside from the question of furnishings, which had not yet been presented to him, it did not take Governor Pennypacker long to fall under the spell of the glory that the new Capitol was sure to shed upon him. He would still be governor at its completion in 1906, would preside at the opening ceremonies, would hear panegyrics from important speakers, would add a little something in that way himself; would in short stand at the doors of the new house, its momentary master, and flinging them grandly open, bid the world walk in and be welcome. It is under the splendor of this vision that charity, and a belief in his personal honesty, compel us to suppose that Governor Pennypacker henceforth walked in a trance of vanity. To this trance Huston ably ministered. Governor Pennypacker secured Huston for his board for the consideration of four per cent. on everything. On April 12, 1904, we find him offering what has since become famous as his "joker" resolution, regarding bids for the furnishing. On April 13th they rescinded this resolution—but when it came to letting the contract it was let in strict accordance with the resolution.

It was the architects' competition over again, differently managed. A certain man was needed to perfect the plot, but there must be an appearance of open bidding. Now, Sanderson had been supplying furniture to public buildings since the Act of 1895, and he was the needed man, and they got him by the simplest device. In Governor Pennypacker's "joker" resolution was embedded the following, suggested to him by nobody knows who, though we may all guess: the bids must "cover the entire furnishing, in accordance with the specifications prepared by the architect." Now let the reader suppose that he is a manufacturer of carpets, and that he puts in a bid; instantly he runs against the "joker"; his bid must "cover the entire furnishings"—chandeliers, desks, thermostats, Venetian blinds, glass, etc., etc.—and he makes only carpets. He cannot compete, unless in the six weeks given him he can arrange with those who make the other things to supply him, then get the architect's specifications, base his bids upon them, cover the forty-one items of the schedule, and be ready on the day appointed for bidding. It was impossible. Some went so far as to trust the advertisement that "complete plans for all the furniture . . . can be seen at the office of J. M. Huston . . . where full instructions will be given." They called and grew speedily aware of their innocence. All instructions were withheld; even civility was usually withheld. Plans for furniture they did see—chained to the wall; but when they asked for copies of these to take home to base their calculations on, they were refused. In short, in the office of J. M. Huston they got not a clue to enable them to bid, and they gave it up, realizing that they were not of the elect.



STATE TREASURER BERRY,
Whose election in 1905 brought about the exposure of the Capitol graft.

But how did the elect Sanderson manage it, since J. M. Huston denied that he had ever known Sanderson until the bidding-day? Since that denial, J. M. Huston has written letters in which inadvertent mention is made of his having known Sanderson since 1899, and it has further been shown during the investigation that this pair were in busy collusion over the bidding a year before the bidding took place. We complete this transaction for the reader by adding that besides Sanderson there was one general bidder,

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namely, "The International and Manufacturing Supply Company." It was a phantom. The probing hand goes through it, finding a sort of vacuum, with several sets of shuffled incorporators, and, as residue, a female typewriter, and somebody now in Mexico. It was got up for appearances. Thus the second farce of competition was played, and the scheme of robbery made perfect—a Capitol building to furnish, an unscrupulous rascal to furnish it, a board with unlimited control of public money to pay for it, and another unscrupulous rascal with unlimited control of the board. How he turned them round his finger, how they were wax in his hands, how these official guardians of the enterprise guarded nothing, but impotently (or connivingly) sat still while millions were being squandered, shall presently be narrated.

"TRIMMER" SANDERSON,
The principal looter in the Harrisburg crime.

IV

MEANWHILE Quay had died; and, bereft of its chief, Pennsylvania's den of thieves fell into trouble for a while, weakened by internal quarreling and menaced by the citizens from without. The storm-center was in Philadelphia. Three impudences greater than common—Quay's appointment to the Senate one hour after his technical evasion of prison, the Salter jury, and finally the Gas Lease—had gradually wakened the hibernating moral sense of the community, and the Gas Lease threatened their pockets besides. In the ensuing revolt of May to November, 1905, politics were disinfected by the City Party to a degree encouraging, but incomplete; and the particular disinfecting which concerns the Capitol was the election of an honest and courageous State treasurer. This was a danger that the conspirators had not foreseen. By their own law he would take his place on the Board of Public Grounds and Buildings, and perhaps spoil everything. They fought desperately. They invited many distinguished strangers to come and speak for them; they floated themselves on great banners as the party of Roosevelt, the party of the Square Deal, besides employing their usual methods lavishly; but the distinguished strangers sent regrets, the administration made no sign, and they had to speak for themselves. This they did at the Academy of Music, October 18th. Said Senator Penrose:

"No one of all the states can exhibit such a wise and beneficent financial system as has been created in Pennsylvania by Republican legislation and administered by Republican treasurers. . . . The Republican party has no apology to offer. . . . What it has done in the past it will do in the future."

This promise was virtually simultaneous with another blowing out of brains. Out in Allegheny, T. Lee Clark, cashier of the Enterprise Bank, on that day had followed the steps of Walters and Hopkins, and by shooting himself had become Treasury suicide No. 3. While the looted bank added a new ruin to commemorate the "wise and beneficent financial system," the corpse of Clark added special eloquence to Senator Penrose's words: "The Republican party has no apology to offer. . . . What it has done in the past it will do in the future."

So Mr. Berry was elected State treasurer in November, 1905. He could not know what breathless doings his election had started among Huston, Sanderson, and their puppet Board of Public Grounds and Buildings; but when he entered office on May 6, 1906, he could have known, and did know at once, by what he found, that theft on a great scale had been taking place. By a grave error of judgment in keeping back this knowledge for four months, he hurt incurably the fall campaign

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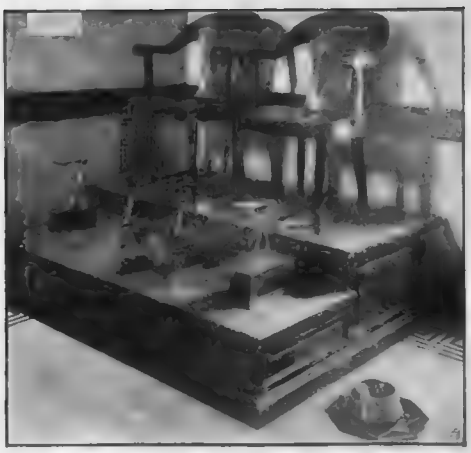
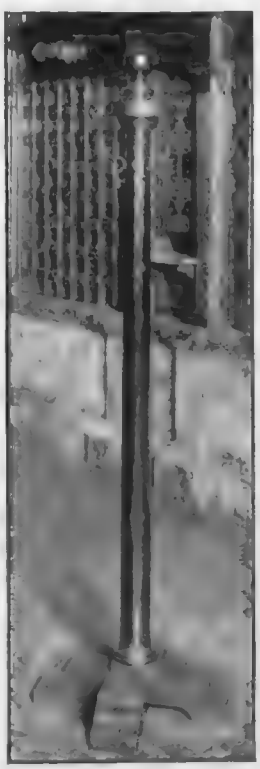
MAHOGANY OFFICE TABLE.
Market price, $40; cost to Pennsylvania, $1,472.



BOOTBLACK STAND.
Market price, $125; cost to Pennsylvania, $1,619.20.



HAT-TREE.
Sold to Pennsylvania at $18.40 a foot.

that he was endeavoring to serve by his ill-timed postponement. But we must be very grateful to him for what he did accomplish. All was quiet meanwhile, so quiet, so hidden, that on August 16th, the Capitol being ready, a Philadelphia newspaper could say the following: "It is probably the only great structure put up in this country under public auspices that was finished within the specified time and the cost kept within the appropriation." And true it seemed; it had cost $30,000 less than the $4,000,000 appropriated to "build" it, while the $8,500,000 spent by Mr. Pennypacker in "furnishing" it was, and would have remained, a secret hermetically sealed forever, but for the recent victory of the City Party. Thus as late as August, 1906, the public suspected nothing.

On September 10th, at Erie, Mr. Berry said: "The Capitol has cost more than $10,000,000."

On September 11th, Auditor-General Snyder replied: "The department has nothing to conceal. Everything that was paid for by the foot was measured, and everything that was paid for by the pound was weighed, before the bills were approved and ordered to be paid."

On September 17th, at Reading, Berry persisted: "The Capitol has cost more than $12,000,000."

On September 26th, Pennypacker and his auditor issued a statement: "Pennsylvania will be proud of it." "The board believed . . . that it had made an advantageous arrangement for the Commonwealth." "No bill was finally settled until the article had been measured or weighed as the schedule required." "So far as we know not a dollar has been misspent." "The board, conscious . . . it has faithfully wrought a good work . . . awaits with entire confidence the approval of the people."

The Capitol is not a good work. Outside, it looks as much like all other Capitols as any banana looks like the rest of the bunch. Inside, it is a monstrous botch of bad arrangement, bad lighting, bad ventilation, and the most bloated bad taste. From this must be excepted Miss Oakley's beautiful paintings, Mr. Mercer's admirable tiles perpetuating a historic State industry; the work of Van Ingen, and the sculptures of Barnard—

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and for their honest wares these artists were as much underpaid as the contractors were overpaid for their dishonest wares.

On October 4th, the Capitol was dedicated, and Mr. Roosevelt made a speech there.

On October 9th, Mr. Berry asked Pennypacker by what right he and his board had spent money to complete the building in disregard of the law: Section 10: "Expenditures shall not be so construed as to authorize the Commissioners of Public Grounds and Buildings to complete the present Capitol building."

The building contract had covered all fixtures. It called for wood wainscoting seven feet high. Pennypacker put up wainscoting twelve feet high and paid Sanderson for this, while the building contractor was also paid for the same seven feet. Thus the State paid twice. This is one of many examples of Pennypacker's usurpation of the completing of the building. The governor did not put up the wainscoting himself, but he approved his agent's (Huston's) sanction of it, and must be regarded as the responsible principal in this as well as in all the similar transactions. To Berry's question as to what legal right he had to do so, he remained silent.

On the same day Berry wrote asking the attorney-general, Hampton Carson, for an opinion as to the legality of this, adding that he should stop further payments until he was sure. He subjoined a list of items of usurpation.

Only twenty-seven days remained before election. Mr. Carson replied that he did not understand Mr. Berry's list. Let us have an example of what Mr. Carson did not understand:

Specified in original contract	Described in contract as	Paid by Board of Public Grounds and Buildings
Pages 56–74	Wainscoting (Wood)	$889,940.00

Mr. Carson wrote that he could not understand this—but let us remember that it was only twenty-seven days before election.

On October 20th, Mr. Carson said in a campaign speech: "The man who makes the accusations must sustain them . . . the public is sick of these charges which never materialize."

On October 24th, Mr. Pennypacker said: "I know of no graft. I do not believe there has been any. I do not like the term."

On October 31st, Berry again wrote Carson, more fully as requested. (It will be observed that Mr. Carson had asked for details, the gathering of which had covered twenty-one of the twenty-seven days remaining before election.)

The vault doors and vestibules referred to on page 87 are included in the contract with Payne & Company (the building contractors) and paid for in the lump sum received by him. They have been paid for a second time by the Board of Public

ATTORNEY-GENERAL HAMPTON CARSON,
Who attempted to absolve the grafters of wrong-doing.

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Grounds and Buildings, as shown in the accompanying voucher, and no allowance has been made to the State. . . . A special schedule of forty-one items and a general schedule of twenty-three items were made. . . . A bid was received from J. H. Sanderson on every item in both lists. . . . For instance: Special Schedule, Item 2. Leather-covered easy armchair (mahogany), Series F, $32.65 net. . . . Some of these prices are fifty per cent. lower than any other bid. . . . Item 22 is ambiguously . . . drawn as to cover all furniture . . . to be used. . . . "Item 22. . . . Designed furniture, fittings, furnishings, and decorations, of either woodwork, stone, marble, bronze, mosaic, glass, and upholstery"; and the bidder is asked to bid per foot, without a definite statement of what a foot of furniture is. . . . The results: There are six "leather-covered easy armchairs (mahogany)" in my private office, which are accurately described in Item 2 (special schedule), and which are offered by Mr. Sanderson to the State under this item for $32.65 each, and which were furnished by him under Item 22 by the foot at $138 each, or more than four times the original offer.

In plain words, Sanderson got up two lists of furniture, one to fool the public with, the other to rob the Treasury with. The first was like any ordinary price-list containing chairs, tables, etc., and their prices. In the second list, lurking unprominently, was "Item 22" with its tricky wording about *designed* furniture *per foot*. So the first list was not used (except to fool the public), and Sanderson put in all the furniture under "per foot" contracts. Thus Mr. Berry's "leather-covered easy armchairs" were made to cost $138 each, instead of $32.65. This was what Mr. Berry had shown Mr. Carson.

The above extract is necessary to throw a clear light on the nature of Mr. Carson's reply, on the same day: "I again point out to you the importance of supplying me from the records of your department with the data which I have called for."

Mr. Berry was no lawyer; Mr. Carson was. The twenty-seven dangerous days were tided over, and on November 6th Mr. Carson's party triumphed. That day safely passed, we find Mr. Carson saying on November 10th: "The time for talk has ceased. . . . These charges I intend to investigate, and nothing will be overlooked."

Mr. Carson did investigate the charges, and his manner of doing so was this: Through the ensuing weeks he addressed letters to Huston and Sanderson, asking them if the charges were true, and received replies that they were not. This form of investigation appears to have satisfied Mr. Carson. His report, published in January, 1907, says: "Upon the evidence thus far submitted—and speaking of that only—I do not hesitate to say that, in my judgment, there is no trace of crime. . . . In regard to overcharges . . . the testimony is harmonious." Thus Mr. Carson, having said to the thieves, "Please tell me honestly, did you steal anything?" and hearing the thieves harmoniously answer "No," concludes: "Unless fraud is shown . . . the attorney-general will have no function to perform. I submit these views. . . . To have withheld them would be trifling with a grave subject."

It may be justly wondered how Mr. Carson managed to think that he had *not* trifled with a grave subject when (to cite one instance from his report) we find the following:

On November 2, 1906, he asks Sanderson: "If there were subcontracts, please give the names of the subcontractors, and state the difference between the price paid by you to them and the prices charged the State."

And Sanderson answers, November 17th: "My rights . . . are in no way affected by the cost to me of the article, or by the fact that I did or did not sublet the contract."

The attorney-general had put his finger on the vital point; and, being told that it was none of his business, was satisfied by this impudent withholding of what he had asked for.

In February, 1907, the investigating commission was appointed, it having been a strong "plank" in the Republican platform during the fall campaign.

In March the investigating commission began its sittings, and, with James Scarlet as its counsel, became historic. It owed much at the outset to the *North American*, through whose help it speedily reached the subcontractors. Most of the papers, especially *The Press*, have played a public-spirited part throughout. In a very few days Pennsylvania knew that once more it had been the huge, laughable, contemptible dupe of those whom it had just put back into power after a momentary defection, a flash in the pan of intelligent independence. Pennsylvania learned about the bootblack stand, the rostrums, the chandeliers. Pennsylvania learned that—

It had paid for putty instead of mahogany.
It had paid for plaster instead of marble.
It had paid $73 for "special" andirons that had been sold everywhere for twelve years at $23.
It had paid for mantels and fireplaces that had no chimnies. It had paid—

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$625.60 for a corner cupboard..... costing	$50.00
$6,292.80 for umbrella tubs. costing	$1,851.00
$18,160.80 for wardrobes... costing	$1,645.00
$28,630.40 for mantels ..... costing	$1,455.00
$211,317.40 for desks ..... costing	$49,085.50
$769,038.48 for painting and decorating.... costing	$175,042.70
$887,229.60 for designed woodwork.... costing	$136,685.75
$1,426,705.71 for chandeliers.. costing	$526,948.29
$2,072,450.55 for metallic filing cases, etc..... costing	$412,500.00

Huston and Sanderson presently fled the state. And Pennypacker? Pennypacker, who declared:

"The board has been more than ordinarily watchful in order to prevent possible abuse." "In several instances I personally . . . sent two men to verify the measurements. . . ." "The board . . . has faithfully wrought a good work. . . ." "I know of no graft. I do not believe there has been any. . . ."

In his testimony before the Investigation (page 2,829) this is what he says:

I am not familiar with the details. I do not know that that could be expected of me." And (page 2,846): "If we did not get good work, then I was deceived and we were all deceived . . . and it is an especially wicked thing.

And Snyder? Snyder, the auditor-general, who joined Pennypacker in his report that "So far as we know, not a dollar has been misspent. . . ." "The board . . . awaits with entire confidence the approval of the people. . . ."

Let us see from his own words how he performed his office:

Testimony, page 2,967: Q. But you paid them without knowing whether they were correct or not?

A. I did.

(Page 3,011): Q. What did you understand was the foot measurement?

A. I have never understood that.

Q. Did you ever try to understand it?

A. No, sir.

Q. How would you understand the bills, how audit them, if you did not understand that?

A. I depended entirely on the architect. . . . I may have been a little easy.

(Page 3,048): Q. For my own satisfaction, just tell me what mental processes you underwent when you audited a bill?

A. I . . . saw that the additions and multiplications were correct.

The Investigation sat until the end of June, taking 900,000 words of testimony. It found (among other things)—

That millions had been paid on Huston's unsupported, unverified word.

That in October, 1903, Huston had been suspected by Mr. Green, superintendent of the building, and the suspicion had been communicated.

That in December, 1904, Snyder had suspected Huston, and had asked for more definite data, which he did not get till the following fall, though he could have stopped payments at any time.

That (and here is the darkest fact of all) immediately on Berry's election in November, 1905, money began to be paid out in greater and greater haste.

That between March 1 and May 2, 1906, $3,476,122.63 was paid out, partly for goods *not yet delivered*.

That on May 2d, $950,912.72 was paid to Sanderson, partly for work *not yet done*.

That the minutes of the board were approved next day, and so Berry on the 6th of May found matters when he entered office.

Such, shorn of many details not essential to its telling, is the story. Who really got the money? Will any one be punished? Or will this merely carry on successfully the tradition of "addition, division, and silence"?*

V

THAT the political case of Pennsylvania is a very sick one, both acute and chronic, can scarce have escaped the notice of the reader who has followed this narrative down, from Cameron through Quay and the suicides, to this point. And how, it will naturally be asked, and why, has any community of self-respecting people tolerated such a state of things for forty years? The briefest answer is—*the people of Pennsylvania are not self-respecting. In the place of self-respect they substitute an impregnable complacency.* Yet this explanation is inadequate. Mere complacency would hardly sit down and be robbed for forty years, getting leaky reservoirs and putty mahogany for its money; and we find upon analysis that with complacency must be joined also stupidity and cowardice. It is a sweeping indictment, and of course it applies to by no means every voter in the State; but it does apply to the majority, since it is the majority that elects. Yet still the question remains, How does all this come about? How is it that Pennsylvania is not only dishonest—all states are that at times—but ridiculous as well?

The reader has heard of monopolies and trusts. *The Government of Pennsylvania has been, since the Civil War, a monopoly, an enormous trust, almost without competition, like*

* Before these words are published, seventeen persons will have been named for indictment, unless the Commission change its present plan.

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Standard Oil, but greatly inferior, because Standard Oil gives good oil, while the Pennsylvania machine gives bad government. It shields and fosters child labor; we have seen how it steals; it has given Philadelphia sewage to drink, smoke to breathe, extravagant gas, a vile street-car system, and a police well-nigh contemptible. This monopoly rests upon two special causes—a special soil and a special people; coal and iron and the tariff could not by themselves have brought a community so low. It required a people ready and willing to be brought low, and the people were there—the Pennsylvania "Dutch," and the Quakers. The former, to their good qualities of thrift and a certain stolid horse-sense, unite a servile acquiescence in things as they are; no "Dutch" county has ever turned its boss out. The Quaker to his well-known good qualities adds a timidity that also acquiesces in things as they are. This *racial acquiescence* is at the bottom of Pennsylvania's plight, and has drugged every standard, save money. *Lethargically prosperous, Pennsylvania is all belly and no members, and its ideals do not rise higher than the belly. Of the traditional Philadelphian this is as true as of the rustic, only it is more shameful. Well-to-do, at ease, with no wish but to be left undisturbed, the traditional Philadelphian shrinks from revolt. When wrongs so outrageous as the Gas Lease are thrust at him, he may rouse for a while, but it is grudgingly in his heart of hearts; and when the party of reform makes mistakes, he jumps at these to cover his retreat back into the ranks of acquiescence.*

After electing a reform party in November, 1905, he immediately began to notice all that the party failed to reform and to ignore all that it accomplished. He jeered at every piece of mismanagement of the City Party; it made him happy; it was another pretext for him to return to the party that had been managing the Treasury for forty years. One year of independence was too much for him. Long before its close he was tired and frightened of it. The next November, 1906, he began to run back; the following February he ran the whole way, glad to forget he owed the Capitol exposure to the independent party, pretending hard to believe that it was exaggerated. He elected, instead of the independent candidate for mayor, a machine mayor, who in the words of a machine leader "has been taking orders for thirty years," and whose latest act of obedience has been the signing—against strong protest—of a street-railroad bill that gives about as much to the interested few and about as little to the citizens as the Capitol job itself—all this quite in the face of the mayor's paraded promises of independent watchfulness of the city's welfare. Were this mayor wholly harmless, he would be wholly ridiculous. For this mayor neither the "Dutch" nor the Quaker is to blame. The Irish, moved presumably by the gifts to their church of the notorious leader of the "contractors' combine," voted for a despotism far worse than that they had crossed the seas to escape—this to the disgust of the better Catholic element. Thus has Philadelphia, like the dog in Scripture, returned to its own vomit.

The people of Pennsylvania walked last autumn by thousands and thousands through their new Capitol, and to most of them it was superb and beautiful. Its total lack of individuality and distinction, its great aimless bulk, its bilious, overeaten decoration, its swollen bronzes, its varicose chandeliers, expressed their notion of the grand and the desirable. Now that they have learned that it was all another robbery, and that their carved mahogany is mostly putty, they are not much disturbed. **Do not pity them. They deserve everything they get, for Pennsylvania is to-day a government by knaves at the expense of fools.**

Black is the retrospect; the outlook somewhat brightens. Governor Stuart is so much better than his party that his candidacy saved it. The State is fairly restless. Harrisburg has shaken off the den of thieves. Pittsburg is trying to. Philadelphia may bring up the rear; its spark of liberty is not quite trampled out; it may some day cease to be the dirtiest smear on the map of the United States.

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In Blackwater Pot

By CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

Author of "The Heart of the Ancient Wood," "The Return to the Trails," etc.

Illustrations by J. N. Marchand

THE lesson of fear was one that Henderson learned late. He learned it well, however, when the time came. And it was Blackwater Pot that taught him.

Sluggishly, reluctantly, impotently, the spruce logs followed one another round and round the circuit of the great stone Pot. The circling water within was smooth, and deep, and black, but streaked with foam. At one side a deep rent in the rocky rim opened upon the sluicing current of the river, which rushed on, quivering and seething, to plunge with a roar into the terrific caldron of the falls. Out of that thunderous caldron, filled with huge tramplings and the shriek of tortured torrents, rose a white curtain of spray, which every now and then swayed upward and drenched the green birches that grew about the rim of the pot. For the break in the rim, which caught at the passing current and sucked it into the slow swirls of Blackwater Pot, was not a dozen feet from the lip of the falls.

Henderson sat at the foot of a ragged white birch that leaned from the upper rim of the pot. He held his pipe unlighted, while he watched the logs with a half fascinated stare. Outside, in the river, he saw them, in a clumsy, panic haste, wallowing down the white rapids to their awful plunge. When a log came down close along shore, its fate hung for a second or two in doubt. It might shoot straight on, over the lip, into the wavering curtain of spray, and vanish into the horror of the caldron. Or, at the last moment, the eddy might reach out stealthily and drag it into the sullen, wheeling procession within the Pot. All that it gained here, however, was a terrible kind of respite, a breathing space of agonized suspense. As it circled around, and came again to the opening by

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which it had entered, it might continue on another eventless revolution, or it might, according to the whim of the eddy, be cast forth irretrievably into the clutch of the awful sluice. Sometimes two logs, after a pause in what seemed like a secret death struggle, would crowd each other out and go over the falls together. And sometimes, on the other hand, both would make the circuit safely again and again. But always, at the cleft in the rim of the Pot, there was the moment of suspense, the shuddering, terrible pause.

It was this recurring moment that seemed to fasten itself balefully upon Henderson's imagination, so that he forgot to smoke. He had looked down into Blackwater before, but never when there were any logs in the Pot. Moreover, on this particular morning, he was overwrought with weariness. For a little short of three days he had been at the utmost tension of body, brain, and nerve, in hot but wary pursuit of a desperado whom it was his duty, as deputy sheriff of his county, to capture and bring to justice. This outlaw, a French half-breed known through the length and breadth of the wild backwoods county as "Red Pichot," was the last but one—and accounted the most dangerous—of a band that Henderson had undertaken to break up. Henderson had been deputy for two years—and owed his appointment primarily to his preeminent fitness for this very task. Unacquainted with fear, he was at the same time unrivaled through the backwoods counties for his subtle woodcraft, his sleepless endurance, and his cunning. It was two years now since he had set his hand to the business. One of the gang had been hanged. Two were in the penitentiary, on life sentence. Henderson had justified his appointment—to every one except himself. For while Pichot, and his gross-witted tool, "Bug" Mitchell, went unhanged, Henderson felt himself on probation, if not shamed. Mitchell he despised. But Pichot, the brains of the gang, he honored with a personal hatred that held a streak of rivalry. For Pichot, though a beast for cruelty and treachery, and with the murder of a woman on his black record—which placed him, according to Henderson's ideas, in a different category from a mere killer of men—was at the same time a born leader and of a courage that none could question. Some chance dash of Scotch Highland blood in his mixed veins had set a mop of hot red hair above his black, implacable eyes and cruel dark face. It had touched his villainies, too, with an imagination that made them the more atrocious. And Henderson's hate for him as a man was mixed with respect for the adversary worthy of his powers.

Reaching the falls, Henderson had been forced to acknowledge that, once again, Pichot had outwitted him on the trail. Satisfied that his quarry was by this time far out of reach among the tangled ravines on the other side of Two Mountains, he dismissed the three tired river men who constituted his posse, bidding them go on down the river to Greensville and wait for him. It was his plan to hunt alone for a couple of days, in the hope of catching his adversary off guard. He had an ally, unsuspected and invaluable, in a long-legged, half-wild youngster of a girl who lived alone with her father in a clearing about a mile below the falls, and who regarded Henderson with a childlike hero worship. This shy little savage, whom all the Settlement knew as "Baisley's Sis," had an intuitive knowledge of the wilderness and the trails that rivaled even Henderson's accomplished woodcraft; and the indomitable deputy "set great store," as he would have put it, by her friendship. He would go down presently to the clearing and ask some questions of the child. But first he wanted to do a bit of thinking.

It was while he was looking down into the terrible eddy that his efforts to think failed him, and his pipe went out, and his interest in the fortunes of the captive logs gradually took the hold of a nightmare upon his overwrought imagination. One after one he would mark, snatched in by the capricious eddy and held back a little while from its doom. One after one he would see crowded out at last, by inexplicable whim, and hurled on into the raging horror of the falls. He fell to personifying this captive log or that, endowing it with sentience, and imagining its emotions each time it circled shuddering past the cleft in the rim, once more precariously reprieved. At last, either because he was more deeply exhausted than he knew, or because he had fairly dropped asleep with his eyes open and had let his fantastic imaginings slip into a veritable dream, he felt himself suddenly become identified with one of the logs. It was one that was just drawing around to the fateful cleft. Would it win past once more? No—it was too far out! It felt the grasp of the outward suction—soft and insidious at first, then resistless as the

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falling of a mountain. With straining nerves and pounding heart Henderson strove to hold it back by sheer will and the wrestling of his eyes. But it was no use. Slowly the head of the log turned outward from its circling fellows, quivered for a moment in the cleft, then shot smoothly forth into the sluice. With a groan Henderson came to his senses, starting up, and catching instinctively at the butt of the heavy Colt's in his belt. At the same instant the coil of a rope settled over his shoulders, pinioning his arms to his sides, and he was jerked backward with a violence that fairly lifted him over the projecting root of the birch. As he fell his head struck a stump; and he knew nothing more.

When he came to his senses, he found himself in a most bewildering position. He was lying face downward along a log, his mouth pressed upon the rough bark. His arms and legs were in the water, on either side of the log. Other logs moved past him sluggishly. For a moment he thought himself still in the grip of his nightmare, and he struggled to wake himself. The struggle revealed to him that he was bound fast upon the log. At this his wits cleared up, with a pang that was more near despair than anything he had ever known. Then his nerve steadied itself back into its wonted control.

He realized what had befallen him. His enemies had back-trailed him, and had caught him off his guard. He was just where, in his awful dream, he had imagined himself as being. He was bound to one of the logs, down in the great stone pot of Blackwater Eddy.

For a second or two the blood in his veins ran ice, as he braced himself to feel the log lurch out into the sluice and plunge into the maelstrom of the abyss. Then he observed that the other logs were overtaking and passing him. His log, indeed, was not moving at all. Evidently, then, it was being held by some one. He tried to look around, but found himself so fettered that he could lift his face only a few inches from the log. This enabled him to see the whole surface of the eddy, and the fateful cleft, and out across the raving torrents into the white curtain that swayed above the caldron. But he could not, with the utmost twisting and stretching of his neck, see more than a couple of feet up the smooth stone sides of the Pot.

As he strained on his bonds he heard a harsh chuckle behind him; and the log, suddenly loosed with a jerk that showed him it had been held by a pike-pole, began to move. A moment later the sharp, steel-armed end of the pike-pole came down smartly on the forward end of the log, within

HE WATCHED THE LOGS WITH A HALF-FASCINATED STARE.

a dozen inches of Henderson's head, biting a secure hold. The log again came to a stop. Slowly, under pressure from the other end of the pike-pole, it rolled outward, submerging Henderson's right shoulder, and turning his face till he could see all the way up the sides of the Pot.

What he saw, on a ledge about three feet above the water, was Red Pichot, holding the pike-pole and smiling down upon him smoothly. On the rim above squatted Bug Mitchell, scowling, and gripping his knife as if he thirsted to settle all scores on the instant. Imagination was lacking in Mitchell's make-up; and he was impatient—so far as he dared to be—of Pichot's fantastic procrastinatings.

When Henderson's eyes met the evil, smiling glance of his enemy, they were steady and cold as steel. To Henderson, who had al-

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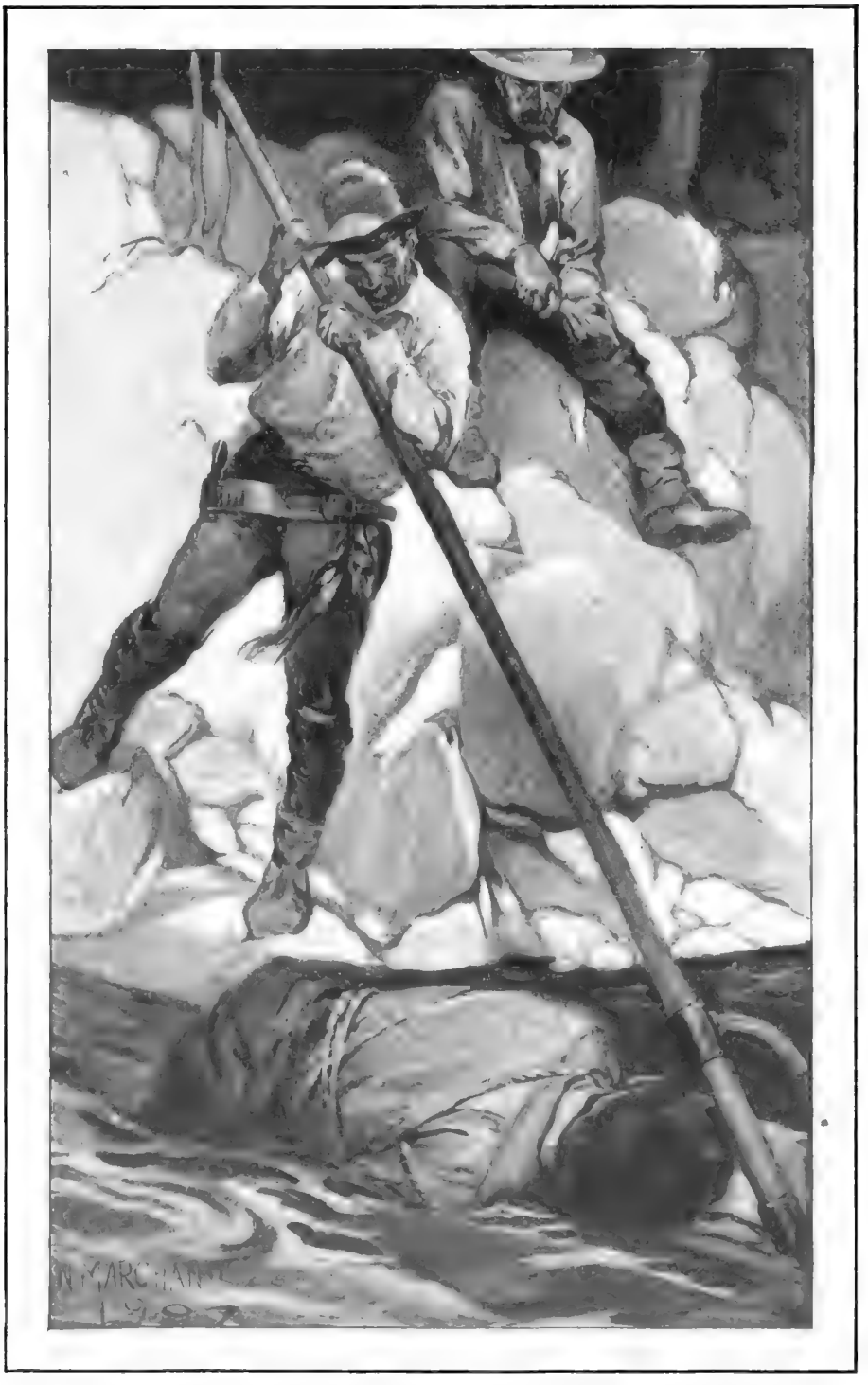

WHAT HE SAW WAS RED PICHOT, SMILING DOWN UPON HIM SMOOTHLY.

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ways, in every situation, felt himself master, there remained now no mastery but that of his own will, his own spirit. In his estimation there could be no death so dreadful but that to let his spirit cower before his adversary would be tenfold worse. Helpless though he was, in a position that was ignominiously horrible, and with an appalling doom close before his eyes, his nerve never failed him. With cool contempt and defiance he met Red Pichot's smile.

"I've always had an idee," said the half-breed presently, in a smooth voice that penetrated the mighty vibrations of the falls, "ez how a chap on a log could paddle roun' this yere eddy fur a hell of a while, afore he'd hev to git sucked out into the sluice!"

As a theory this was undoubtedly interesting. But Henderson made no answer.

"I've held that idee," continued Pichot, after a civil pause, "but I hain't never yet found a man, nor a woman nuther, as was willin' to give it a fair trial. Them as I've asked to try it jest chucked up their han's after the first round, an' went on over without a word of apology."

"I'm sorry I can't spit on you, Pichot," remarked Henderson at this point.

"Don't mention it," answered Pichot politely.

"Aw, jab yer pole into his guts, an' shove him off!" interjected Mitchell.

"You keep yer mouth shet, ye swine!" retorted Pichot. "What do you know about how to treat a gentleman? You ain't got no repose. But ez I was about to say, Mr. Henderson, when we was so rudely interrupted, I feel sure ye're the man to oblige me. I've left yer arms kinder free, leastways from the elbows down, an' yer legs also, more er less, so's ye'll be able to paddle easy like. The walls of the Pot's all worn so smooth, below high-water mark, there's nothin' to ketch on to, so there'll be nothin' to take off yer attention. I'm hopin' ye'll give the matter a right fair trial. But ef ye gits tired an' feels like givin' up, why, don't consider my feelin's. There's the falls a-waitin'. An' I ain't a-goin' to bear no grudge ef ye don't quite come up to my expectations of you."

As Pichot ceased his measured harangue, he jerked his pike-pole loose. Instantly the log began to forge forward, joining the reluctant procession. For a few moments Henderson felt like shutting his eyes and his teeth, and letting himself go on with all speed to the inevitable doom. Then, with scorn of the weak impulse, he changed his mind. To the last gasp he would maintain his hold on life, and give fortune a chance to save him. When he could no longer resist, then it would be fate's responsibility, not his.

The log to which he was bound was on the extreme outer edge of the procession, and Henderson realized that there was every probability of its being at once crowded out, the moment it came to the exit. With a desperate effort he succeeded in catching the log nearest to him, pushing it ahead, and at last, just as they came opposite the cleft, steering his own log into its place. The next second it shot quivering out into the sluice; and Henderson, with a sudden cold sweat jumping out all over him, circled slowly past the awful cleft. A shout of ironical congratulation came to him from the watchers on the brink above. But he hardly heard it, and heeded it not at all. He was striving frantically, paddling forward with one hand and backward with the other, to steer his sluggish, deep-floating log from the outer to the inner circle. He had already observed that to be on the outer edge would mean instant doom for him, because the outward suction was stronger underneath than on the surface, and his weighted log caught its force before the others did. His arms were so bound that only from the elbows down could he move them freely. He did, however, by a struggle that left him gasping, succeed in working in behind another log—just in time to see that log, too, sucked out into the abyss, leaving him, once more, on the deadly outer flank of the circling procession.

This time Henderson did not know whether the watchers on the brink laughed or not, as he won past the cleft. He was scheming desperately to devise some less exhausting tactics. Steadily and rhythmically, but with his utmost force, he back-paddled with both hands and feet, till the progress of his log was almost stopped. Then he succeeded in catching yet another log as it passed, and maneuvering in behind it. By this time he was half way around the Pot again. Yet again, by his desperate back-paddling, he checked his progress—and presently, by most cunning manipulation, managed to edge in behind still another log, so that when he again came round to the cleft there were two logs between him and doom. The outermost of these, however, was dragged instantly forth into the fury of the sluice, thrust upon,

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as it was, by the grip of the suction upon Henderson's own deep log. Feeling himself on the point of utter exhaustion, he nevertheless continued back-paddling, and steering, and working inward, till he had succeeded in getting three files of logs between himself and the outer edge. Then, almost blind and with the blood roaring so loud in his ears that he could hardly hear the thunder of the falls, he hung on his log praying that strength might flow back speedily into his veins and nerves.

Not till he had twice more made the circuit of the Pot, and twice more had seen a log sucked out from his very elbow to leap into the white horror of the abyss, did Henderson stir. The brief stillness, controlled by his will, had rested him for the moment. He was cool now, keen to plan, cunning to husband his forces. Up to the very last second that he could maintain his hold on life, he held that there was always a chance of the unexpected.

With now just one log remaining between himself and death, he let himself go past the cleft—and saw that one log go out. Then, being close to the wall of the Pot, he tried to delay his progress by clutching at the stone with his left hand, and by dragging upon it with his foot. But the stone surface was worn so smooth by the age-long polishing of the eddy, that these efforts availed him little. Before he realized it, he was almost around again; and only by the most desperate struggle did he succeed in saving himself. There was no other log near by, this time, for him to seize and thrust forward in his place. It was simply a question of his restricted paddling, with hands and feet, against the outward draft of the current. For nearly a minute the log hung in doubt, just before the opening, the current sucking at its head to turn it outward, and Henderson paddling against it not only with hands and feet but with every ounce of will and nerve that his body contained. At last, inch by inch, he conquered. His log moved past the gate of death; and dimly, again, that ironical voice came down to him, piercing the roar.

Once past, Henderson fell to back-paddling again—not so violently now—till other logs came by within his reach and he could work himself into temporary safety behind them. He was soon forced to the conviction that if he strove at just a shade under his utmost, he was able to hold his own and keep one log always between himself and the opening. But what was now his utmost, he realized, would very soon be far beyond his powers. Well, there was nothing to do but keep on trying. Around and around, and again and again around the terrible smooth, deliberate circuit he went, sparing himself every ounce of effort that he could, and always shutting his eyes as the log beside him plunged out into the sluice. Gradually, then, he felt himself becoming stupefied by the ceaselessly recurring horror, with the prolonged suspense between. He must sting himself back to the full possession of his faculties by another burst of desperate effort. Fiercely he caught at log after log, without a let-up, till, luck having favored him again, he found himself on the inner instead of the outer edge of the procession. Then an idea flashed into his fast-clouding brain, and he cursed himself for not having thought of it before. At the very center of the eddy, of course, there must be a sort of core of stillness. By a vehement struggle he attained it, and avoided crossing it. Working gently and warily he kept the log right across the axis of the eddy, where huddled a crowd of chips and sticks. Here the log turned slowly, very slowly, on its own center; and for a few seconds of exquisite relief Henderson let himself sink into a sort of lethargy.

He was aroused by a sudden shot and the spat of a heavy bullet into the log about three inches from his head. Even through the shaking thunder of the cataract he thought he recognized the voice of his own heavy Colt's; and the idea of that tried weapon being turned against him filled him with childish rage. Without lifting his head he lay and cursed, grinding his teeth impotently. A few seconds later came another shot—and this time the ball went into the log just beside his right arm. Then he understood, and woke up. Pichot was a dead shot. This was his intimation that Henderson must get out into the procession again. At the center of the eddy he was not sufficiently entertaining to his executioners. The thought of getting a bullet in his arm, which would merely disable him and deliver him over helpless to the outdraft, shook him with something near a panic. He fell to paddling with all his remaining strength, and drove his log once more into the horrible circuit. The commendatory remarks with which Pichot greeted this move went past his ears unheard.

Up to this time there had been a strong sun shining down into the Pot; and the trees about

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BUT IN THE SECOND THAT HIS EYES MET HENDERSON'S, THEY MET THE FLAME-SPURT OF HENDERSON'S RIFLE.

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its rim had stood unstirred by any wind. Now, however, a sudden darkness settled over everything, and sharp, fitful gusts drew in through the cleft, helping to push the logs back. Henderson was by this time so near fainting from exhaustion that he hardly realized the way those great indrawing gusts, laden with spray, were helping him. He was paddling, and steering, and maneuvering for the inner circuit, almost mechanically. When suddenly the blackness about him was lighted with a blue glare, and the thunder crashed over the echoing Pot with an explosion that outroared the falls, he hardly noted it. When the skies seemed to open, letting down the rain in torrents, with a wind that blew it almost level, it made no difference to him.

But to this fierce storm, which bent almost double the trees around the rim of the Pot, Red Pichot and Mitchell were by no means so indifferent. About sixty or seventy yards below the falls they had a snug retreat that was also an outlook. It was a cabin, built in a recess of the wall of the gorge, and to be reached only by a narrow pathway easy of defense. When the storm broke in its fury, Pichot sprang to his feet.

"Let's git back to the Hole!" he cried to his companion, knocking the fire out of his pipe. "We kin watch out jest as well from there, an' see him come over, when his time comes. It won't be yet a while, fer this blow'll keep the logs in."

"Let's jab the pike-pole into his back first!" urged Mitchell. But Pichot turned on him savagely.

"It'd be too good fer him!" he snarled, letting slip, for the first time, his deadly smoothness. "D'ye fergit old Bill, with his neck stretched; an' Dandy, and the rest o' the boys, down yonder, where they won't never git a smell o' the woods no more? Come on, an' hold yer fool jaw. He's got a good while yet to be cursin' the mother what bore him."

Pichot led the way off through the straining and hissing trees, and Mitchell followed, growling but obedient. Henderson, faint upon his log in the raving tumult, knew nothing of their going.

They had not been gone more than two minutes when a drenched little dark face, with black hair plastered over it in wisps, peered out from among the lashing birches and gazed down anxiously into the Pot. At the sight of Henderson on his log lying quite close to the edge, and far back from the dreadful cleft, the terror in the wild eyes gave way to inexpressible relief. The face drew back; and an instant later a bare-legged child appeared, carrying the pike-pole that Pichot had tossed into the bushes. Heedless of the sheeting volleys of the rain and the fierce gusts that whipped her dripping homespun petticoat about her knees, she clambered skilfully down the rock wall to the ledge whereon Pichot had stood.

Henderson was just beginning to recover from his daze and to notice the madness of the storm, when he felt something strike sharply on the log behind him. He knew it was the impact of a pike-pole—and he wondered, with a kind of scornful disgust, what Pichot could be wanting of him now. He felt the log being dragged backwards, then held close against the smooth wall of the Pot. A moment more and his bonds were being cut—but laboriously, as if with a small knife and by weak hands. Then he caught sight of the hands, which were little and brown and rough—and realized with a great burst of wonder and tenderness that "Baisley's Sis," by some miracle of miracles, had come to his rescue. In a few seconds the ropes fell apart, and he lifted himself, to see the child stooping down with anxious adoration in her eyes.

"Sis!" he cried. "You!"

"Oh, Mr. Henderson, come quick!" she panted. "They may git back any minnit." And clutching him by the shoulder, she tried to pull him up by main strength. But Henderson needed no urging. Life, with the return of hope, had surged back into nerve and muscle; and in hardly more time than it takes to tell it, the two had clambered side by side to the rim of the Pot, and darted into the covert of the tossing trees.

No sooner were they in hiding than Henderson remembered his rifle and slipped back to get it. His enemies had not discovered it. It had fallen into the moss, but the well-oiled, perfect-fitting chamber had kept its cartridges dry. With that weapon in his hands, Henderson felt himself once more master of the situation. Weariness and apprehension together slipped from him, and one purpose took complete possession of him. He would settle with Red Pichot right there, on the spot where he had been taught the terrible lesson of fear. He felt that he could not really feel himself a man again, unless he could wipe out the whole score before the sun of that day should set.

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The rain and wind were diminishing now; the lightning was a mere shuddering gleam over the hill-tops beyond the river; and the thunder no longer made itself heard above the tumult of the falls. Henderson's plans were soon laid. Then he turned to Sis, who stood silent and motionless close at his side, her big, alert, shy eyes watching like a hunted deer's the trail by which Red Pichot might return to learn his victim's fate. She was trembling in her heart, at every moment that Henderson lingered within that zone of peril. But she would not presume to suggest any move. Suddenly Henderson laid an arm about her little shoulders.

"You saved my life, kid!" he said softly. "However did you know I was down there in that hell?"

"I jest *knowed* it was you, when I seen Red Pichot an' Bug Mitchell a-trackin' some one," answered the child, still keeping her eyes on the trail as if it were her part to see that Henderson was not again taken unawares. "I *knowed* it was you, Mister Henderson—an' I followed 'em; an' oh, I seen it all, I seen it all! An' I 'most died—because I hadn't no gun! But I'd 'ave killed 'em both some day, sure, ef—ef they hadn't went away! But they'll be back now right quick."

Henderson bent and kissed her wet black head, saying, "Bless you, kid! You an' me'll always be pals, I reckon!"

At the kiss the child's face flushed, and, for one second forgetting to watch the trail, she lifted glowing eyes to his. But he was already looking away.

"Come on!" he muttered. "This ain't no place for you an' me *yet* !"

Making a careful circuit through the thick undergrowth swiftly, but silently as two wildcats, the strange pair gained a dense covert close beside the trail by which Pichot and Mitchell would probably return to the rim of the Pot. Safely ambuscaded, Henderson laid a hand firmly on the child's arm, resting it there for two or three seconds, as a sign of silence.

Minute after minute went by in the intense stillness—intense because the wind had dropped so suddenly that the world appeared to have gone breathless. At last the child, whose ears were keener even than Henderson's, caught her breath with a little indrawing gasp and looked up at her companion's face. Henderson understood, and every muscle stiffened. A moment later and he, too, heard the oncoming tread of hurried footsteps. Then Pichot went by at a swinging stride, with Mitchell skulking obediently at his heels.

Henderson half raised his rifle, and his face turned gray and cold like steel. But it was no part of his plan to shoot even Red Pichot in the back. From the manner of the two ruffians, it was plain that they had no suspicion of the turn that affairs had taken. To them it was as sure as that two and two make four, that Henderson was still on his log in the Pot, if he had not already gone over into the caldron. As they reached the rim, Henderson stepped out into the trail behind them, his gun balanced ready like a trap-shooter's.

As Pichot, on the very brink, looked down into the Pot and saw that his victim was no longer there, he saw also that half the logs that had swung there when he went away had been sucked out. The wind that had held them back for a time had also crowded an unusual mass of water into the eddy. So, when the wind fell, there was an unwonted energy to the outdraft. The Pot was still emptying itself vigorously, log after log being shot forth into the horror below. It was all very clear to Red Pichot, and he turned to Mitchell with a smile of mingled triumph and disappointment.

But, on the instant, the smile froze on his face. It was as if he had felt the cold gray gaze of Henderson on the back of his neck. Some warning, certainly, was flashed to that mysterious sixth sense with which the people of the wild, man or beast, seem sometimes to be endowed. He wheeled like lightning, his revolver seeming to leap up from his belt with the same motion. But in the fraction of a second that his eyes met Henderson's, they met the white flame-spurt of Henderson's rifle —and then, the dark.

As Pichot's body collapsed, it toppled over the rim into Blackwater Pot, and fell across two moving logs. Mitchell had thrown up his hands, straight above his head, when Pichot fell, knowing instantly that this was his only hope of escaping the same fate as his leader's. One look at Henderson's face, however, satisfied him that he was not going to be dealt with on the spot; and he set his thick jaw stolidly. Then his eyes wandered down into the Pot, following the leader whom, in his way, he had loved, if ever he had loved any one or anything. Fascinated, his stare followed the two logs as they journeyed around, with Pichot's limp form, face up-

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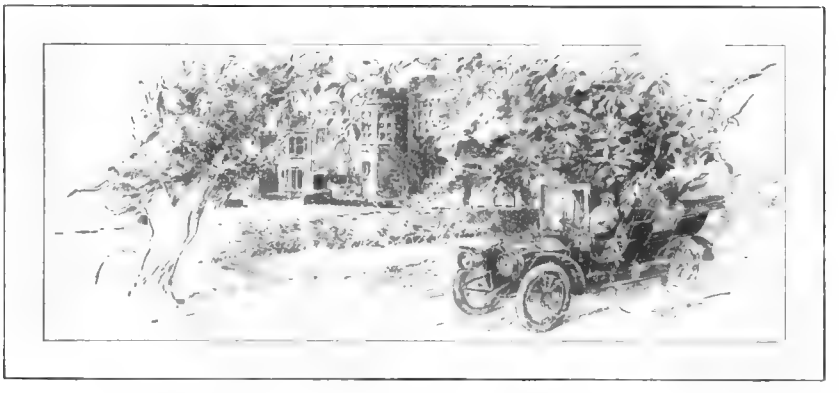
ward, sprawled across them. They reached the cleft, turned, and shot forth into the raving of the sluice—and a groan of horror burst from Mitchell's lips. By this Henderson knew what had happened—and, to his immeasurable self-scorn, a qualm of remembered fear caught sickeningly at his heart. But nothing of this betrayed itself in his face or voice.

"Come on, Mitchell!" he said briskly. "I'm in a hurry. You jest step along in front; an' see ye keep both hands well up over yer head, er ye'll be savin' the county the cost o' yer rope. Step out, now."

He stood aside, with Sis at his elbow, to make room. As Mitchell passed, his hands held high, a mad light flamed up into his sullen eyes, and he was on the point of springing like a wolf at his captor's throat. But Henderson's look was cool and steady, and his gun held low. The impulse flickered out in the brute's dull veins. But as he glanced at Sis, he suddenly understood that it was she who had brought all this to pass. His black face snarled upon her like a wolf's at bay, with an inarticulate curse more horrible than any words could make it. With a shiver, the child slipped behind Henderson's back and hid her face.

"Don't be skeered o' him, Kid, not one little mite!" said Henderson gently. "He ain't a-goin' to trouble this earth no more. An' I'm goin' to git yer father a job, helpin' me, down somewhere's near Greensville, because I couldn't sleep nights, knowin' ye was runnin' round anywhere's near that hell-hole yonder!"



The Lawn-Mower

By GEORGE HIBBARD

Author of "Iduna, and Other Stories," "The Governor, and Other Stories," etc.

Illustrations by Edmund Frederick

MISS SALLY ELLICOTT was visiting at "Fairlawns," on the hill, with the Stanways. Mr. Walter Barrington was the guest of the Arthur Penrhyns in their diminutive cottage without any name at all, set in a small grass plot behind a very white picket fence just outside the village.

"This is more than the third time of asking," declared Barrington as he stood looking at the top of Sally's hat. She was seated at the edge of the fountain in the "Fairlawns" sunken garden, gazing at the reflection of her pretty, distressed face in the water.

"I know, Walter," she replied earnestly. "Ever so many more times. It's extremely good of you to do it so often." She laughed nervously. "I speak as if you were kindly solicitous about a bad cold in my head."

"Instead of wanting you to give me yourself and your life."

"That's it," she said insistently, as she watched the sparkling drops fall from her slender fingers, which she had been dabbling in the water. "It's so important and for so long—and—and I'm afraid."

"You admit you—like me."

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"I love you, Walter," she answered frankly. "I am quite sure of it. But don't you see, we aren't like our grandfathers and grandmothers when the country was younger and there was greater—republican simplicity. We belong to the present, when so much more is really necessary. We belong to a state and condition of life that has accustomed us to so many luxuries, artificialities perhaps, which still are to us very real necessities. We have tastes and traditions that require such a lot. Could we manage it?"

"I'm not an absolute pauper," he urged. "I've got a very decent income."

"Yes, but for to-day? What should we have? What should we have in comparison, for instance, with the Stanways?"

She turned her head swiftly and viewed the elaborate gardens, glanced up through the vista of clipped trees, and let her eyes rest on the white marble pile of the big country house.

"Oh, the Stanway standard!" he protested.

"That *is* the standard," she insisted, "for those who have lived our life. Oh, Walter, indeed I do love you dearly, but I am a modern girl and I am afraid. Is love in a cottage possible? Not with the wolf at the door—there might be something dramatic in that—but with the prosaic, uninspiring conditions of narrow means inside."

"I think we'd do very well."

"I can't be certain and I can't decide, and there seems nothing to help me to decide," she cried helplessly, shaking her hand so impatiently that some of the drops splashed on her cheek; she wiped them away with her filmy handkerchief as if they were tears.

"Of course a lot of money's necessary for anything these times," he admitted; "but we could manage."

"Think of all the Stanways' fortune. They haven't more than enough. The question is, Can two thoroughly modern young people be happy with less?"

"The Penrhyns," Barrington urged earnestly, "have only what Arthur makes with his illustrating; and she was a thoroughly and typically worldly young person before she made this love match, living on the top of the wave and in the lap of luxury and on the fat of the land—though I'll confess that's a trifle mixed."

Before she could answer, the sound of voices in earnest discussion reached their ears. As they glanced up they saw two other young people slowly approaching—a man, and a young woman whose hat and dress had the little mature touches that indicate the very youthful matron.

"I'm so glad we've found you," she cried as she caught sight of them, and came forward more rapidly. "We're having a family talk—almost a family row. Dick and I can't make up our minds."

"It's about the new automobile," Stanway stated gloomily.

"We positively must have another," supplemented Mrs. Stanway, as she sank down on the grass with utter disregard of her gown and the demands of dignity. "The point is what we can afford."

"But," protested Sally, opening her eyes, "you can have what you want, can't you?"

"Do you think so?" Mrs. Stanway answered almost sharply. "When we've all we can do to make both ends meet—to see that the cost of the town house and the country house doesn't leave a gap between income and expenses that can't be filled? With the box at the opera in winter and the greenhouses and gardens here in the summer and the endless extras, we're always at our purses' and our wits' ends. But we must have a new automobile—that's certain."

"The old Great Comet we've been running is always getting out of order, you know," argued Stanway, "and besides the inconvenience, there's the continual bill for repairs. So really in a way a new car will be an economy. Only, what one shall we buy?"

He fumbled in his pocket. "I've got all the documents in the case here," he continued, producing a handful of emblazoned circulars and highly colored pamphlets. "I've been flooded with literature ever since the agents knew I was in the market for something."

"I've studied all of them," Mrs. Stanway interposed.

"Now here's the Ariel," Stanway proceeded, opening a small book, the cover of which depicted a dashing maiden, accompanied by a young man who devoured her with his eyes, driving a motor at what appeared to be a good deal over the speed limit. "It is," he read, "a positive assurance of Power. Power at the Wheel. Power for Hills. Power for Emergencies. Reserve Power."

"But," broke in Mrs. Stanway, picking up a "folder" with a picture representing a party, each member of which wore a supremely fatuous grin, charging airily up a

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small mountain, "every day adds to the practical triumphs of the Autocrat. Its reliable air-cooled motor is a marvel of flexibility and quick responsiveness to control. It is great in strength because of its lightness in weight and its perfectly correct mechanical construction."

"The Ariel's transmission and shafts," interposed Stanway vigorously, "are made of chromatic alembic steel. It has the most effective and noiseless chain drive yet devised, multiple disc——"

"Still," interrupted Mrs. Stanway rapidly, "there's the Aurora Borealis, with its sextuple opposed motor placed crosswise horizontally in front of the chassis and held in position by the three-point motor support, with the new pattern automatic carbureter and jump spark ignition from storage battery, Model AA, only $5,600."

"I can have a six-cylinder sixty horsepower Ariel, they write, for $8,500."

"Dick," announced Mrs. Stanway briskly, "I'm coming more and more to one conclusion, that if we're going in for a good machine we'd better have the best——"

"What do you mean?"

"A foreign, imported seventy horse-power Gaillard, for example," she declared boldly.

"If you're striking that level, why not the biggest Theresa and be done with it?"

"Do you think we *could*!" cried Mrs. Stanway, clasping her hands rapturously. "I know! The seventy-two horse-power Theresa with the removable Limosine top, and with all the interior woodwork of Dutch mahogany. The upholstering is of dark-blue goatskin. The fixtures include a card-table, secretary, sideboard, clock, mirrors, incandescent electric lights——"

"That has nothing to do with the real automobile," Stanway returned warningly. "The Gaillard is only $18,000 and can't be beat for the workmanship of the engine."

"The Theresa is $22,000, only $4,000 more, and if we get it, we can be sure there is nothing finer."

"Of course," assented her husband; "one can't make omelets without breaking eggs."

"The more I think of it," asserted his wife, "the more I feel that I can't be happy a minute without it. Imagine all the nice things we could do with it—going off by ourselves for trips through the country, or running away from the house here when it's full of stupid people. And in town in the winter I could have it in the morning for shopping, and in the evening it would be truly useful for dinners and the theatre."

"One trouble with these very high-power cars is that going slowly about town heats the engine, so that they are almost useless for such work," Stanway suggested.

"I want it, anyway," insisted Mrs. Stanway.

"Y-yes," agreed Stanway doubtfully.

"I know that it's an enormous extravagance, but I do want it so."

"I say, let's do it," Stanway broke out all at once emphatically.

"Can we—can we afford it?" wailed Mrs. Stanway, instantly veering toward caution. "But I'd give anything to have it. I can economize. We can cut off a month of Europe next spring. Now, my dear," she said, turning to Sally, "you can begin to realize something of the cares of married life. Let me warn you to be careful."

"I know," replied the girl with a greater seriousness than the half-jesting tone of her hostess demanded.

"We haven't the money, I know that," Mrs. Stanway continued, resuming the discussion where she had momentarily dropped it.

"Never mind," answered Stanway recklessly. "Who cares?"

"Ought I to let you do it?" Mrs. Stanway groaned anxiously. "Is it right for us to spend so much? Shall I reproach myself afterward?"

"I thought that you were urging that we should have it."

"I was only saying that I wished awfully that we could," she maintained. "Think how perfectly delightful it would be!"

"Well," said Stanway with an air of finality, "to my mind there's only one point after all: You want it." He rose deliberately. "That settles it."

Mrs. Stanway had sprung up also.

"You're perfectly dear to say that, dearest," she protested, "and of course if you think—" She receded promptly from her tentative renunciation.

"I don't think," he declared. "We're going to have the Theresa, and the less we think about it the better. It's a time for shutting your eyes and jumping in. This is a case for deeds, not words or thoughts."

"Should you rather," Mrs. Stanway inquired earnestly, "have me kiss you here and now or wait until we are on the other side of the hedge?"

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"WE AREN'T LIKE OUR GRANDFATHERS AND GRANDMOTHERS."

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"Personally," Stanway answered, "I am not in favor of any delay and should much prefer the present place and moment."

"But the *convenances*," said Mrs. Stanway doubtfully, pointing at Sally and Barrington.

"Then I propose," said Stanway, "that we withdraw as quickly as possible, beating a hasty but orderly retreat."

As he spoke she slipped her hand through his arm and together they moved down the smooth path, she taking a few tripping dancing steps by his side.

"Children!" murmured the girl when they were out of hearing.

"Married life doesn't seem so very appalling."

"Is that your view of what we've just heard and seen?" she inquired intensely. "Oh, Walter, how can you look at it in that way? I consider that we've been listening to a most significant and illuminating conversation."

He shook his head in evident perplexity.

"Don't you realize it? Think, if the Stanways with all their wealth have to plan and consider like this, have really to pinch in places—for them, that is—what it would be without their money. Suppose we were married and wanted things, as we should, just as they wanted the automobile—what could we do? She would have been terribly disappointed, heart-broken, though she would have been brave about it, if she had been obliged to go without that Theresa. In the same circumstances we could not have dreamed of such a thing."

"No," he admitted reluctantly.

"And, Walter, I am not thinking only of what going without things would be for myself. You do love me and I am thinking of the pain there would be for you when I wanted something and you couldn't help seeing that I wanted it, even though I tried to keep it from you."

"Not having everything for you that the others had would be tough, I admit."

She sighed softly.

"How happy and excited they were, talking about it. It—it made me jealous. Oh, to think that we can never be planning like that together!"

"You don't mean that you made up your mind definitely against—?" he exclaimed in dismay.

"No, not quite, perhaps," she interrupted distressfully. "But it's brought back all the doubt doubly strong and has terrified me all over again. Oh, Walter, I said that there was nothing that helped me to decide, but this has—almost."

She stood up.

"Oh!" she exclaimed with a swift little motion of her hand as if putting something from her, "it's not to be thought of."

II

Miss Sally Ellicott had come to have supper at "the cottage." It was known by no other name, nor did it require any, for simply "the cottage" described it perfectly and differentiated it accurately from all other dwellings in the vicinity. To be sure, the neat box-bordered path that led up from the white wicket gate with the high dark-green posts was narrow, but it made an ideal walk for lovers. And there could be no more satisfactory retreat—for lovers—than the tiny porch with the crisscrossed lattice sides, covered by roses of an old-fashioned smallness and sweetness. The whole tiny building with the low roof half embowered by the overhanging elms and screened by the closer lilac bushes was the very place for a prolonged honeymoon.

Nothing pleased the Stanways more than to escape from their own elaborate feasts and crowd into the narrow dining-room of the cottage for one of the Penrhyns' somewhat informal suppers. That evening they had been obliged to refuse, as they were committed to a state dinner at a distant country house of the same splendor as "Fairlawns." Having dropped Sally Ellicott at the little gate they had whirred away in the automobile, lamenting and waving backward hands.

Now supper was finished; and Barrington sat with Sally on the miniature veranda, the scent of his cigar mingling with the sweet summer evening smells of the garden. Not far away, for in the Penrhyn domain to get far away from anybody or anything was impossible, Arthur Penrhyn and little Mrs. Penrhyn occupied two steamer chairs on the edge of the narrow lawn, almost lost in the deepening dusk. To their love-enlightened minds, the finest courtesy they could offer to their guests was to leave them alone together, and they had done so without troubling to invent an excuse.

A faint slip of a moon showed in the purple sky just over the elm-trees. The summer

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SALLY ELLICOTT AND BARRINGTON REMAINED ON THE VERANDA ALONE.

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breeze, wafting up from the river, brought no sound but its own soft rustle. In the security of the darkness Barrington put out his hand and laid it on the girl's fingers, which were resting on the arm of her chair.

"I mustn't if I'm not going to," she murmured ambiguously enough as she gently withdrew her hand.

"But you are going to," he urged.

"After this afternoon," she whispered, for the influence of the evening and the proximity of the Penrhyns both prompted lowered tones, "how can I? How can I? Think of all the Stanways need, and we'd have so little."

Her words trailed off, but he remained silent as if waiting apprehensively for her to go on. In the stillness little Mrs. Penrhyn's gentle voice could be heard distinctly.

"Oh, Arthur!" she exclaimed, "if we only could. I have been looking up about them. I've got the advertisements and have read them until I know them almost by heart."

"I found what you had and took a turn at them, too," Penrhyn confessed.

"There's so much apparently to be said for each one of them, and of course every manufacturer claims that his is the best, which is certainly absurd. I suppose they really believe it, though, poor men, for they seem to be so in earnest and their feelings must be awfully hurt when they know of any one's buying any other make."

"Minna," Penrhyn asserted, "you're a goose."

"I suppose I am," she answered placidly, "but," she added argumentatively, "a very nice goose."

"Oh, yes," Penrhyn laughed, "a very nice goose."

Sally, up on the veranda, leaned toward Barrington.

"Ought we not to cough or sneeze or something?" she asked.

"They know we're here, so it's not really listening," he argued.

Down on the grass the talk went evenly forward.

"I wish we *could*," resumed little Mrs. Penrhyn wistfully.

"The Crescent seems an awfully good one," Penrhyn suggested tentatively.

"Or the Columbia Junior."

"Or the Halcyon."

Barrington held his lips close to Sally's ear—so close that a straying strand of her hair was carried against his cheek—as indeed the nearness of the others compelled him to do in order not to be overheard.

"Have we fallen upon another automobile discussion?"

"Oh," she whispered, "the Penrhyns couldn't think of buying one. It would be utterly beyond their means."

Unheedful of their guests in the interest of their subject, the Penrhyns continued animatedly.

"The Nonpareil makes great claims," he proceeded.

"Do you know, dear," she said, "I hate to doubt anybody, but I cannot quite bring myself to have utter confidence in all the Nonpareil man asserts. Three dollars and thirty-nine cents seems such a small price for so much."

Barrington, maintaining his position of advantage at Sally's ear, commented cautiously:

"Can't possibly be an automobile for three dollars and thirty-nine cents."

"Hush!" she enjoined, putting out her hand, which he promptly seized and retained.

Down below Penrhyn's voice broke the silence:

"Doesn't seem as if they could make much of a lawn-mower for that."

Sally looked at Barrington, as he could just distinguish in the darkness, and nodded her head with a short motion of satisfied enlightenment.

"No," agreed Mrs. Penrhyn sorrowfully.

"We do need one," Penrhyn went on.

"Oh, we do!" his wife declared excitedly. "I positively cannot borrow the Johnsons'. I won't do it, and Jerry has broken his—if we only could have one of our own!"

"The only question," Penrhyn pursued, "is, can we afford it?"

"There would be an economy in not having to pay Jerry all the time."

"Yes; I could cut the grass myself," agreed Penrhyn thoughtfully, "and there'd be good exercise in it."

"I could sit here and watch you and tell you how to do it, for of course you wouldn't do anything without my sage advice."

"Oh, certainly not," Penrhyn assented promptly.

"Perhaps I could help a little myself with the easy parts, and the lawn could be kept looking perfectly beautiful all summer—and it would make the greatest difference in the

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appearance of the whole place. Arthur, we *must* have one if we can possibly manage it."

"Yes," he agreed decidedly.

"I've saved more than I thought here and there," she ventured timidly.

"I've that order I didn't expect," he contributed.

"The Suburban is a nice machine, I'm sure. The price with the ten-inch width of cut is only thirteen dollars."

"I rather had my eye on the Creighton," Penrhyn interposed.

"That is such a splendid one," objected Mrs. Penrhyn's soft tones. "Why, the cheapest of those are seventeen dollars at least."

"If we're going to plunge, we might as well do it."

"Of course it's often cheapest to buy the best."

"Always," he affirmed boldly.

"The Suburban has such a number of excellent points. The ball cups," she recited in an instructive manner, "balls and cones—I remember the exact words—are the best that mechanical skill has produced up to date. It has an improved ball retainer. It has further a five-knife cylinder with guaranteed tool steel knives. It is strongly made and light running and owing to the train of gears will do smooth work on the most uneven lawn! Not that ours is uneven."

"But the Creighton," continued Penrhyn vigorously, in defense of his favorite, "has an especial feature in the brass bushing on the intermediate gear, while the cylinder is fitted with ball bearings with the latest patented adjustment for the cones, effected by means of a set screw with eccentric point."

"The Suburban," Mrs. Penrhyn maintained ardently, "has malleable iron reel heads and roller hangers, closed wheels, and gravity clutch. It will cut high and low grass——"

"The Creighton," broke in Penrhyn, "has solid steel cutter bar, cannot clog, is simply constructed——"

"The Suburban is self-sharpening."

"So is the Creighton. And it has duplicate parts."

"Oh!" exclaimed Mrs. Penrhyn suddenly, "even if we can't have it, to talk about it and discuss it is fun in itself."

"Yes," he assented heartily.

Sally's hand, which was still close in Barrington's, pressed his fingers slightly and suddenly.

"What is it?" he asked curiously.

"Nothing," she said hastily; "hush!"

The others were giving them no heed.

"Doing anything together is fun," Mrs. Penrhyn announced comprehensively.

"It is," agreed Penhryn. "But this time we're going to eat our cake and have it, too. Talk about our lawn-mower and buy it also. There is the Republic."

"With *everything*," Mrs. Penrhyn cried, almost in awe. "We *never* could hope for that."

"The Republic," announced Penrhyn sedately, "is what we are going to have. I'll give it to you," he chuckled, "as a present for myself."

"Oh, you are so good!" she exclaimed.

"Twenty-five dollars may be a big lump sum, but we can make it up somewhere else, and a lawn-mower is imperatively demanded. We need it in our business. So that's finished."

Little Mrs. Penrhyn gave a small, contented sigh.

"I never dreamed we could do it, and I'm so delighted."

"That's all there is of it," he assured her.

"Oh," she informed him, "I don't see how people who are not married live at all."

The night had fallen and under the elms the darkness was quite impenetrable.

"Take care, dear," the words came up very softly from the lawn, "Sally and Mr. Barrington are there."

"Then we can go down by the river," the man's voice suggested.

There was a soft rustling, then the flitting of two forms—one dimly white, the other densely dark. The sound of light steps stirring the gravel grew faint and was lost altogether. Sally Ellicott and Barrington remained on the veranda alone.

"Well?" asked Barrington gently as he stood up.

"Oh, Walter," she cried, rising also and unhesitatingly casting herself into his arms. "What a little coward I've been! No, what a little fool!" She fairly sobbed against his shoulder. "Not to see that when people truly love each other nothing else matters. That it's all relative and it doesn't make any difference what you have or haven't—what you can have or can't have——"

"So that if we can't have an automobile——"

"At least we can have a lawn-mower," she answered with gay earnestness, "and we'll get one at once."

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Good Hunting

By BURGES JOHNSON

Drawing by MARY SIGSBEE KER

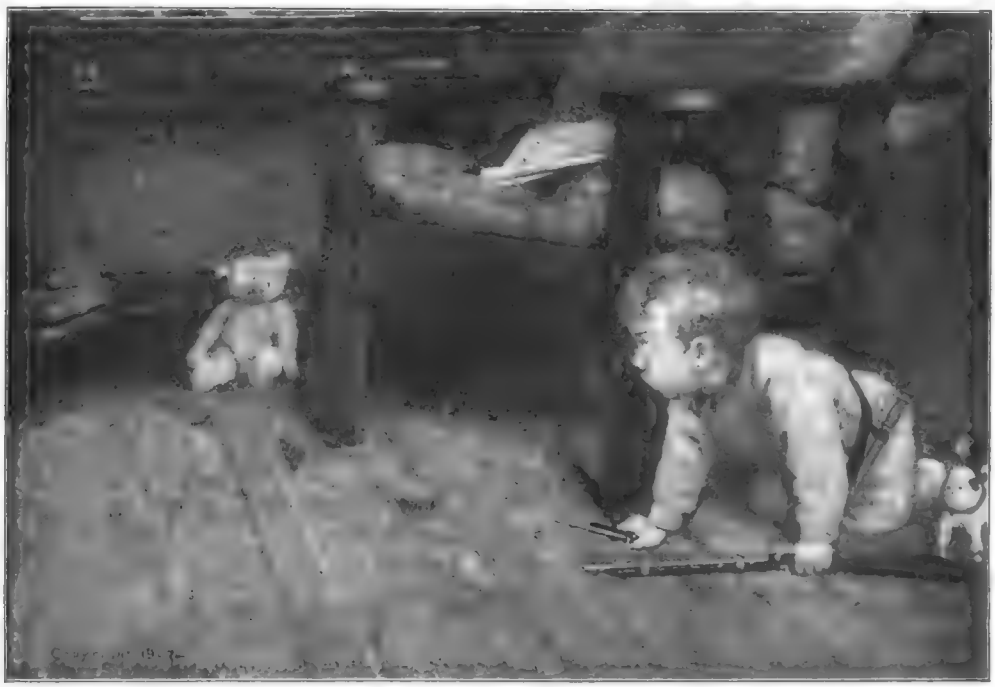

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TABLE-LEG Jungle is dark and still,
There's snakes in the Carpet Glade,
And lions and tigers on Sofa Hill,
But I'm never a bit afraid.
My dog, I know, is a trusty brute,
And I've got a gun that'll really shoot.

Once there was Indians under the bed,
But I hunted 'em all away;
There's elephants hiding there now instead—
They're perfectly safe to-day.
'Cause I'm near the cavern of Easy-Chair,
And I scent the track of a Teddy Bear!

If I was like nurse or like baby Sis,
What never has fired a gun,
I guess I wouldn't be brave as this!
They'd both of 'em cry and run.
But I'll stalk him down and I'll shoot him through,
And I'll make him into a Teddy-stew.

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TYPES OF WOMEN WHO ARE SHARING THE DANGERS OF THE REVOLUTION.

A Daughter of the Russian Revolution

By LEROY SCOTT

Author of "The Walking Delegate" and "To Him That Hath"

I SAW her first at a mass-meeting at the women's university in St. Petersburg, held to protest against the execution of a fellow student charged with teaching revolutionary ideas to soldiers—a protest all in vain, for next day the girl was shot. She was high above the crowd on the speaker's platform, solitary, dominant—a slight, rounded, girlish figure, hands clasped behind her back. Her face, her whole being, was in a glow of exalted anger; her rushing words of wrath and love and soaring hope were the soul-speech of inspired youth. Just so might have looked and spoken Joan of Arc.

I sought her out; I came to know her well. Her name was Vera Sazonova, and she was eighteen. She was all we most desire in girlhood—simple, direct, gentle, sweet. And she was beautiful, with fathomless blue eyes and the fresh bloom of youth—though always her brown hair was drawn plainly back, and always her waist was of plain dark flannel with one white button at each wrist and four white buttons at the side of the throat. To her was but one thing in all the world—the lifting of her people's woes.

A feature of Russia's struggle for freedom that the centuries will not forget is that women by the tens of thousands are sharing, side by side and upon equal terms with the men, the labors and the dangers of revolution; sharing too in its penalties—prison, Siberia, death. . . . One night in her poor little room—in it was barely space for the steaming samovar, the narrow cot, the two of us, and her adoring roommate (by turns they slept upon the floor)—Vera told me her story: the story of one of these thousands of women ready to suffer all things: told it in her low, soft voice, quietly, dry-eyed, marveling that it should interest me, interrupting again and again to exclaim, "Why, to us all, this seems so common!"

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I am a Jewess. I come from one of the large provincial cities, where my father is an army surgeon of the lowest rank. Few doctors are so able, and few have given such brilliant service. He is a veteran of the Turkish War, and his breast is bright with medals. Yet he has never been promoted. For thirty years and more young men, stupid men, inefficient men, have been passing him. White-haired, wise, deeply learned, he still ranks with the youngsters.

Why this should be so I often wondered as a child. At ten I graduated from school and tried to enter the gymnasium. Though I graduated at the head of my class, though there was plenty of room, I was refused admission. I began to understand my father's case. He and I, we were kept down because we were Jews.

But we are of a wealthy family, though my father is poor, and for Jews we have much influence. After three months of begging and bribing and using pressure, my father got me into the gymnasium. Soon a rich, childless aunt, the widow of a banker, prevailed upon my parents to let me live with her. I was to be her heir. I lived with her till I was sixteen, and here I had everything —the finest of clothes, the most comfortable of homes, private masters in singing, drawing, dancing, languages. My aunt was very proud of me, for she thought me good-looking and clever; and she never wearied talking of what "my qualities," with her wealth and position, would do for me when I was grown. I tried to love her, but I could not. Even as a child I vaguely felt that she was vain and self-seeking. She had many friends among government officials, whom she often showily entertained, and to keep in their good graces was ever her foremost thought.

All this while I was sheltered from political suffering, as are the rich who have official favor. And I knew no more about the real Russia than if I had been born in another world. The Czar was supreme—his rule was perfect, his will was God's will: so I was taught, and so the government, in church and school, strives that all shall be taught.

I have always been eager for learning. When I finished the gymnasium two years ago, at sixteen, I came to Petersburg and entered the university. And in the beginning here, too, I was sheltered from political ideas. I lived with a friend of my aunt, the wife of a general. They had frequent parties and often went out, and though so young I was at my aunt's desire always with them. The men at these dinners and balls were officers and government officials. I came to know many of the younger men; they paid me attentions, of course, as they do to all girls. One wanted to marry me; he had many debts, and he knew I was to be rich.

THE CZAR'S ANSWER TO THE CRY FOR FREEDOM.

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POVERTY, ISOLATION, STAGNATION—A TYPICAL RUSSIAN VILLAGE.

They were proud, stupid, narrow, selfish, these officers—and they spoke of the people as ignorant beasts that could be ruled only by violence and tyranny.

This social life was repugnant to me, but for the first two months it so filled my leisure time that I did not come in contact with the life of the students. But one morning as I crossed the Neva on my way to the university, I saw emerge from the university quarter and march along the river front a vast procession of men and women students, singing and bearing red flags. I could not guess what all this meant; such a parade, save of soldiers, was to me unheard of—was contrary to most stringent laws. I sat in my *isvoschtchick* staring, till the leaders of the procession had passed me. They were flushed and exultant, and oh, how mightily they sang! I jumped out and ran to a girl in the procession. It was Sonia here, my roommate; ever since she has been my dearest friend.

"Tell me, what is this?" I cried. I had to shout to make my voice heard above the singing.

"You don't know!" she said, astonished. "It's a demonstration."

"What's a demonstration?" I asked.

"It's the students' way of protesting against the cruelties of the government. It's just to say: 'We as a body believe you are doing wrong. Here we are, unarmed; you can kill us—but you cannot change our opinions.''

All these years revolt must have been latent in me: against my father's treatment—more recently against the harsh, suffocating officialdom that enclosed me. Yes, revolt must have been in me—just waiting its chance; for suddenly, without thought, without volition, I found myself in step with Sonia, singing words of freedom to the air of the "Marseillaise." My new life had begun.

Ten thousand strong we tramped across the Neva River, past the great red Winter Palace of the Czar, past the open square before it in which a few months later thousands of workmen led by Father Gapon were to be shot down in cold blood, and on into the Nevski Prospect, Petersburg's chief street. Red flags by the hundreds made the air crimson—all their bearers were singing revolutionary songs. To hear 10,000 sing one song, sing it from their souls—ah, that is wonderful! Many of us wept as we marched. . . . Yes, we were telling the Czar: "You may kill us, but still we tell you your government is wrong."

Suddenly, galloping toward us down the cross-streets in which they had been waiting, came a troop of Cossacks, yelling, cursing, swinging nagaikas—the terrible whips whose

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"THEY ARE VERY IGNORANT AND THEY ARE VERY POOR—

thongs are loaded with pieces of steel and lead. They charged straight in among us, striking right and left with their whips—guns and pistols and swords ready for us—armed, too, with their plunging horses' feet. Down came those terrible whips on arms, shoulders, faces, heads! Curses, cries of pain, shouts of defiance—whirling whips, lunging horses, helpless, dodging students—never, never can I forget that awful tangle! I saw one pretty girl, a medical student, with her cheek ripped open from eye to chin. Near me a Cossack rose in his stirrups and brought his whip down on the head of a girl. She fell—dead; went down beneath the feet of his horse. The man marching beside her was her lover; he jerked out a pistol and the next instant the Cossack, too, was dead. And the instant after there was a sword-swish, and the student dropped beside the girl, his head split almost to his chin.

"A ROUGH LITTLE WAGON, WITH SQUEAKING AXLES."

So it was along all the line of the procession. Against Cossacks, what could we, barehanded, do? We broke—ran. As I turned, I saw over me a Cossack officer. He swung his whip at my head; I dodged and it came down on the soft part of my shoulder, tearing my dress and bruising and cutting jaggedly into the flesh. I broke somehow through the Cossacks—we now were all darting hither, thither—and I tried to escape down a side street. But in the side streets were the house porters (you know they are forced to be a part of the police), who had been ordered out to back up the Cossacks. Everywhere they were running after the students, striking at them with nail-studded clubs. We were safe, easy game. A porter rushed at me—big, black-bearded, excited, with the face one sees in a nightmare. I ran, but he was the quicker, and his club came down on my head. I remember no more.

And from that day I have been among the students. As soon as I was able, I moved my things from the general's, and Sonia and I took a room together. How different was the students' life from officialdom! The students were full of belief in democracy, and in the near coming of an era when the people should rule; and they were busy in mysterious ways to hasten the coming of this era. I was reborn into a new world. I had left selfishness, death, and had come into life that is the youth of a great future.

For a time I had one great desire—to learn

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BUT THEY ARE GENTLE AND GENEROUS, AND HAVE RICH SOULS."

about conditions in Russia, to learn what the vast new element, of which my student friends were a part, would substitute for government by ignorance, the whip, prison, exile, death. I begged my new friends to talk to me; I begged "illegal" books from them; I bought many books myself, for my aunt's allowance was large. One book after another I read. Soon I knew what work I wished to do. For the overthrow of autocracy it is necessary that the whole people, the ignorant mass of the people, shall realize how they are oppressed. They must be taught, aroused. I wanted to help teach liberty. But before I could teach I must know more, must be able to explain. I began to read more widely—about conditions in other countries, about history, sociology, political economy.

And now I began to know this student life, this student movement. Here in Petersburg are 30,000 university students, and the universities of other cities are likewise packed. Most are making their own way; half are starving poor, many are literally paupers. But lack of food, clothes, fire—these are no bars to education. The students are almost all consumed with eagerness to learn—to learn that they may better take part in bringing about the great change, and in constructing life when the change has come. And very, very many spend their nights—always secretly, for always spies are watching—teaching to workingmen and soldiers the ideas of freedom. Spirit, and ideals, and sacrifice—of these the Russian student movement is made!

At length the end of the college year came and I went home. I was on fire to tell my parents and my aunt of the great movement I was in; I was certain that they would be as happy to enter it as I had been. On the day I arrived they had a dinner for me at my aunt's, and after the dinner I told them all.

My aunt looked at me in horror, and so did my mother. "What," they cried, "so you've become one of those awful revolutionists! You, too, are trying to destroy us!"

A PEASANT FARMHOUSE.

I was completely taken aback. "Why, no. Ninety-five per cent. of the people and more are crushed, have no chance to live. We are working that all shall have a chance for real life, for development. That's what we're trying to do."

"Why should that be your concern?" said my aunt. "You've got enough, haven't you?

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—privilege, money, position. So be satisfied, and let things alone."

I tried to argue and explain. But their interests were all on the side of the government, and they wouldn't listen to me. My father said nothing at all; just fingered his soft, white beard, and gazed at me with his gentle blue eyes.

My aunt begged me to give up the revolution—made me every extravagant offer. When I refused she became angry—hard. Unless I gave up the revolution, of her fortune, all of which she had intended for me, I should get not one kopek; and furthermore, she would no longer pay my expenses at the university. But I could not yield. So that night I moved back to my parents' home that I had left at ten.

A VILLAGE MERCHANT.

All summer mother complained at me. Poor mother!—she cannot understand. But father! Often of nights I would be out late, talking at some workingman's home, attending a meeting of comrades, and when I would get back the house would be dark and all would be in bed. All but father. I never came home, no matter how late, but father was waiting for me with a candle. He would light me up-stairs to my room, kiss me on the forehead, say "Good night, my child," and tiptoe away. And never a question—never a reproach. In his gentle heart I'm sure he believes as I do.

My aunt kept her threat not to pay my expenses in the university; and my father could not afford to, with his three other children and his meagre pay. But I came back to St. Petersburg, and I took this room with Sonia. If the greater part of the students could make their own way, so could I. I found a pupil, to whom I taught French an hour daily; and for this I got the exceptional price of fifteen roubles a month—that's seven or eight of your dollars. I still have one pupil and still get fifteen roubles. That pays everything; and besides from it I contribute, as we all do, for pamphlets and papers to be distributed among the mass of the people. No, no, you mustn't pity me—please! I'm far, far happier than when I had my aunt's allowance, for now I live as do all my comrades. I don't mind being poor, for when you are always working, thinking, over a great cause, you don't know it's only bread and tea you're eating. And fine dinners, though paid for by rich friends, are to me utmost misery. Such a waste of precious money, so much needed by the cause!—such a waste of precious time!

Yes, I was very busy that winter. My pupil lived on the far side of the city, and as I couldn't afford to ride, I spent two hours each day in walking. My university work was heavy, and then I tried to do much reading, and at night, like my comrades, I was now teaching little groups of workingmen and soldiers. So, altogether, I rarely got to bed before two.

Toward the end of the winter I wanted a book that proved the government's responsibility for recent massacres—such a book is very "illegal" indeed—and I went one afternoon to a big book-shop where underground literature was secretly sold. Several customers were in the store, among them three other girls. While I was waiting, the room suddenly filled with gendarmes—the political police—and the officer announced that the store was seized and that we were under arrest. All of us, customers, clerks, manager, were taken to prison, and we four girls were placed in one large cell where already there were ten other girls—fourteen in one cell. You know our prisons are so choked with "politicals" that there is hardly room to lie down; and thieves and other criminals are set free to make place for political offenders.

Thirteen of us were student revolutionists,

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and every day in that cell the government was destroyed. The fourteenth was a working girl and was one of those taken in the book-shop. It developed that she had gone to the store without knowing its character, merely to ask a place as a clerk, and that she was not opposed to the government. She was pale and thin. She rarely spoke to us and often she was crying, for her mother was very ill—in fact, dying. After a few days she begged the officials to be allowed to go to her mother for an hour; but her request was denied. As the weeks passed word came that her mother was getting worse and worse. She begged again. But it was no use. Then for several days she had no news at all; then she was told that her mother was buried. . . . She is free now, and is a terrorist.

We were not told the charge against us and we were never tried. A thief or a murderer may have a trial, but not a person suspected of speaking or writing against the government. Month after month dragged by while we waited decision in our cases. In the mean time the owner of the shop and two of his assistants were sent to Siberia—where afterward five from our cell were to be exiled. At length came the 1st of May, the day that all over Europe is the great holiday of the working classes. We determined that prison walls should not keep us also from observing it. One of the girls had a red petticoat, and from this we made a flag that we fastened to one of the upright pieces from the back of a chair that we took apart. This flag we thrust out the window, tying the staff to the bars with strips from the skirt. Then we put our faces to the bars.

"*Vive la revolution!*" we shouted. And we shouted it again and again, till soldiers came running up beneath the window.

We dropped to the floor and scrambled toward the sides, out of range. There were cracks without and bullets flattened on the opposite wall of the cell. But one girl had not dropped in time. She lay in a limp heap beneath the window. We crawled to her side—shook her—called her name. But there was a round hole through one temple; she never so much as moved an eyelash. . . . We were all put on bread and water for two weeks. The soldier who shot the girl was promoted.

Nothing was discovered against me, and in June I was set free. I determined to spend the summer in spreading propaganda among the peasants, as hundreds of men and women are doing. You know our hundred million or more peasants all live in villages of from one thousand to five thousand persons—villages of straw-thatched cabins built of logs or clay—villages the greater part of which lie twenty-five, fifty, or a hundred miles from the nearest railroad, some even five hundred. Here the peasants are entirely shut off from the rest of the world; almost no one comes near them. They are very ignorant; the government has purposely kept them so, as it has tried to keep all Russia, for only an ignorant people will continue to stand oppression. And they are very poor. But they are gentle and generous and have rich souls.

This going among the peasants has its danger, for the government spends millions to keep the hostile spirit of the cities from spreading into the country, and to be caught is to be sent to Siberia. And I had another danger. Our peasants have been taught by the Russian church to hate the Jews; many high officials of the church have publicly approved, even extolled, the Jewish massacres as righteous acts most pleasing unto God. "If the peasants find out you are a Jewess," said my friends, "they may tear you to pieces. You'd better wear a cross." But this I could not do. For me that would be a lie.

So I went into these remote, lonely villages. At first I could not help fearing. But the peasants received me almost as though I were divine—the prophetess of a happier time. When I entered a village, I would send forth word, and the brown and shaggy men and the women with their children would crowd about me in some dark, smoky hut; or would gather in the street or in a farmyard, and standing in one of their little wagons, I would speak to them—simply, touching only on things within their own experience. I reminded them that the government took from them taxes, crushingly heavy, took a million of their sons for the Czar's vast army. And what did they get in return? Practically nothing! Always giving—never receiving: that was their relation to the government. And so long as they remained silent, inactive, so long would that relation continue—just so long would they remain poor, ignorant, helpless. The only way to get juster taxes was to demand them. To demand them in the Duma—and to be ready to demand them by force, for in the

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end to force only would the government yield.

Often petty officials were in these crowds, and several times before I spoke they cried out: "She is against the Czar! Do not listen! Seize her!" But I would beg the crowd to hear me first, then decide. And always they listened, and always they were with me. Once, when I had finished, they caught the accusing official, bore him struggling to the village duck pond and cast him in. But if these officials had only known the truth—had cried out, "She is a Jewess!" —had called upon me to show my cross, had incited the people on, then indeed my end might have come.

When I had finished speaking, the men would follow me about, asking me questions. And they would beg me to eat and would set before me their best—and their best was black bread, and a soup of cabbage and water. This is the diet of the peasants, year in and out. Sometimes, as a luxury, they would give me potatoes. But never meat. They themselves hardly know the taste of flesh. The terrible poverty of our peasants—you must see it to believe it. In the famine district I have often heard mothers sob out prayers to God to give the babies in their arms the blessing of death. . . . And at night they would take me into their low, one-room houses, in which from two to fifteen lived, and in this we all would sleep—I in my clothes on the husband's sheepskin winter coat spread on the clay floor.

After each speech some volunteering peasant would drive me to the next village—in a rough little wagon with squeaking wooden axles, drawn by a shaggy stunted horse—over rutty tracks (there are no real roads among the peasants) that wound across dreary, houseless, unfenced fields. Usually I sat on the straw in the back of the wagon, like a peasant's wife. Once as we thus came into a village, we saw fire spring from several roofs and observed that the place was full of Cossacks. Several days before a few men from this town had burned the house of a neighboring landlord who, in the frequent fashion of Russian landlords, had long been cheating and oppressing the village; and now, in punishment, the Cossacks had suddenly descended with the purpose of burning homes indiscriminately and flogging the entire population, men and women.

If I fell into the Cossacks' hands they would discover what I was, and all would be over. The old peasant realized this too. But it was too late to turn back. He looked round at me. His bushy face was full of cunning. "Lie down, little lady," he said. "Pull your shawl over your face and say not a word."

He drove on, and soon I heard an officer curse him and order him to halt. "Come—out of that wagon! You get twice the number of strokes for trying to run away like this!"

The peasant was humble, cringing. "But, my lord, I am from another village. I am taking my daughter to the doctor. My lord, she is very sick. She has the smallpox."

I heard ejaculations, curses. "You old fool, why do you stop here, then!" shouted the officer. And I heard the flat side of a sword crack on the little horse's bony sides. And away the horse went at a gallop out of the village, and as we went I heard the cries of women, and smoke and sparks were all about me.

Thus all during last summer I went from village to village, usually speaking in two villages every day—visiting all told over one hundred and fifty villages, and traveling in peasant wagons over a thousand miles. Though in constant danger, never did the slightest ill befall me; and never in all my life was I treated with sincerer courtesy than by our rough, ignorant peasants. And the same I have heard said by dozens of other girls who have done the work I did.

When the university opened last autumn I started to work again among the soldiers. As you know, the revolutionists are at present working very hard to win over the army, and one of the means is to talk freedom directly to the soldiers. For this girls have been found to be more effective than men; the young peasant soldiers are more willing to listen to girls, and are far readier to protect them from arrest. So all over Russia hundreds and hundreds of girls are now nightly meeting with groups of soldiers, in workingmen's homes and in barracks. To go into barracks and talk revolution to the soldiers, hardly anything is so dangerous—for the girl caught is tried by court-martial and in a day or two is executed.

Such is my work. I usually dress, as do the other girls, in a black jacket with a black shawl tightly over my head, so that I can pass as a soldier's working-girl sweetheart. Sometimes I meet five or six in a workingman's bare, one-roomed home—no more than five or six, for more persons coming to-

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gether would excite police suspicion, and lead to the arrest of all. We huddle close and I speak to them in a whisper—that perhaps a crying baby interrupts. And when the converted soldiers can arrange a meeting in the barracks, on nights when no officers are to be around, I go there. This is much better, for here instead of five I can talk to fifty or a hundred. They are eager to learn—so eager! This underground fire is spreading—I cannot tell you how rapidly it spreads. And the day will come when their captains will order them to shoot, and they will not shoot—when their guns will be with us.

Two weeks ago I had it shown me how loyal to us girls the soldiers can be—and also I came nearer death than ever before. It was at a meeting in one of the barracks arranged for by two of my soldier friends. The soldiers stood me on one of the long tables in the mess-room, set two candles at my feet, and gathered about me—a hundred or more dim, earnest, heavy peasant faces. I had been speaking for perhaps an hour, the soldiers were hot with enthusiasm, when a voice rang out from the doorway:

"Seize her!"

We all looked. There stood one of the young officers I had known well two years before—Prince M——. He had forgotten some papers, had returned to the barracks for them, and had been drawn to the mess-room by the strange sound of a woman's voice.

I sprang from the table with a blind intention of running. Instantly I was caught by either arm—and I felt that my time was come. But a voice sounded in my ear: "Don't struggle—say nothing." I looked, and saw that my captors were my two friends.

We marched to the door, many of the soldiers crowding about us. I kept my head turned away so that the officer could not recognize me. "Take her to the barracks prison," he said. As we passed out into the snowy night, the hands on my arms loosened. "Run!" one of the men whispered. I darted out the gate—doubled in and out among the dark streets of that part of the city—and an hour later I was back here in my room.

Two hours afterward, toward one o'clock, there was a knock on my door. I opened it, and was saluted by a soldier—a close comrade of my two friends. He came in awkwardly and told me that his two comrades had been arrested. "They said for me to come to you," he went on, "so you wouldn't worry. You're safe; they won't tell who you are."

"But will anything serious happen to them?" I asked.

"They'll be shot," he said.

I was astounded—though what was more natural? After he had gone I thought for several minutes—hard. I could not let those two splendid fellows die in my stead. Never! But whatever I did I had to do at once, for I knew the awful quickness of courts-martial.

I decided to go to Prince M——. I had to dress finely in going to him that I might not attract attention; so I slipped into the one rich dress and the fur coat that I still have from the other days. Near two o'clock I reached Prince M——'s apartment. I expected that I should first have to rouse a servant who would rouse the prince, but I was admitted immediately and ushered straight into a brightly lighted dining-room. Before me was a table covered with rich foods, glasses, and many bottles. Around the table were Prince M—— and three other young officers. And there were four women. The women . . . you know the kind of women they were.

One of the officers rose and came unsteadily toward me. "Ha, Sergius, so you saved the prettiest till the last. Well, I get the first kiss!"

But Prince M——, who recognized me, sprang forward and pushed the officer away. He opened a door at one side, pressed me into a sitting-room, followed me, and closed the door. Then he turned and gazed at me. In society he is considered a very handsome man—tall, straight, aristocratic, with white cheeks and a dark mustache. He was now flushed with wine, but was sober compared with the others.

"I must apologize to you for that," he stammered.

I could say nothing for the moment. I was so shocked. I had regarded him as one of the best of my officer acquaintances—yet I well knew that just so all Russian officials live.

We sat down and I went straight at the business of my coming. "You arrested tonight two soldiers for helping a girl escape from the barracks."

His embarrassment left him; he looked at me in amazement. "Yes. But you! how should you know it?"

I did not reply. "And they will be shot?"

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"Such will doubtless be their sentence."

"But if the girl, the real offender, could be delivered into your hands, would you not set them free?"

"I don't understand all this," he said.

"Those soldiers are my friends. I do not want them shot."

"Well—at least they'd get off with a lighter penalty."

"Then," I said, "I have come to give myself up."

He stared at me. Presently he began to understand. "You, Vera Sazonova, you have become a revolutionist! . . . And you mean to say you were that girl!"

"Yes."

"And you want to be executed so that they may get off!"

"I can't let them die for trying to save me."

He stared long at me. His face began to glow; his head shook slowly. "Such stuff as you revolutionists are made of!" he whispered.

Just then in the next room a woman's voice rose in a snatch of a coarse song. The officers cried, "Bravo! Bravo!" There was loud laughter, clinking of glasses. The prince dropped his face into his two hands.

After a minute he looked up. "I can't let you do this—I can't!" he cried. "And why should you? Those two soldiers are only peasants, and what difference is a couple of peasants more or less?"

I spoke back earnestly, and I finally convinced him that I was determined to die in place of the two soldiers. He was thoughtful for a long space. Then a queer look came into his pale face.

"After all," he said, "I'm not so sure that those two men were the ones that let you escape. The mess hall was dark, and it's hard to tell soldiers apart anyhow when they're in uniform."

"What do you mean?" I asked, bewildered.

"That to-morrow I shall probably be unable to identify the two arrested men as the guilty ones."

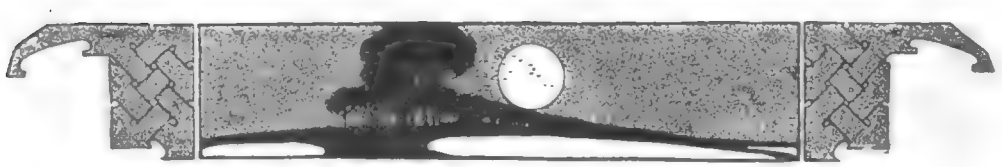
"You mean they'll be set free?"

"Yes."

I thanked him with all my heart. I am ready to die, if need be, but still death is not easy, and there is so much I want to do. He promised that all should be as he had said, and I started away. He asked if he might not escort me home, but I refused; for him to be seen with me might place him in danger. As we went through the hall, we again heard singing and the rattle of glasses. He flushed—seemed to struggle a moment—then in a whisper asked if I would not some time talk to him about the aims of the revolution. I promised, and named a place of meeting. Then he let me out into the night, and after an hour of walking through silent, snowy streets, I was again here in my room.

This work among the soldiers I still do. And everywhere, secretly, such work goes on—among peasants, among soldiers, among workingmen. In enlightenment, in understanding of their wrongs, here lies the freedom of my people. And enlightenment is growing—growing rapidly; and freedom is coming—painfully, perhaps slowly—but coming! . . . But toward its coming I am helping, oh, so little! When I think upon how very, very little, I am pierced with shame. I am so ignorant! so weak! And how I want to help! Oh, that I had more power to help my people!

She ended, her fresh young face aglow with hope, aquiver with her poignant yearning. . . . But this was not her story's end. That came to me a week ago in a letter from St. Petersburg, giving news of acquaintances there. "And of course you remember Vera Sazonova. Two days ago she was caught in the barracks at Kronstadt, and yesterday at daybreak she was shot."



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The Hickory Limb

By PARKER H. FILLMORE

Illustrations by Rose Cecil O'Neill

Mother, may I go out to swim?
Yes, my darling daughter;
Hang your clothes on a hickory limb,
And don't go near the water.

GLADYS BAILEY had a parasol in one hand and a card-case in the other. From her own wide experience in social usage, she was going to initiate the Blair twins into the mystery of formal calls. She had told them earlier in the day that they might bring their younger sister, but later reflection decided her to withdraw this permission. As Katherine and Alice were ready first, it was easy to explain to them her reasons.

"Four," Gladys said, "are too many to go calling. Margery's too little for our crowd anyway, and, besides, that would make three from one family. We had just better start before she comes down."

For a moment the twins looked doubtful, then, as usual, agreed. Thereupon, all three cautiously tiptoed off the porch and down the lawn. Before they reached the street, Margery was after them, calling: "Wait a minute, Katherine! Wait, Alice!"

The twins had barely time to slip through the gate and hear Gladys's low injunction, "Don't let her come," when Margery was upon them.

"You can't come with us, Margery," Katherine began, with an assumption of innocence.

"Why, Katherine, you promised I could."

"That was for to-morrow," suggested Alice weakly.

Margery looked from her sisters to Gladys, who was staring vaguely across the street. Her excessive aloofness was suspicious, and Margery instantly jumped to conclusions.

"I bet I know what's the matter. That old Gladys Bailey doesn't want me. But I'm going anyhow! I don't care what she says! I'm going!"

And, throwing herself against the gate, Margery pushed and kicked and shook, while Katherine and Alice, holding it shut from the outside, blushed with embarrassment that Gladys should hear, and whispered fiercely, "Margery, keep still!"

But Margery would not keep still. At that moment she was remembering against Gladys many a former indignity. How she hated her—how she had always hated her for her prim, deceitful, grown-up manners, for her patronizing airs, and most of all for the strange influence she wielded over Margery's own sisters and brother. It was bad enough to have the twins hang upon her words, and quite intolerable that even Henry, who, be it understood, was twelve, and usually impervious to feminine blandishments, looked upon Gladys with interest and admiration. Secure in the adoration of Katherine and Alice, and conscious of her sway over Henry, Gladys

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saw no reason to conciliate the youngest member of the family. "Margery's too little for our crowd," she would say, and, while Margery fumed and fought, would calmly reiterate the statement until it came to be accepted as fact. Gladys never fought. As on this afternoon, she was always the general, who, so to speak, directed from afar the onslaughts of the actual combatants.

Though outnumbered two to one, Margery had the spirit of a host, and for a while victory hung doubtful. Then fate decided the issue, and, in guise of the maternal voice from the window, called Margery off.

"Margery Blair," the voice commanded, "stop that noise this instant! Aren't you ashamed to tease the girls so? Stop it! Do you hear me?"

Yes, Margery heard; and, knowing from experience the futility of argument, she stopped.

"Are we ready?" Gladys Bailey asked, suddenly awakening, as it were, from a reverie. The twins, a little heated from their exertions, were quite ready, and, holding their card-cases—envelopes filled with cards of home manufacture—in young-ladyish fashion, they started off, copying, as best they could, the mincing steps of Gladys.

If Margery shouted after them no parting taunt, it was not because she had none ready. The ear corresponding to the maternal voice was probably still at the window; and Margery, though desperate enough for any fate sufficiently tragic, disliked the thought of spending the afternoon in bed. Therefore she kept an outward silence. But her heart would not be still, and every little outraged feeling in her body, finding a voice of its own, clamored aloud: "Oh, if we could only pay 'em back! Oh, if we could only pay 'em back!" Margery, alas, had not yet learned that forgiveness is sweeter than revenge. Of course she would forgive them if, say, a milk wagon should run over her and she had only a few hours to live. Then how they would cry! But as it was too late in the afternoon for any milk wagons to be about, such a death-bed forgiveness was clearly out of the question. So the one thing left was revenge.

Yet what revenge was possible? None, absolutely none. That afternoon she was utterly powerless to shake by any act of hers the equanimity of those three complacent young persons. There was nothing belonging to them which she could smash, hide, or appropriate. There was nothing they had ever said or done which now, in her hour of need, she could use against them. They were in fact so impossibly, so hopelessly—no, not exactly virtuous, but *proper*, that the mere contemplation of their colorless lives threw Margery into a most deplorable state of hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness.

As the hopelessness of any revenge settled on Margery's spirit, a feeling of loneliness began to creep over her. She could think of nothing to do, and of nobody to whom she might appeal for sympathy or amusement. The limitless expanse of an idle afternoon stretched out before her like a desert. Henry had gone fishing, and Willie Jones—*Willie Jones!* With that name came a dazzling thought, a plan full-blown, a balm sweet to her soul, a glorious solution!

Margery skipped up to the porch and called out in a coaxing, pleasant tone: "Mamma, may I take a little walk?" The maternal voice, plainly relieved that the storm had spent itself, gave consent, and Margery danced out the front gate and up the street, her heart thumping fast in exultation.

O-oh! Let Katherine and Alice distribute as many of their calling cards as possible, for soon they will have no further use for them. Soon—to be exact, by the time they get home—they will be disgraced, horribly disgraced, and no one will ever care to receive them or their visits again. Even Gladys, their adored Gladys, will give them one cold glance of scorn and turn her back. It was hard, certainly, not to be able to include Gladys in the impending doom. But, after all, Katherine and Alice were the more culpable, for had they not cast aside all feelings of sisterly relationship? Let them, then, bear the brunt of the punishment.

In a fashion Margery was grateful to Gladys, for it was really Gladys who had placed in her hands the weapon she was about to use. Gladys was forever saying to Katherine and Alice: "If you're not careful, Margery will disgrace you all some day. Then how will you feel? No one will play with you, no one will even speak to you on the street. And it won't be your fault, either. But you see, everybody'll know that Margery is your sister."

Yes, every one would know, and Margery, as she skipped along, gloated in the thought. It went without saying that in disgracing the others, Margery was willing to sacrifice herself. Willing? She was almost too willing.

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In fact, it must be confessed that there was something in the present undertaking that, quite apart from all anticipations of revenge, hummed a gay little tune in her ear, and tempted her hurrying feet into many a frisky little side step. From time to time she had to nudge herself, as it were, to remember that her purpose was one of retributive justice, that the end was what her soul hungered after—not the means.

She gave a passing regret to the afternoon shoes she was wearing, the white stockings, the clean dress, the great pink bow of ribbon in her hair. Likely enough these would be sadly draggled before the deed was done. But even that thought did not check her haste nor cause her for one second to pause and look back.

Her road lay toward the open country. At last, leaving behind all lines of houses, she crawled under a barbed-wire fence into a broad meadow where a few cows were grazing; then over a creek into another meadow, and up to a grassy knoll just ahead. From beyond it faint shouts were coming. At the foot of the knoll Margery rested a few moments, then pushed bravely on to the very gate of her adventure.

From the top of the knoll she looked down the other side to a tiny pond where five little boys were playing and splashing. The minute they spied Margery they sank to their chins in the muddy water and raised frantic hands and voices:

"Go 'way from here! Go 'way from here! We're swimmin'! We're swimmin'!"

With considerable inward trepidation but outward calm, Margery descended toward them.

"We're swimmin'! We're swimmin'!" the little boys kept on shouting inanely until Margery was forced to make some acknowledgment of the information.

"Oh!" she called out in sarcasm undisguised, "I thought you was flying!"

That seemed to make the little boys angry. They redoubled their cries and gesticulations.

"Go 'way from here! Go 'way from here! You're a girl! You're a girl!"

"Is that so? I'm a girl, am I? I'm so glad to hear it!"

Margery sat down near the water's edge and gazed across defiantly at the little boys, who were clustered together at the far end of the pond. They were not her match at sarcasm and so were forced to answer with inarticulate jeers. For a few seconds no more words were exchanged. Then one of the boys attempted a parley.

"Margery," he began. It was Willie Jones. There was a plea and a protest in his voice.

"Well?"

Margery's sharp interrogation gave so little encouragement that Willie Jones desisted.

Freddy Larkin next essayed the part of spokesman for the boys. Freddy had curly hair and a lisp.

"Mardthery!"

"I BET I KNOW WHAT'S THE MATTER. THAT OLD GLADYS BAILEY DOESN'T WANT ME."

"Well?"

"Dare you to come in thwimmin'! Dare you to come in thwim——"

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Willie Jones choked further utterance with a splash of water. But though he silenced Freddy, the other three instantly took up the cry, "Dare you to come in swimmin'! Dare you to come in swimmin'!"

"Willie Jones, will you shut up! Just because you live near us you needn't think you're my brother. 'Cause you ain't. Besides, girls can do the same as boys."

There was a last tug; those final garments

MARGERY CALMLY PROCEEDED TO UNDO THE BUTTONS.

Margery's moment had come.

"Huh! You think I'm afraid, don't you? Well, I ain't!"

She pulled off her shoes, rolled down her white stockings, and then, standing up, very deliberately began unbuttoning the back of her dress.

For the boys this was a turn of events unexpected and most disconcerting. Not for a moment did they really want her to accept their dare. Why, whoever heard of a girl doing such a thing? The very thought scandalized them deeply. Indeed they would stop her if they could, but it was utterly beyond their powers of expression to tell her that the dare was a mere joke, a pleasantry that had better be forgotten. Unable to explain this, they wriggled about uncomfortably in the water and hid their growing confusion in half-hearted jeers.

When the dress was discarded, every little boy there hoped in his soul that this might be all. The proprieties would not be utterly demolished if Margery would only treat as a bathing-suit her skimp little undervest and bloomers. But Margery would not. She calmly proceeded to undo the buttons that made those two garments one.

"Margery!" There was an almost agonized pleading in Willie Jones's voice.

that might have served as a bathing-suit slipped down over her feet, and Margery stepped forth, a skinny, defiant little Venus, challenging the world to look if it dare. It was a most embarrassing moment for the little boys. Their faces, bobbing about nervously on the surface of the water, blushed violently, and their jeers dwindled down to the merest quavers.

Her independence of custom and opinion thus emphatically established, Margery lost no time in entering the water. Sitting gingerly on the muddy bank, she slid forward one foot, then the other. Ugh! The bottom of the pond was soft and slimy, and squashed up between her toes like worms. For the first time a dreadful misgiving came over her. What if, after all, swimming were not the delightful pastime it was cracked up to be! However, there was no turning back now.

Sitting now in the water, she propelled herself forward with her hands, slowly and cautiously. The little boys looked on in marked though unexpressed disapproval. Margery was putting them into a horribly awkward position—there was no doubt about that. They didn't like it, either. But in spite of themselves they were beginning to feel a certain admiration for her pluck. It was almost a pity she was a girl.

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"Look out, Margery!" It was Tommy Grayson who gave the friendly warning. "They's a tin can over there."

Margery shifted her direction, and soon reached deeper water, where she was able to stand up without shocking the sensibilities of any one. The little boys were still some distance from her. The water, muddy beyond all chance of transparency, came up to their chests. To them, however, this was not enough. The excessive modesty of eight or nine made them keep even the white of their angular little shoulders primly covered.

Now human nature cannot be expected to retain forever that freshness of surprise which it feels over every new experience in life. Time, philosophy tells us, accustoms man to almost anything. It does the same for small boys. Beyond question it was enough to take the wind out of any one to see a girl coolly strip and come in swimming quite as though she were a boy, with all a boy's peculiar rights and privileges. But, astonishing as that might be, it was after all no reason for standing there all day like sticks in the mud when you might just as well be having a good time.

Margery, who was also standing like a stick, felt as bored as they. With nothing to do but gently bounce with the slight lap-lap of the water, she found herself wondering more and more just where the fun of swimming came in.

She watched with envy the small beginnings that betokened in the boys a return to the serious play of life. Charley Burns gave Freddy Larkin an unexpected ducking. Freddy came up spluttering and blowing, but with a handful of slimy mud which he plastered over Charley's white head. Then a splash fight became general. Every one splashed water into every one else's face. Margery noted with interest the peculiar downward stroke of the flat hand which brought the finest results. She added her shouts to the boys', and longed to add some splashes likewise.

Now the progress of a splash fight is thus: At first there are no sides—every man's splash is against every man's; but the splashes of all immediately turn against him who shows first signs of defeat; and he, the victim, may then use whatever means may be at hand to protect himself.

Eddie Grote was the victim this time. When the deluge became choking, he turned his back, ducked, and then let fly in the general direction of the allied forces two slimy handfuls of mud. In the excitement of the game the boys had clean forgot the immodesty of bare shoulders, and had even broken away from their original close grouping until to all appearances Margery was one of them. So it happened that, when Freddy Larkin dodged aside, one handful of the watery mud caught Margery square on the head and splattered down over her face and ears.

"Aw, see what you done, Eddie Grote!" Tommy Grayson shouted indignantly. "You went and throwed mud on Margery's hair ribbon! Ain't you got no sense?"

In the pause that followed, four little boys reproached the fifth with various forms of, "Aw, what'd you do that for!" And the fifth stood still in awkward consternation, the mud still dripping from his guilty hand.

For a moment Margery, too, was concerned, but only for a moment. When, in any circumstances, one's world is coming to an end within a few hours at furthest, a hair ribbon more or less matters very little. Moreover, it suddenly flashed upon Margery that here was a chance to make those few remaining hours more golden and at the same time gratify her soul with a trial at that masterly downward stroke of the flat hand. So before Eddie Grote had time to close his astonished mouth, she filled it with a mighty splash of water. Then, while Eddie choked and spluttered, too surprised to defend himself, she sent another well-aimed splash and another, until the gasping Eddie was forced to turn and flee. Not even then did Margery stop, but, following up her advantage, she drove him on and on toward shore.

In their ecstasy at the spectacle, the remaining boys leaped up and down in the water like happy little trout, clapping their hands and shouting:

"Hurrah for Margery!"

"Give it to him, Margery!"

"I bet on Margery!"

"What's the matter with Margery!"

Eddie Grote was in a tight place. All woman's rights to the contrary, in a struggle of the sexes a man has to show the woman some consideration or fly in the face of public opinion. Eddie, although hard pressed, realized that public opinion would not in this instance stand for what, ordinarily, would be his *modus operandi*, namely, to fling mud over his shoulder. If he could but gain a moment's time thus, he might make a dash for the deeper water. But he could not, and

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the other little boys, as they saw his growing predicament, raised shriller, louder shouts of joy:

"That's right, Margery! Chase him out of the water! Chase him out!"

"Oh, Eddie Grote, ain't you ashamed! And before a girl, too! Oh! Oh! Oh!"

Eddie Grote was ashamed, horribly ashamed. The water was fast falling below his knees. To get back to the depths was impossible; to go straight ahead were greater shame. Facing the inevitable, and clutching frantically at the flying skirts of modesty, he doubled up like a little turtle, chin to knees, and cried quits in those last words of the conquered: "I give up! I give up!"

Margery, who knew the practises of modern warfare quite as well as he, ceased fire and slowly backed away. She backed amid a chorus that was like a triumphant "See the Conquering Hero Comes." Freddy Larkin called out, "What's the matheh with Mardthery?" and the others took up the chant:

She's all right!
Who's all right?
MARGERY!

Ah, what fun swimming was! Did anything else under heaven equal it? Come now what might, she had drunk deep of one of life's joys, and the memory of it would long sustain her. And then, while the boys were still shouting her victory, while her heart was still glowing with the thought of having made good before them, it came—a voice that was like the voice of judgment.

"Margery!" it trumpeted sharply. "*Margery!*"

And at that voice five little Adams were suddenly afraid, and, remembering the nakedness of their shoulders, hid themselves as best they could in the muddy depths, and the solitary little Eve covered herself likewise until the waters were up to her chin. Then six little floating heads turned and gazed in speechless dismay at the knoll. There stood Henry. In one hand he was clutching a tin can full of something; from the other he had dropped a seine.

"Margery!" he repeated as though scarce able to believe his eyes. Then as the vision remained fixed, he changed his tone.

"Margery Blair, you come right out of that pond!"

All the outraged conventionalities of an elder brother sounded in his voice and showed in the horrified expression of his face.

Margery did not question fate, but meekly obeyed. Slowly and reluctantly she made her way to shore. Henry was at the water's edge to hasten her landing. He reached out and dragged her in—no longer a defiant young Venus but a very frightened little girl whose naughtiness had found her out. Henry pushed her roughly toward her pile of clothes with the succinct order, "Now dress." He made a screen of his body between her and the five pairs of eyes that were bobbing about so exasperatingly on the water.

Behind the screen Margery shivered helplessly. "Ain't got nothin' to wipe with," she sniffled.

EDDIE GROTE WAS IN A TIGHT PLACE.

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Very carefully and deliberately, without exposing for an instant the form of his frail sister, Henry deposited on the ground his tin can of minnows, went through all his pockets, and finally pulled out a small, dirty handkerchief. As he handed this over his shoulder, the little boys in the water laughed.

"Say, Henry, will you lend me that towel when Margery's through with it?" asked Charley Burns facetiously.

"I'll punch your head when I ketch you. That's what I'll do to you."

Charley did not continue the subject.

Presumably the handkerchief served its purpose, for Margery's next words showed that dressing had progressed a bit.

"I can't get my stockin's on," she quavered.

"Pull 'em on," grunted the screen unfeelingly.

A few moments later there was similar trouble with the shoes, and Margery sent out the tearful announcement:

"They just won't go on."

"They got to," remarked the screen firmly.

"But I tell you they won't. They're my new ones and they won't go on without a shoe-horn."

"Stamp on 'em!" commanded Henry gruffly.

Behind the screen convulsive excitement followed, accompanied by a certain Jack-in-the-box effect which seemed highly to amuse the little boys in the water.

"That's right, Margery. Stamp on 'em!" they repeated derisively until cowed into silence by Henry's stony stare.

"I can't button my dress," was Margery's final plaint.

"You got to."

"But I tell you I can't," she insisted, her voice rising to a long-drawn wail. "It buttons behind."

With the utmost dignity the screen slowly turned itself around. That was a signal for the small boys in the water to break forth into jeers and taunts. They spoke in that treble squeal which little boys use when they seek to imitate girls' voices.

"Say, Henry, please lend me your towel to wipe my ears."

"Button my dress, Henry."

"Where's your shoe-horn, Henry?"

Apparently Henry's calm remained unshaken. In reality he made a rather poor job of the buttoning. As soon as the back of the dress promised to hold together, he stopped. Then, firmly clutching Margery's arm in one hand and holding his seine and tin can of minnows in the other, he faced his waspish little tormentors.

The moment had come for him to speak. He did not hesitate. Had he been forty-five and bald, he could not have met the situation with a more determined conventionality. He realized, plainly enough, that the family had been disgraced, and neither to herself nor to the world would he minimize or excuse Margery's culpability. Yet, nevertheless, he would do his best to hush up the scandal.

"See here, you kids," he began warningly. Both hands were occupied, so he could not emphasize his threat with the sight of a clenched fist. His tones, however, carried conviction. "If any of you blab about this, I'll give you such a smashin'——"

He did not finish the sentence. There was no need to finish it. When one's thought has been fully enough expressed, why go on further?

Henry paused a moment for the meaning to sink in. Then he started up the knoll, dragging Margery after him. Instantly the pond was in an uproar.

"Oh, Henry, can't guess who I seen in swimmin' this afternoon!"

"Comin' back to-morrow, ain't you, Margery?"

"Better slow up, Henry, or you'll drop your minnies."

"Say, Margery, your stockin's is comin' down."

Then Freddy Larkin started to chant at the top of his lungs:

> Motheh, may I go out to thwim?
> Yeth, my darlin' daughter;
> Hang your cloth' . . .

Of course Margery knew that their wit was aimed at Henry, not at her. But she breathed freer, nevertheless, once out of ear-shot.

Henry dragged her homeward at a furious pace. He held her arm so tightly that it ached. The worst was that she couldn't make him argue about it. He simply held on without talking.

"You just let my arm go, Henry Blair," she whimpered again and again. "You ain't got any right to hurt me."

But Henry would only close his mouth more grimly and push on.

"Ain't you got any sense, Henry Blair? I ain't tryin' to run off."

She might just as well have been talking to a post.

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Even the threat, "If you don't let me go, I'll holler," fell on deaf ears.

This was said after they had reached the civilization of streets and houses, where their appearance caused a mild sensation. And small wonder. Margery's stockings were down in rolls about her ankles. Behind, her dress was gaping open where Henry had missed the buttons. In places there were yellow stains where the wet of her body had soaked through. Her face was streaked with mud and her hair was drying in a stiff mat that hung down heavily over her eyes. The once gorgeous hair ribbon was little better than a lump of mud.

Several little girls on different porches called out in amazed curiosity, "Why, Margery, what *is* the matter?" and a boy or two, staring hard, remarked, "Hello, Henry. What you doin'?" For all the attention he paid, Henry might not have heard. With lips tightly closed, eyes looking straight ahead, he rushed on, never relaxing hold of his miserable victim's arm.

At their own gate they met the twins and Gladys Bailey just returning from their round of calls. One look at the strange pair, and even Gladys lost her air of blasé indifference. Her eyes opened wide and she took a deep breath of interest and surprise.

"Why, Henry," she said, "what in the world has Margery gone and done now?"

What has Margery gone and done now? If that wasn't like Gladys, before she knew a thing about it to decide that Margery had gone and done something! And when it was Gladys herself who was the cause of it all, anyhow! Remembering this, Margery turned on her and snarled like some angry little animal.

At this fresh token of savagery in his younger sister, Henry's face grew quite apoplectic with shame. But still keeping his mouth closed, he pushed by Gladys and the twins, and dragged Margery up the steps of the front porch.

"Oh, look at Margery's hair!" Gladys called out in virtuous concern. "What *has* happened? You *must* tell us, Henry!"

Family shame might keep Henry's mouth closed, but Margery felt no such restraint. She wanted Gladys to know! She wanted everybody to know! So while Henry was freeing one hand of tin can and seine, preparatory to opening the door, she twisted around until she could shout out the news to the listening world.

"I went in swimmin'!" she cried, shaking her muddied locks at Gladys. "That's what!" She had to hurry, for Henry was already pulling at the screen door. "With boys, too! With *boys!*"

Henry jerked her roughly into the house, but not before she had heard the beginning of Gladys's unctuous comment: "Oh, how disgraceful! Ain't Margery just too awful!" She also had time to realize vaguely that, disgraceful though it was, Gladys seemed in no haste to turn on the twins that cold glance of scorn which, by all reckoning, should instantly have been forthcoming. Why did she stay on talking to them? A cold doubt crept into Margery's mind. Had she, after all, disgraced only herself? The doubt grew to a certainty, until, by the time she found herself dragged into the library, she felt as miserable and forlorn as she looked.

Without a word Henry placed her before her mother. Her mother raised languid eyes from a novel; then, like Gladys, showed livelier interest.

"Margery! What have you been doing?"

"Swimmin'." Henry answered for her, in the first syllables he had uttered since leaving the pond.

"Swimming!" repeated her mother faintly.

"With boys," added Henry gloomily.

"With boys!" echoed her mother, looking helpless and alarmed. The occasion was evidently one which demanded a well-chosen reproof. She paused a moment, then said impressively: "Why, I never heard of a little girl doing such a thing!"

At that all Margery's waning spirit flared up. It was what they always said! Whatever she did was bad, not because it *was* bad, but because *she* was a girl!

"'Tain't my fault I'm a girl!" she cried, stamping her foot and glaring out from under her muddy hair, more than ever like a little creature of the woods. "I don't want to be a girl! I want to be a boy, and you know I do!"

"That will do, Margery," said her mother coldly. "You may go to bed now, and when your father comes home, I shall tell him how you've been behaving and he can punish you. Henry, call Effie."

To Effie was entrusted the task of giving Margery a bath and putting her to bed.

"She's been a bad girl this afternoon, Effie, and if she's rude to you, you may spank her." And Margery's mother, thus shifting her maternal responsibility first to a servant,

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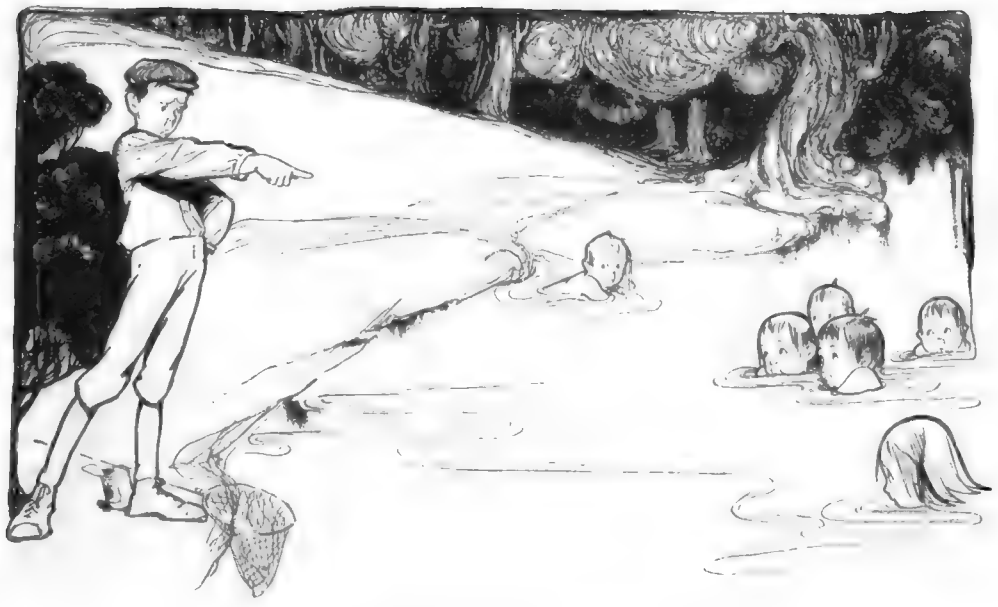

"MARGERY BLAIR, YOU COME RIGHT OUT OF THAT POND!"

then to her husband, returned to her novel with a troubled sigh.

When one is small and in the grip of adverse circumstances, there is, perhaps, no process of life which can be made more humiliating than a bath. In this instance, suffice to say that Effie was lavish in the use of soap and water, especially soap, and by the time she finished, had reduced her charge to a state of quiescent misery.

Margery's room was the small front corner room adjoining her mother's. The window was open, and, as she lay in bed, feverish and unhappy, the murmur of conversation from the porch below reached her distinctly. She paid little attention until, hearing Gladys's voice, it suddenly came over her that that young woman had not yet gone home. Then Margery sat up and listened.

"I just feel so sorry for your poor father," Gladys's voice was saying. "He'll feel so disgraced!" After a slight pause she asked: "Don't you think he'll be home soon?"

So that was it! Gladys lingered in hopes of witnessing the last scene of Margery's humiliation. Oh, what a deceitful creature Gladys was, pretending that the whole family was so disgraced, yet remaining still as intimate with them as ever! How horrid they all were—everybody except, perhaps—perhaps her father! In the past he was the only one who had ever shown himself superior to public opinion and circumstantial evidence. Would he be the same this time? If he, too, were going to be shocked and surprised, Margery felt that there was nothing left for her to do but to go off somewhere alone and die.

"How many boys did you say they was, Henry?"

Henry evidently had not said, for he did not answer now. Nothing daunted, Gladys went on:

"I suppose they was at least ten. Yes, I'm sure they must ha' been ten."

"No, they wasn't," Henry blurted out. "They was only five."

Margery tossed about on her little bed in helpless rage and scorn. Why, the creature was a regular Delilah!

"Who was they, Henry?"

Again Henry kept silence. But this time Gladys's question was answered in another way. From up the street came the various noises that announce the approach of a crowd of boys.

"Here they come now," Gladys exclaimed in candid satisfaction.

Yes, without doubt they were coming. When they saw Henry they began immediately a taunting sing-song:

"Oh, Henry, can't guess who I seen in swimmin'! Can't guess who I seen in swimmin'!"

Henry dashed off the porch and the chorus

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scattered in various directions. One saucy voice sang as its owner ran:

> Motheh, may I go out to thwim?
> Yeth, my darlin' daughter;
> Hang your cloth' . . .

Yes, that was the whole thing in a nutshell, Margery thought. It was exactly how they always talked to girls.

> *Hang your clothes on a hickory limb,*
> *And* DON'T *go near the water!*

Wasn't it what her mother said to her a dozen times a day? *Now be a good little girl and have a good time.* How could you be a *good* little girl and have a good time at the *same* time? The irony of it, when anybody with a grain of sense would know that the two do not go hand in hand! If she had stayed home that afternoon, she would have been good, but she would not have had a good time. As it was, she had had a good time, but she had not been good. So there you are!

The gate clicked, but it was not Henry, and Gladys offered the conciliatory greeting, "Hello, Willie." So it must be Willie Jones coming through their yard to get to his own. Margery wondered whether Gladys would be able to work him as she had worked Henry. Margery thought not, but if she were—well, she, Margery Blair, would have very little more to say to Willie Jones.

When, Margery judged, Willie Jones was passing the porch, Gladys asked in her suavest tones, "Oh, Willie, did you see Margery, too?"

For a moment Willie did not answer, and Margery, kneeling on the floor behind the window curtain, held her breath. Then, apparently without slowing his pace, Willie Jones grunted out in his roughest manner:

"Aw, go on! You don't know what you're talkin' about!"

"Willie Jones is just the rudest boy," Gladys informed the twins. "I wouldn't think your mother would let Margery play with him."

But, up-stairs, Margery wept for joy at this evidence of a true and noble heart.

Henry returned from the chase with the interesting news that he had almost caught Freddy Larkin.

"Well, I just pity your poor father," Gladys commented, "if he goes down on the car to-morrow with Freddy Larkin's father."

"Why, Gladys?" chorused the twins anxiously.

"Because he'll laugh at your father and make fun of him for having a girl that went in swimming with boys. Just you see! And your father'll feel so disgraced!"

Would he really, Margery wondered forlornly. Of all her family, her father was the one, the only one she would have spared; and now, if Gladys were to be trusted, he it was who would suffer most. With a pang, she suddenly remembered how many times in the past she had been sent to bed, as today, to await his coming, and how kind and just he had always been, never pronouncing punishment until he had sifted and weighed the evidence against her. And remembering this, her rebellious little heart softened and a sense of regret came over her—the first she had felt that afternoon. Why, why had she not remembered him sooner? How could she *ever* have forgotten him?

In the midst of this incipient remorse, Gladys announced his arrival.

He came in with a cheerful, "Hello, kidlets!" and almost immediately asked, "Where's Margery?"

"Margery's in bed," Henry said significantly.

Margery heard her father pull over a porch chair and seat himself.

"She's been bad," Katherine said.

Still her father made no comment.

It was Alice's turn to speak, and there was nothing left to tell but the deed itself.

"She went in swimmin'," Alice whispered.

And then, of all things, as Gladys Bailey would say, what did her father do but laugh! He laughed loud and long, but the children, evidently surprised, did not join with him.

It was Gladys who spoke first.

"You forgot to tell your father that she went in swimmin' with boys."

"With boys!" her father echoed, and laughed harder than before.

Up-stairs, her head pressed against the window-sill, Margery could scarcely believe her ears. Did he really think it was funny? And then she had it. Her father was pretending! But that, after all, was only half a clue. Why was he pretending? Why?

He stopped laughing after a time and began putting questions to each of them in turn, until he had pieced together the whole story.

"Katherine," he asked finally, "why did

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you and Alice not take her with you when you went calling? If you had, this would not have happened."

"Well, you see, papa," began Katherine, "she's too little for our crowd."

"Too little? What nonsense! She's not a bit too little."

"Well, Gladys says she is," Katherine insisted.

Gladys corrected this statement kindly but firmly: "What I said was, that, for first calls, four was perhaps too big a crowd."

"Oh, I see. That is very different. No doubt Gladys is entirely right. But you've made your first calls now, haven't you?—and hereafter Margery can go with you just as well as not, can't she, Gladys? Why, you know, really, in crowds, the more the merrier. Besides"—and Margery knew just as though she were there the kind of look her father was giving Gladys—"as a favor to me!"

Gladys was completely taken in.

"I'll be glad to do anything I can for you, Mr. Blair," she said politely. Then she added gratuitously: "Everybody ought to be kind to each other."

"That's it, exactly. As Gladys says, the big boys and girls should always be kind and gentle to the smaller ones. Now Henry was right, when he found his little sister doing something wrong, to bring her home. But next time he's going to be kinder about it, aren't you, Henry?"

Yes, Henry was, and Margery hugged herself in wonder and amazement. Why, her father was simply workin' 'em for all they was worth! He was just jollyin' 'em to beat the band! And it was all for her sake, too! Under the magic of his words, already they were ceasing to regard her as an outcast. And Margery, like many another who has sought to overturn the pillars of society, was strangely happy at the thought of being able once again to mingle with her own kind.

"But, papa," she heard Alice ask, "what'll you say to Freddy Larkin's father on the car?"

"What will I say to Freddy Larkin's father on the car, Alice?"

"Yes, papa, when he—Gladys—she says he'll make fun of you on account of Margery."

And then her father rose to the occasion magnificently.

"What will I say," he repeated in a loud, full voice, "to Freddy Larkin's father when he makes fun of me for having a little girl who went in swimming with the boys?"

He paused impressively, and suddenly Margery understood. He was the only one of them all who knew that of course she was listening! And he had known it all along and had been sending messages, no, not of excuse for her naughtiness—they would have that out together, later—but of love and encouragement for her herself. Oh, how she would try never to grieve him again!

"I'll tell you what I'll say," his adorable voice continued. "I'll say, 'Well, I just bet you a great big round dollar that Freddy will never see Margery do such a thing again!' Why, do you know, Gladys, I'd be willing to risk five dollars!"

Then he came into the house and her mother kept him a moment in the library. She could not hear what her mother said, but her father's answer, "Of course I shall be severe, if necessary," put a sudden chill on her heart.

Then she heard his foot on the stairs; and she buried her face in the pillow, pretending to be asleep.

Her father stood over her a moment, looking down at her quietly. She could feel him looking. Then he said, "Margery," softly, gently. It seemed to her that she had never heard her name pronounced so sweetly, so lovingly. Whatever little ice of rebellion had formed anew around her heart melted that instant, and, like a little whirlwind, she threw her arms about her father's neck and crushed her burning little face against his cheek. There she sobbed out her love and repentance.

"And papa—papa," she gasped as soon as she could speak, "you can bet him ten dollars if you want to, and you won't lose! I promise you, papa, you won't lose! You *won't!*"

Her mother supposed that, as usual, Margery had cajoled her father into an easy mood, for, when she saw them an hour later, Margery was seated on her father's knee, quiet and happy. In all apparent innocence she was saying:

"*And oh, papa! Ugh! It just squashes up between your toes like worms!*"

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Celebrating a New Ireland

The International Exhibition at Dublin

By MAUDE L. RADFORD

Illustrated with Photographs

IT was a bold thing entirely for Ireland to think of having a fair of her own—a bit of an island that could be put in the waistcoat pocket of some of our states. But though the exhibition does not compare in size with most of those held in recent years, relatively and humanly speaking it is a far greater achievement than any of them.

In Herbert Park, not far from the heart of Dublin City and partly on the site of Donnybrook Fair of unsavory memory, stand the white buildings of the Irish International Exhibition. The difference between these noble palaces and the rickety booths of Donnybrook is symbolic of the difference between the old Ireland and the new; of the deeply significant renascence and awakening of a nation. Ireland's fair might well be called her birthday celebration. Donnybrook Fair used to be the trading-place for all the peasants and small farmers and petty shopkeepers of the country who could ride or walk to the spot, for this was their great social center. In the retrospect, Donnybrook may seem picturesque, as showing the Irish joy in living, the bravery and song; though far truer to Ireland are the traits that never appeared there: the Celtic melancholy, bewilderment at this world, and simple faith in God's next world. But actually, in its wasting and cheating, its frothy political talk and purposeless fighting, Donnybrook showed the bitter effect of a cruel land system forced on Ireland by a people who could never understand her—a system that gave no play for her splendid virtues, and that intensified, instead of correcting, her lack of steadiness of purpose and of toleration, and added to her inertia, suspicion, and pessimism.

But the old Ireland is dead, and there is a new Ireland, becoming more and more unified and coherent through a variety of causes, chief of which are the new land system and the recent industrial development. Now the peasant may himself be a small landholder. He lives, or may live, in a decent house. His younger sons, through the new technical education offered by the government, may be fitted for skilled labor. His wife and daughters may supplement his earnings by their work in home industries. And all that Ireland is and all that she will become are vividly suggested by the exhibition.

In place of the rickety booths of Donnybrook rises a group of noble white palaces in Italian Renaissance style, so ingeniously situated that none of the natural beauties of Herbert Park has been lost. The roads are wide, the swards are true emerald, and the broad beds of flowers bloom and glow in all conceivable colors. To the left is a blue lake crossed by white bridges, while in the distance tower the purple-blue Dublin hills.

The Grand Central Palace dominates the grounds; to its right are the great white Palace of Industries, the ivory-faced French Building, the Palace Restaurant, and the Canadian Building. Behind the Central Palace lie the long Fine Arts Building, in severe Florentine style, and the Palace of Mechanical Arts, nearly a thousand feet in length; while to the left are the buildings for the Home and Cottage Industries, and for the amusements. Variety in color and size is secured by the disposal in between of smaller buildings, kiosks, and tea-houses, and by flights of white steps leading to the lake and to the stand where the red-coated band plays.

This may sound like a catalogue of the buildings at any fair, but the effect is pure Irish, in spite of the wide tidy roads, and the rather cold architecture. There is not the glare and gaiety and precision of the Paris Exhibition. One gets, in the grounds, something

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of the effect of space and largeness of the fairs at Chicago and St. Louis, though the buildings are smaller, less magnificent, and less numerous. But in the American fairs there was an appearance of system in the beauty, an effect of business behind the esthetics, and not the sense of natural background that is given here by the Dublin hills. In the Irish Exhibition the character of the people has conquered the buildings. The Celtic irregular beauty and charm have crept in. The unexpectedness of the rough-cast, oak-beam style of the Home Industries Building and of the Canadian Building is Irish; and somehow these buildings coax away any effect of incongruity with the severe white palaces. No country but Ireland, not even Italy, could give such a profusion of rich and varied coloring, soft and brilliant both, like an Irish colleen's blue eyes and red cheeks.

Photograph by Brown Brothers.

ELECTRICAL DISPLAY AT NIGHT AT THE GRAND CENTRAL PALACE, SHOWING THE GREAT DOME.

And the people, whether they represent the old or the changing order, are pure Erin. Their voices alone would make the Fair their own. Even the Florentine Fine Arts Building turns almost into an Irish home when one hears in it the quick throaty tones of brogues from Wexford to Galway, or the excited arguing of a cute Kerry man with a man from Cork. They may look at first glance like an English crowd, in that every one carries an umbrella, that the men wear flowers in their buttonholes, that the women show gayer colors than one would expect in such a climate, and that even the poorest seems to have some sort of feather boa or scarf. But there are green ties and green caps not to be seen in England; the faces are simpler and less dogged than the English faces, and the eyes, whether blue, gray, or hazel, are the eyes of the Celt, changing from humor to sadness, sentimental, perplexed, and irretrievably hopeful of some good somewhere—the eyes of the race that gives the world romance. They differ from an American crowd in that they are slower of movement, more aimless, less intent, and though quite as good-humored, far more considerate. Strangers are always offering a helpful hand to one another. If information is wanted, some kind of answer is willingly given.

A policeman was asked where a certain building was. And while he hesitated, a little bunched-up countrywoman, in sagging homespun, said in a whisper:

"Arrah, I'll show you the place mesilf. You can't ever thrust a policeman or a soldier, you cannot now," she added, as her feet clattered a rough accompaniment to her soft

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Photograph by Brown Brothers.

KING EDWARD AND QUEEN ALEXANDRA AT THE EXHIBITION.

southern tongue. "No, they're all stupid-like, them that is recruited by Dublin Castle. I have two byes: wan is a rale soldier, thank God; he fought for the Boers, but while I was away in Carlow visiting me sick mother, the other was led asthray into the English militia. When I came home, I was met wid me shame be the neighbors, and when I stepped into the place, I saw his father had down the little tin picture of him off the wall, and it lies in the top drawer to this day. Well, we don't shpake of it, but at night when I'm in bed, me thoughts fly out to him where he is, for I do be lyin' on the spot where his little shmall head rested on the shoulder of me many an hour when I'd no thought he would live to disgrace me. Well, there's your building, and good luck to you."

She walked quickly away, a pathetic little figure—old Ireland in her prejudices. She turned back to wave confidently at the building. It proved to be the wrong one.

The idea of the Exhibition rose four years ago at a meeting of the Irish Industrial Conference, and was enthusiastically received by men of all creeds and all classes and of manifold political opinions. Yet it has always been the Irish habit (though the habit is breaking) for each man to want to save Ireland in his own way; and there are people in Dublin—some extremists of the Gallic League Party, and almost all the members of the new political party called the Sinn Fein, the logical descendants of the Fenians—who refuse to visit the Exhibition because they think it is not Irish.

"Irish it is not," said a wrinkled, rosy old Sinn Feiner. "Four hundred thousand pounds gone into English pockets; the building done by English conthractors; enough English exhibits to put the curse of Cromwell on it. Look at the Canadian Building, with its green board invitin' the immigration that them that love Ireland is thryin' to stop. And the catering—all done by the English. There's resthrants in Dublin could have done

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it, so they could. What matther if they've not had the big experience? And why? Because the Irish think more of their souls and less of their insides than the English and Americans. But the Dublin men could soon have got their hands in. The Irish would be only too plazed to lend the loan of their stomachs for them to learn on, and the foreigners would be too polite to complain, and the English could lump it. Things is come to a bad pass when a man can't get a drink of whisky unless it passes over an English bar." And he walked away, old Ireland to the core, in spite of his new political principles.

Old and new Ireland meet in the huge entrance hall of the Central Palace. The spirit of the new Ireland greets the visitor in the little boys selling guide-books. They do not linger at one's elbow whining for one to buy—"And God bless you, for I've an ould mother to support." They take a businesslike look at one's hands to see if one has a book already, and at one's face to see if "no" is really meant, and then they brush past to another visitor. Old Ireland shows first of all in a certain "cluttered" effect in the emerald hall, where the flags of all nations are fluttering, the green Irish flag with the harp predominating. The walls blaze with stained-glass windows, posters, and paintings. At the foot of a flight of steps stands a copy of the ancient Celtic cross of Drogheda, and behind this a roughly cast statue of Erin. And this, too, is Erin the new — no longer the dark Rosaleen, bowed and weeping. The figure represents youth (one forgets the sex). The right hand touches the harp of Ireland, but lightly, for Erin is done with brooding uselessly over the past, while the left arm holds high a torch; the eager head is thrown back, the eyes are full of purpose, the mouth is impulsive but self-reliant, and the wolf-dog watches intently and quietly at the feet.

There are various relics in the hall, such as old prehistoric boats, and a model of the battle of Waterloo, which might just as well be somewhere else. The Celt is restless if you ask him why he has not one kind of exhibit in one place and another in another, instead of having home manufactures, for example, shown in three different buildings.

"I don't see that we have to follow the hard-and-fast lines of other exhibitions," said an official. "You may need to classify in America; here we don't. Ireland is not America, though they say America is half Irish. And faith, considering the little time we had, we

Photograph by Brown Brothers.

"THE CHARACTER OF THE PEOPLE HAS CONQUERED THE BUILDINGS—THE CANADIAN BUILDING IS IRISH."

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just had to put things down where they were most convenient."

And, indeed, though the principle of the division of the nineteen classes of exhibits and the grouping of these exhibits in buildings is not logical, it is convenient. The idea seems to have been to make the Irish look at their own products, and if they miss them in one hall, they'll be rather sure to fall upon them in another.

The most conspicuous building is the great white Central Palace, with a towering dome from which stand out four huge wings that somehow give the effect of a Celtic cross. The dome, almost as large as St. Paul's, can be seen far out in the Irish Channel, and more than one fisherman has said that at night the sight of its lighted head warms the heart of him with the feeling of home. The ends of the supporting beams of the roof are so shaped as to represent a cluster of hanging shamrocks. The center of this building forms a hall large enough to contain almost any number of visitors. The four wings are crowded with specimens of furniture, of textile goods, of alimentary products, and of miscellaneous exhibits of English and of Irish manufacture, chiefly Irish, and chiefly from the country south of Boyne water and Dublin. This lack of equality in display probably means that the people of North Ireland thought until too late that the Exhibition was going to be a local affair. It does not mean that the bitter feeling, born of a sense of alien race and of difference in religion, still exists in its old strength between the north and the south. Some acute feeling there is yet, but it is dying out. The day was when, even at a loss, each section would buy a product of its own or a foreign product rather than patronize the other section. But after countless attempts, Boyne water is being bridged at last, and the true lovers of Ireland hope that this time the bridge will not be swept away.

Photograph by Brown Brothers.

"THEY DIFFER FROM AN AMERICAN CROWD IN THAT THEY ARE MORE AIMLESS, LESS INTENT."

"Ah, it's a fine place," said a manufacturer, on being congratulated on the splendid spacious effect of the center of the palace. "And of course the woolens and linens and leather and stills can't be surpassed, we believe.

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Photograph by Brown Brothers.

DUBLIN DECORATED FOR THE OPENING OF THE EXHIBITION.

The Americans ought to remember that our tweeds are betther than the Scotch now. But what's the use of that big hall in the middle? Sure, they won't let the people dance there at all. The Irish are the great dancers. What harrm would it do?" What harm, indeed? Ireland could be putting her best foot forward in that way as decorously as in walking around and wishing, and more characteristically.

And certainly too little has been done to amuse this pleasure-loving people. All the diversions offered them are shooting-galleries where hares and pheasants circle slowly against a background of green painted hills; a water-chute; a switchback; a helter-skelter, which is merely a switchback arranged about a tower; a crystal maze; some Indian conjurers who have among them three tricks only, and the "Rivers of Ireland." To see the latter, the visitor goes through a damp and drafty winding tunnel in a boat, looking here and there into semicircular plots set with small shrubs reflected by mirrors placed on the opposite side.

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THE LAKE IN THE GROUNDS.

Many of the serious well-wishers of Ireland, chiefly those of the cities, assert that the amusements are quite sufficient; that it is better not to distract the minds of the people from the educative value of the Exhibition. In any case, the native spectators take amiably their lack

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of chance to frolic, for in queer, unexpected ways the Irish are docile. They try their hackneyed amusements over and over again, and those who cannot afford them, walk about and look at the electric lights and at the great dome. Old Ireland likes so much light because it is new to him, and pretty; young Ireland loves the beauty, but he is ready to explain the scientific and mechanical appliances which produce the beauty. The water-chute, however, is the chief attraction.

"Man alive," said the old Sinn Feiner, lingering outside the gates where he could get the best view of the spot, "if I could sneak in blindfold-like, and have a ride down the water-chute, I'd be tempted. Did ye hear how a boat upset in the wather the other day, and an Orangeman from Belfast and an Englishman started to bate the face off each other, not knowing at all they were both Unionists? They say 'twould have been grand if the police hadn't pulled them out. Ah, well, I suppose I can't go in at all. But principles is cold comfort when a man'd rather be with his friends."

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THE FAÇADE OF THE FINE ARTS BUILDING.

The Palace of Fine Arts shows best the international side of the Exhibition, though the word "international" cannot be applied in any large sense. Some Irishmen explain that it was made international because the pessimists said the Irish exhibits would make no real display—one more proof that Ireland is only beginning to learn her real strength. The Art Palace is a long, beautiful building consisting of seven galleries. The pictures, which are chiefly modern, represent specimens from fourteen countries, including America, the greatest space being given to the work of English and Irish artists. All branches of art are to be seen, from oil-painting to photography, in which America has rather a good collection of specimens. In painting famous names are represented—Corot, Millet, Rosa Bonheur, Watts, Rossetti, Burne-Jones, Abbey—and also unfamiliar names. The committee tried to select works of promise in order to encourage rising talent. In the Irish section the spectator is given a chance to buy.

But the international side is forgotten when one sees, set in the middle of the galleries, the glass cases full of objects that illustrate the Irish past from medieval times down. And here one day was found the old Sinn Feiner, faithless to his principles at last.

"I don't be afther lookin' at annything isn't Irish," he explained, "but when I was tould I could see the green coat of William Smith O'Brien—may he live in glory forever!—I thought I'd come. Sure, the other Sinn Feiners may live to see it other ways, but I'm

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an ould man, and I had to take my chance when I could."

His logic pleased him for a moment, and then he added:

"Mind you, I've been looking at the grand furniture and all, as my grandson gave me the adwice. Did you know Watherford and Cork was famous for silver plate and cut glass and jewelry and putting covers on books? We were a rale artistic nation in the ould days, till England crushed it out of us."

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THE PALACE RESTAURANT AND VIEW OF THE ESPLANADE.

All sorts of relics are to be seen, from the ancient stone chair of the O'Neills of Clannaboye to the tiny first clothes of Lord Edward Fitzgerald; and from a copy of the Book of the Dun Cow to the green harp of Thomas Moore. And here again the old and the new Ireland showed. Many younger people looked with patriotic interest indeed, but even this was largely from the educational standpoint. They wanted to see how things were made in the ancient days. They were interested in the bronze vessels and the old swords.

"Will you belave me," said the old man, "there do be but two relics of Robert Emmet in all the place. One is his blunderbuss, and what will you say when I tell you 'tis in that case over there on the top shelf where you can hardly get a look at it, though it must be the fine blunderbuss entirely; and down on the middle shelf, in plain sight, ivory handle and all, is the sword of Cromwell. What do you call that but an in*sult?*

"The other relic? A copy of the death-mask of him, and how the poor cheeks is sunk in. I'm thinking they didn't thrate him anny too well in prison. Well, God knows enough good blood has been spilt in Ireland to save us all, and yet I could hardly get me grandson to look at this mask at all. 'An elegant patriot he was,' says he, 'but come over and see the grand power-producing appliances in the Palace of Industries, and take a look at the copy of them furnaces of the battle-ship Dreadnought.' What did the Dreadnought ever do for Ireland? I sent him to the right-about to look at the chairs and mace and things they used to have in the Irish House of Commons, that we'll have again some day, plaze God. Ah, well, the young don't love Ireland as we did in '48."

The grandson had the body of one fed too much on vegetables and poor bread, but he showed the face of young Ireland, with the new spirit of alertness and enterprise in the eyes.

"Grandfather should get his shilling's worth in the other buildings too," he remarked. "It's fine here. Did ye see the

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Irish sculpture? Did ye know thousands of pounds of our money went to France and Germany for statues of saints, with the brains here for making them and hands ready to larn? But for them as wanted to larn there was nothing to do but emigrate—and us tryin' so hard to stop emigration. But we've started sculpture now. You see, I've been taking the classes and so I am interested-like in all we do." There spoke new Ireland.

The new Ireland shows best in the home manufactures. These do not necessarily promise that Ireland will be a great industrial country, but they do promise that if the industries go on growing, thousands of deserving and really capable human beings will be saved from misery, starvation, emigration, and the lunatic asylums. Any one who has left the beaten track of the tourist in Ireland, where the car-drivers display the joy in their poverty and pigs that is expected of them by the traveler, and who has seen the congested districts of the terrible west coast, knows that fisheries and boat-building and lace-making mean a chance for life to a brave and hapless people.

The exhibits are on view in the Palace of Industries and in the Home and Cottage Industries buildings, but in the former the effect is confused by the sight of manufactures from England, New Zealand, Japan, East India, Germany, Italy, by one cereal display from America, and by countless booths for the sale of sham jewelry and gimcrackery without which no exhibition seems to be complete. In the buildings (too small, by the way) of the Home and Cottage Industries stands out the splendid beginning of Ireland the new. There is a cottage hospital, typical of several hospitals on the west coast founded by the Countess of Dudley to educate hygienically the ignorant and depressed people. For the more prosperous, there are models of cottages that can be built for less than $700, and, above all, there are the new industries lifting their feeble heads.

"You'll not forget," said young Ireland, after his grandfather had been left to look hungrily at the pikes of '48, "that our agricultural class is four times as great as any other class; so don't be expecting too much. But look at the mosaic work the man's making before your eyes; the king himself bought some. And the stained glass, quite a new child to Ireland, you might say. We got sick of the fat German saints looking down on us in church. We like the slim Irish figures in green that give us the feeling of home and God both. We want to have our own counthry again every way."

"Do you think you are winning her back?"

"I do. But the throuble with us is we've talked too much, and put our trust in others and not done enough. Musha, if only our hands had the skill of our tongues! So I belave what the Department tells me that Ireland must educate its hands and brains."

"The Department" is the familiar term for the governmental Department of Agriculture and Technical Instruction. It holds classes in practical work for men, women, and children all over the country, and will give expert advice free to any business man who wishes to start an enterprise.

"Look round and see what they're doing with their hands in here," said young Ireland proudly.

There were carpets from Kildare which could be made either at home or in the factory (preferably in the factory), and to look at some of them was like seeing the heart of an Irish forest. There were hand-loom weaving and carding and spinning, as carried on in Donegal, Galway, and Kerry, under the supervision of the Congested Districts Board — another government institution, which works hand in hand with "The Department." There were beautiful arts and crafts work, carved furniture from Bray, delicate enameling, copper work, and bookbinding. A green book of Moira O'Neill's songs was itself a song. Above all there was case after case of embroidery and lace of varied and beautiful design.

"Ah, the gurrls aren't behind," said young Ireland. "Sure, they don't like to lave home for service, so the great ladies of the land started up the lace again. Such grand new pattherns, and our gurrls can sit over the peat fire winter nights and make them. They do toys and baskets, too. Yes, we'll all be an educated counthry before long."

While the Exhibition has shown the many foreign visitors what Ireland can do, it has had the greater function of showing the Irish themselves of what they are capable. Young Ireland sees that he needs education for mind, hands, and character, and he is eager for it. Boys of the switchback age could be seen going from plot to plot in the agricultural display, noting what scientific farming could produce in grains and flax, even on bog-land. Many a person at the Fair, the pessimists say, looked and learned nothing. But the attempt is

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significant. The Department, the Gaelic League, and other associations—cooperative leagues and banks literally in the hundreds—in addition to the growing movement of temperance, are pushing young Ireland forward. He knows he must not lean on any one staff but must take help wherever he can find it.

Moreover, the Irish met one another at the Exhibition. The isolation of the island, the neglect of it for centuries, and its lack of transportation facilities have made the people ignorant of themselves, to say nothing of the world outside. The Exhibition has served to introduce the parts to the whole. The pity is that so many of the inhabitants were too poor to attend. Some were there who had been saving for four years to come, people from Kerry and Galway who had never before ridden on a train. They may be among those who will go home and help break through the crust of pessimism and prejudice that has been one cause of the industrial inertia in Ireland.

Though many are asking for more political freedom, without at present much chance of obtaining it, yet if the demands of others are summed up, it amounts to a little comfort, a stop to the emigration, and a new industrial Ireland made by the hands of her own sons on the hills and plains of old-storied Erin. This last, at least, Ireland is slowly quarrying for herself out of hard substance. The white city at Dublin is the voice, to a world often impatient with her, of an old, poor, and sick country struggling through many difficulties to convalescence and working through various channels toward economic and industrial unity, and toward modern business methods. It would be a graceless world that would not, in the Irish phrase, give her back a helping hand and a "Good luck to you."

The Miracle-Workers

Modern Science in the Industrial World

By HENRY SMITH WILLIAMS, LL.D.

MORE and more the world is coming to realize to what a startling and almost incredible degree the application of scientific knowledge has changed the aspect of the productive industries. In every direction eager experimenters are on the track of new discoveries. It will probably not be long, for example, before a way will be found to produce electric light without heat, in imitation of the wonderful glow-worm's lamp. Then in due course we must learn to use fuel without the appalling waste that at present seems unavoidable.

A modern steam-engine utilizes only from five to ten per cent. of the energy that the burning fuel gives out as heat—the rest is dissipated without serving the slightest useful purpose. The new studies in radio-activity have taught us that every molecule of matter has locked up among its whirling atoms and corpuscles a store of energy compared with which the heat energy is but a bagatelle. It is estimated that a little pea-sized fragment of radium has energy enough in store—could we but learn to use it—to drive the largest steamship across the ocean, taking the place of the hundreds of tons of coal now consumed. How to unlock this treasury of the molecule, how to get at these atomic and corpuscular forces, is what the scientists and mechanics of the future must learn.

If problems of energy offer such alluring possibilities as this, problems of matter are even more inspiring. The new synthetic chemistry sets no bounds to its ambitions. It has succeeded in manufacturing madder, indigo, and a multitude of minor compounds; it hopes some day to manufacture rubber, starch, sugar—even albumen itself, the very

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basis of life. Rubber is a relatively simple compound of hydrogen and carbon; starch and sugar are composed of hydrogen, carbon, and oxygen; albumen has the same constituents, plus nitrogen. The raw materials for building up these substances lie everywhere about us in abundance. A lump of coal, a glass of water, and a whiff of atmosphere contain all the nutritive elements, could we properly mix them, of a loaf of bread or of a beefsteak. And science will never rest content till it has learned how to make the combination.

SCIENCE TRANSFORMS THE FARM

More than any one class of workers, science has helped the farmer. The up-to-date farmer knows the chemical composition of the soil; understands what constituents are needed by particular crops, and what fertilizing methods must be employed to keep his land from deteriorating. He knows how to combat fungoid and insect pests by chemical means; how to meet the encroachment of the army of weeds. In the orchard, he can tell by the appearance of leaf and bark whether the soil needs more of nitrogen, of potash, or of humus. In barnyard and dairy he applies a knowledge of the chemistry of foods to his treatment of flock and herd; he knows the importance of ventilating his stables that the stock may have an adequate supply of oxygen; he milks his cows with a mechanical apparatus, extracts the cream with a centrifugal "separator," churns by steam or by electrical power. But science has done more than teach him these comparatively little things. It has solved for him a problem of vital significance; has rendered him a service that, in effect, is one of the greatest triumphs of modern times.

A moment's reflection on the conditions that govern vegetable and animal life in a state of nature will make it clear that a soil once supplied with soluble nitrates is likely to be replenished almost perpetually through the decay of vegetation. But it is equally clear that when the same soil is tilled by man, the balance of nature is at once disturbed. Every pound of grain or of meat shipped to market removes a portion of nitrogen; and unless the deficit is artificially supplied, the soil soon becomes impoverished.

As every one knows, nitrogen forms more than three-fourths of the bulk of the atmosphere, but unlike oxygen it is not directly available for the use of plants or animals. Yet nitrogen is an absolutely essential constituent of the tissues of every living organism, vegetable or animal. To be made available as food for plants, however (and thus indirectly as food for animals), it must be combined with some other element, to form a soluble salt. But unfortunately the atoms of nitrogen are not prone to enter into such combinations; under all ordinary conditions they prefer a celibate existence. In every thunder-storm, a certain quantity of nitrogen is, through the agency of lightning, made to combine with the hydrogen of dissociated water vapor, to form ammonia; and this ammonia, washed to the earth dissolved in rain-drops, will in due course combine with constituents of the soil and become available as plant food. Once made captive in this manner, the nitrogen atom may pass through many changes and vicissitudes. As animal excreta or as residue of decaying flesh it may return to the soil, to form the chief constituent of a guano bed, or of a nitrate bed—in which latter case it combines with lime or potash or sodium to form a rocky stratum of the earth's crust which may not be disturbed for untold ages.

AN ARTIFICIAL FERTILIZER

Now an artificial supply of nitrogen is not easily secured—though something like twenty-five million tons of it are weighing down impartially upon every square mile of the earth's surface. In the midst of this plenty, the farmer has been obliged to take his choice between seeing his land become yearly more and more sterile, and sending to far-off nitrate beds for material to take the place of that removed by his successive crops. The most important of the nitrate beds are in Chile, and have been in operation since 1830. The draft upon these beds has increased enormously in recent years, with the increasing needs of the world's population. In 1870, for example, only 150,000 tons of nitrate were shipped; but in 1890 the annual output had grown to 800,000 tons; and it now exceeds a million and a half of tons. Conservative estimates predict that at the present rate of increased output the entire supply will be exhausted in less than twenty years. And for some years scientists and economists have been asking themselves, What then?

But now electrochemistry has found means

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to extract nitrogen from the atmosphere, in a form available as plant food, and at a cost that enables the new synthetic product to compete in the market with the Chile nitrate; and has thereby placed to its credit another triumph, second to none, perhaps, among all its conquests.

The author of this truly remarkable feat is Christian Birkeland, a Scandinavian scientist, professor of physics in the University of Christiania. His experiments were begun only about three years ago, but already a large factory is in successful operation at Notodden.

The significance of Professor Birkeland's accomplishment lies in the fact that he has demonstrated the possibility of making nitrogen combine with oxygen in large quantities and at a relatively low expense. The mere fact of the combination, as a laboratory possibility, had been demonstrated in an elder generation by Cavendish, and more recently by Sir William Crookes and Lord Rayleigh in England and Professors W. Mutjmann and H. Hofer in Germany. Moreover, the experiments of Messrs. Bradley and Lovejoy at Niagara Falls had seemed to give promise of a complete solution of the problem; had, indeed, produced a nitrogen compound from the air in commercial quantity, but not, unfortunately, at a cost that made competition with the Chile nitrate possible.

All these experimenters had adopted electricity as the agent for extracting the nitrogen. The American investigators employed a current of 10,000 volts; the Germans carried the current to 50,000 volts. The flame of the electric arc thus produced readily ignited the nitrogen with which it came in contact; the difficulty was that it came in contact with so little. Despite ingenious arrangements of multiple poles, the burning surface of the multiple arc remained so small in proportion to the expenditure of energy that the cost of the operation far exceeded the commercial value of the product.

TAPPING THE ATMOSPHERE

The peculiarity of Professor Birkeland's method is based on the curious fact that when the electric current is made to pass through a magnetic field, its line of flame spreads out into a large disk—"like a flaming sun." The sheet of flame thus produced represents no greater expenditure of energy than the momentary flash of light that the same current would produce outside the magnetic field. But obviously it adds enormously to the arc-light surface that comes in contact with the air—and hence in like proportion to the amount of nitrogen that will be ignited. In point of fact, this burning of nitrogen takes place so rapidly, in laboratory experiments, as to vitiate the air of the room very quickly.

AND STORING IT IN CANS

To the casual reader, unaccustomed to chemical methods, there may seem a puzzle in the explanation just outlined. He may be disposed to say: "You speak of the nitrogen as being ignited and burned; but if it is burned, and thus consumed, how can it be of service?" Such a thought is natural enough to one who thinks of combustion as applied to ordinary fuel, which certainly seems to disappear when it is burned. But of course even the tyro in chemistry knows that the fuel has not really disappeared except in a very crude visual sense; it has merely changed its form. In the main its solid substance has become gaseous, but every atom of it is still just as real as before; and the chemist could, under proper conditions, collect and weigh and measure the transformed gases, and even retransform them into solids.

In the case of the atmospheric nitrogen, as in the case of ordinary fuel, "burning" consists essentially in the union of nitrogen atoms with atoms of oxygen. The province of the electric current is to produce the high temperature at which alone such union will take place. The portion of nitrogen that has been thus "burned" is still gaseous, but is no longer in the state of pure nitrogen; its atoms are united with oxygen atoms to form nitrous-oxide gas. This gas, mixed with the atmosphere in which it has been generated, may now be passed through a reservoir of water, and the new gas combines with a portion of water to form nitric acid, each molecule of which is a compound of one atom of hydrogen and one atom of nitrogen with three atoms of oxygen. And nitric acid, as every one knows, is a very active substance. It is as marked in its eagerness to unite with other substances as pure nitrogen is in its aloofness.

In the commerical nitrogen factory at Notodden, the transformed nitrogen compound is brought in contact with a solution of milk of lime, with the resulting formation of nitrate of lime (calcium nitrate). Stored in closed cans as a milky fluid, the transformed

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atmosphere is now ready for the market. A certain amount of it will be used in other manufactories, for the production of various nitrogenous chemicals — for example, gunpowder; but the bulk of it will be shipped to agricultural districts to be spread over the soil as fertilizer, and to be absorbed in due course into the tissues of plants to form the food of animals and man.

PROGRESS IN EXTRACTING ALUMINUM

One of the most interesting and most important processes to which modern science has been applied is the method employed in extracting the metal aluminum from its ores by the electrolytic process. This process is based on the discovery made by Mr. Charles M. Hall, while he was a student working in a college laboratory, that the mineral cryolite will absorb alumina to the extent of twenty-five per cent. of its bulk, as a sponge does water. The solution of this compound is then acted on by electricity, and the aluminum is deposited as pure metal. A curiously interesting practical detail of the process is based on the fact that pulverized coke remains perfectly dry when stirred into a crucible containing the hot alumina solution; moreover it rises to the surface and remains there as a shield to protect the workmen against the heat of the solution. It serves still another purpose, as the powdered alumina may be sifted upon it and left there to dry before being stirred into the crucible.

A process as simple as this, contrasted with the usual methods of smelting metals in fiercely heated furnaces, seems altogether wonderful. Here a pure metal is extracted from the clayey earth of which it formed a part, without being melted or subjected to any of the familiar processes of the picturesque but costly, laborious, and even dangerous blast-furnace. There is no glare and roar of fires; there are no showers of sparks; there is no gush of fiery streams of molten metal. A silent and invisible electric current, generated by the fall of distant waters, does the work more expeditiously, more efficiently, and more cheaply than could any other method as yet discovered.

To appreciate fully the importance of the method just outlined, we must reflect that aluminum is a metal combining in some measure the properties of silver, copper, and iron. It rivals copper as a conductor of electricity; like silver it is white in color and little subject to tarnishing; like iron it has great hardness and tensile strength; and it has an added property of extreme lightness that is all its own. Add to this the fact that aluminum is extremely abundant everywhere in nature—it is a constituent of nearly all soils and is computed to form about the twelfth part of the entire crust of the earth—while the other valuable metals are relatively rare, and it will appear that aluminum must be destined to play an important part in the mechanics of the future. There is every indication that the iron beds will begin to give out at no immeasurably distant day; but the supply of aluminum is absolutely inexhaustible. Until now there has been no ready means known of extracting it from the clay of which it forms so important a constituent. But at last electrochemistry has solved the problem; and aluminum is sure to take an important place among the industrial metals, even though it fall short of the preeminent position as "the metal of the future" that was once prematurely predicted for it.

In the case of the aluminum manufacture, electricity operates according to the strange process of electrolysis, in virtue of which certain atoms of matter move to one pole of a battery while other atoms move to the opposite pole, thus affecting a separation—the result being, in the case in question, the deposit of pure aluminum at the negative pole. In the case of the nitrogen factory, however, the manner of operation of the electric current is quite different. Electricity, as such, is not really concerned in the matter. The efficiency of the current depends solely upon its production of heat. Any other agency that brought the atmosphere to a corresponding temperature would be equally efficacious in igniting the nitrogen. But in actual practise, for this particular purpose, no other known means of producing high temperatures could at all compete with the electric arc.

INCREDIBLE TEMPERATURES

There are numerous other industrial operations involving the employment of high temperatures, in which electricity is equally preeminent. With the electric arc it is possible to attain a temperature of nearly 3,600 degrees centigrade—and even this might be exceeded were it not that carbon, of which the electrodes are composed, volatilizes at that temperature. With ordinary fuels the highest attainable temperature in the blast-

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furnace is only about 1,800 degrees; and the oxyhydrogen flame is only about two hundred degrees hotter. A mixture of oxygen and acetylene, however, burns at a temperature almost equaling that of the electric arc; and this flame, manipulated with the aid of a blowpipe, offers a useful means of applying a high temperature locally, for such processes as the welding of metals.

The very highest temperatures yet reached in laboratory or workshop, however, are due to the use of explosive mixtures. Thus, a mixture of granulated aluminum and oxide of iron, when ignited by a fulminating powder, readjusts its atoms to form oxide of aluminum and pure iron, and does it with such fervor that a temperature of about 3,000 degrees is reached, and the resulting iron is not merely melted but brought almost to the boiling-point. Practical advantage is taken of this reaction in the repairing of broken implements of iron or steel, the making of continuous rails for trolleys, and the like.

MAN-MADE DIAMONDS

This reaction of aluminum and iron does not, to be sure, give a higher temperature than the electric arc. This culminating feat has been achieved through the explosion of cordite in closed steel chambers, the experimenters being the Englishmen Sir Andrew Noble and Sir F. Abel. It is difficult to estimate accurately such heat and such pressures as were attained in these experiments; but it is believed that the temperature approximated 5,000 degrees, while the pressure represented the almost inconceivable push of ninety tons to the square inch—a power sufficient to lift the weight of an entire regiment of soldiers.

It may be of interest to explain that cordite is a form of smokeless powder composed of guncotton, nitroglycerin, and mineral jelly. No doubt the extreme heat produced by its explosion is associated with the suddenness of the reaction; corresponding to the efficiency as a propellant that has led to the adoption of this powder for use in the small arms of the British army. No commercial use has yet been made of cordite as a mere producer of heat; but there is an interesting suggestion of possible future uses in the fact that crystals of diamond have been found in the residue of the explosion chamber—microscopic in size to be sure, but veritable diamonds.

The production of artificial diamonds has long been a dream of the experimenter. The conditions under which diamonds are produced in nature are pretty well understood; and on a small scale they have for some time been duplicated in the laboratory, and even—though here quite unwittingly—in the workshop. Nothing more is necessary than to reduce carbon—a bit of coal or graphite or lampblack—to a liquid condition, combine it with a solvent, and maintain it under great pressure until it cools, when crystals of the pure carbon will form just as do crystals of quartz or sugar or salt under like conditions—and these crystals of carbon constitute true diamonds. But the difficulty lies in the extreme reluctance with which carbon assumes the liquid state. Under pressure, to be sure, it will liquefy; but the pressure required is about fifteen tons to the square inch. In the depths of the earth, such a pressure may be applied by the weight of geological strata; but how may it be attained in the laboratory?

A most ingenious answer to this question was found by Prof. Henri Moissan, of Paris. It is based on the well-known fact that the metal iron has the property—which it shares with a few other substances, including water—of expanding instead of contracting as it passes from the liquid to the solid state; combined with the further fact that liquid iron absorbs or dissolves carbon, much as water does sugar, in increasing quantity with increasing temperature. Moissan fills an iron receptacle with pure iron and pure carbon obtained by calcining sugar, closes it tightly, and rapidly heats it to the highest temperature attainable in an electric furnace, bringing it to a degree of heat at which the lime furnace begins to melt, and the iron volatilizes in clouds.

CONTROLLING TITANIC FORCES

The dazzling fiery receptacle is then lifted out and plunged instantly into cold water, until its outer surface is cooled and hardened, thus forming a shell of iron that holds the interior contents with an inflexible grip. As this molten interior matter cools, the carbon separates from the iron solvent in liquid drops, and under the almost unimaginable pressure of expansion of the solidifying iron, these liquid drops become solid crystals of diamond.

By a long slow process the iron ingot and the various impurities are dissolved and fused away, until nothing remains but the pure

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diamond crystals. These are but fragments, the crystals originally being under such a condition of internal stress as to break on the smallest provocation—a phenomenon sometimes observed also in the case of the natural diamond. The mere liberation from the intense pressure under which the gems are formed appears to be enough to cause them to fly into fragments. The fragments themselves, however, have all the characteristic stability and hardness of ordinary diamonds.

DIAMONDS FOUND IN STEEL

The conditions which may thus be established in the laboratory are duplicated to some extent in the commercial manufacture of certain kinds of steel, which are cooled from the molten state under intense hydraulic pressure; and steel so made may actually contain microscopic diamonds, as Professor Rosel, of the University of Bern, has demonstrated. It has even been suggested that the hardness of steel may be due, in part at least, to the presence of diamond particles everywhere in its substance. Ordinarily these diamond crystals, where they exist in steel, are almost infinitesimal in size; but in one case, in a block of steel and slag from a furnace in Luxembourg, a clear, crystalline diamond was found measuring about one-fiftieth of an inch across—this being the largest artificial diamond yet recorded.

It would be futile to predict how soon diamonds of marketable size may be produced; but in the mean time the similar problem of manufacturing relatively large gems of other kinds—rubies, sapphires, emeralds, the Oriental amethyst, and the Oriental topaz—has yielded its full secrets to science.

Just as the brilliant diamond is only a particular state of so familiar and inexpensive a substance as carbon, so these sister gems—some of them even exceeding the diamond in value, weight for weight—are merely crystalline forms of the clayey earth alumina—a compound of aluminum and oxygen. If no coloring matter is present, this crystal is called a white sapphire. Usually, however, a trace of some chromium or cobalt salt is found, and then the gem becomes a true sapphire, a ruby, an amethyst, an emerald, or a topaz, according to color. The presence of a small percentage of magnesium and of silica may greatly mar the hardness and therefore the real value of the stone, without greatly altering the appearance to casual inspection. A large proportion of the alleged rubies on the market, for example, have this defect, and would not be classed by legitimate dealers as true rubies, but as "spinel" or "balas" rubies.

Gems of the true sapphire order are manufactured by bringing alumina to a liquid state, through the agency of extreme heat: the gems crystallize from the solution on cooling. Fortunately it is not necessary, as in the case of the diamond, to have the operation performed under pressure; hence the relative facility with which these gems may be produced. A practical difficulty is found, however, in the fact that the crystals tend to take the form of thin plates, unsuited to the purposes of the gem-cutter. This is the chief reason why artificial rubies and emeralds have not long been familiar in commerce; for it is almost seventy years since the first true rubies were made in the laboratory. The earliest successful experiments in this direction were made in 1837 by Gaudin, who produced true rubies of microscopic size. It was not till 1877 that MM. Frémy and Feil succeeded in making crystals of a size from which gems could be cut; and still another quarter of a century elapsed before a method of manufacture was devised that could put the enterprise on a commercial basis.

MAKING GEMS FOR THE MARKET

The method was adopted of fusing alumina in the presence of some other substance such as borax or barium fluoride which would act as a solvent. As the solvent evaporated, the alumina crystals were deposited, their color being predetermined partly by the quantity of chromium salts placed in the original mixture, and partly by the degree of heat employed. The great difficulty about the shape of the crystals was finally met through the ingenuity of M. Verneuil, who devised a method by which the alumina powder — prepared originally from a solution of common alum—is sifted down a tube through an oxyhydrogen flame. Thus fused, it is deposited drop by drop on a fixed point below the flame, where it builds up a pear-shaped crystal precisely as stalagmites are built up by dripping water in a cave. Unfortunately the gem thus formed breaks into fragments when touched; but the fragments are still of marketable size; and true rubies and emeralds thus manufactured have now entered the field of commerce.

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Where Did You Get It, Gentlemen?

By CHARLES EDWARD RUSSELL

Author of "Soldiers of the Common Good"

EDITOR'S NOTE.—In this, the third article in his series on the sources of certain sudden American fortunes, Mr. Russell resumes his narrative of the financial adventures of Thomas F. Ryan. He shows how Mr. Ryan, the able but little known Wall Street operator, was graduated into the circle of the great and gifted financiers. Beginning with his first great victory, the story carries him through his connection with the Hocking Valley deal up to that conspicuous and historic financial achievement—the acquisition of the Seaboard Air Line. This is one of the most instructive examples of the modern art of fortune-making, and demonstrates the indubitable superiority of the New Finance over old-fashioned business methods, limited by honesty and good faith.

CHAPTER V

THE STORY OF THE GREAT MILWAUKEE DEAL

"IF Thomas F. Ryan," said Mr. Whitney reflectively, one day in 1889, "lives out the ordinary span of life, he will be the richest man in the world."

Mr. Ryan was then a comparatively obscure operator, whose achievements in New York had been small and who, except for one thing, was chiefly remembered as the treasurer of Mr. Whitney's unsuccessful New York Cable Railroad.

But Mr. Whitney had other knowledge of Mr. Ryan. As soon as Jake Sharp had won the Broadway prize, Mr. Whitney dropped the cable project and wasted upon it no more of his good time, so that it lapsed into a thing for financial faddists and for the charges of the "black horse cavalry" at Albany. But when he saw his way back into the street-railroad business and founded his syndicate and regained the Broadway franchise, he placed his greatest dependence upon Mr. Ryan, who became in all his deals his chief lieutenant and executive.

One reason why Mr. Whitney thought so well of Mr. Ryan was that Mr. Ryan had just pulled off a thing that showed he knew the Agreeable Formula and could work it as well as anybody else could.

On November 30, 1888, with Fahnstock & Co., of New York, Mr. Ryan bought the Milwaukee City Railway Company, the largest of the four street-railroad concerns then in Milwaukee. It owned thirty-six miles of track, 700 horses, and 100 cars. The price nominated in the deed of conveyance was $1 and other good and valuable considerations; but the price on which the purchase was actually figured was $1,293,750. Mr. Ryan and Fahnstock & Co., applying the Formula by which Something is made from Nothing, property is acquired without cost, and fortunes and golden palaces are built in a night, immediately bonded their purchase for $1,000,000, and the next day, December 1st, were filed the articles of incorporation of a new company with $1,500,000 capital, 4,000 shares of preferred stock, and 11,000 shares of common. This gave a total capitalization of $2,500,000, against a nominal purchase price of $1,293,750. In other words it enabled the purchasers to secure the railroad without expending one cent for it and also provided a handsome balance in cash, or its equivalent, all furnished by the in-

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dulgent public — a result for which the Formula is unrivaled. The Central Trust of New York took the bonds. There were some claims against the old company, amounting to a few thousand dollars, that were assumed, and some other claims that were not assumed. Certain lawyers had bills to be settled, but Mr. Ryan and his associates from New York came into Milwaukee so quietly and did their business so unostentatiously that they were gone before the sheriff had a chance to serve his writs.

Eighteen months later, in June, 1890, through negotiations conducted by Henry C. Payne, afterward Postmaster-General of the United States, Mr. Ryan and Fahnstock & Co. sold the entire stock of the Milwaukee City Railway Company to the Villard Syndicate for about $1,750,000, a sum that in view of the bond and stock issues, represented almost clear profits. The Villard Syndicate later went into the hands of a receiver. In the proceedings the fact was disclosed that soon after the sale of the Milwaukee City Railway had been effected, the syndicate had offered a very large sum to be released from its bargain and allowed to return the property—from which the actual condition of the goods may be surmised.

Then where the gentlemen concerned in this typical instance got their share of IT is clear enough. For the time that Mr. Ryan and his associates held the Milwaukee City Railway they did nothing to improve it. The community gained from their ownership no shred of advantage. They made transportation no whit better, cheaper, nor easier. They performed no service to society. They simply reached out their hands with the Formula for Fortune-making and drew them back with $1,500,000, which the people of Milwaukee must supply and continue to supply many times over. So you can see in exactly how much of utility or of public service lie the foundations of at least one of the palaces.

RYAN TASTES BLOOD

This was Mr. Ryan's first great victory in finance and it naturally gave him much deserved reputation. Mr. Whitney heard of the achievement and doubtless thought well of it, for it confirmed his previous high estimate of Mr. Ryan's capacity.

Nevertheless, for a few years Mr. Ryan's share in the actual steering of the syndicate was small, and the laying of the course was always in other hands. But his time was to come, and no man alive was better able to wait, a fact that recalls another story, also with a moral.

CHAPTER VI

THE STORY OF THE HOCKING VALLEY LOOT

This is a little story of the Agreeable Formula as the veritable Philosopher's Stone of wealth, and how easily it turns to gold whatever it touches. It is especially commended to the attention of the flat-dwellers and others among the little able, because it contains many useful and informing lessons: one of them concerning the view that the courts have taken of some of these performances of the gifted, and another being the exact amount of ability required to make these gorgeous fortunes.

I suppose few of us whose memories go back so far will need to be told that twenty-five years ago the railroad system of the United States, which is now controlled by seven men, consisted of hundreds of separate properties, some of them exceedingly small and quite independent. Three of these little lines, the Columbus & Hocking Valley, the Columbus & Toledo, and the Ohio & West Virginia, existed in 1881 in the coal region of Ohio. Henry B. Payne, Chauncey H. Andrews, Jeptha H. Wade, and three other Ohio capitalists united with one Stevenson Burke in a scheme to combine and possess these properties and others. Henry B. Payne was one of the controlling powers in the Standard Oil Company, from which he had drawn an enormous fortune, and was the father-in-law of William C. Whitney. He has also a kind of fame in Ohio and elsewhere, through the charge brought against him that he purchased his seat in the United States Senate, and for other reasons not necessary to discuss here. The other members of the pool were rich, but not so rich as Mr. Payne.

Included in the property of the three little railroads were some coal lands, and coal lands are always good to have. The gentlemen of the pool earnestly desired to have the coal lands as well as the railroads. Presently they found themselves in possession of the coal lands, the railroads, and other good and valuable things, and without expending a cent therefor, or performing any labor or making any effort, or returning any equivalent, and

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yet without risking the penitentiary. How did this marvel come about?

In this simple but effective way:

First, the seven eminent gentlemen forming the pool executed twenty-four separate notes, aggregating $6,000,000. These notes Mr. Burke took to New York, where they were discounted by the banking firm of Winslow, Lanier & Co., acting with Drexel, Morgan & Co. and the Central Trust Company. With the funds thus secured the pool bought the three little railroads and the coal lands appertaining thereto. The railroads they consolidated into the Columbus, Hocking Valley & Toledo, a name long and odorously familiar in railroad history, and the coal lands they reserved for other purposes.

Having thus secured control of the property, the gentlemen issued upon it $14,500,000 of five per cent. bonds, whereof it was announced that $6,500,000 were required to take up the outstanding obligations of the three little roads, and the remaining $8,000,000 were to be used for needed improvements, such as laying double track and increasing the equipment. At least this was the plain declaration of the resolutions of the directors authorizing the bonds and of the mortgage on which the bonds were based. There could hardly be a stronger covenant framed in words. Of the $14,500,000 bonds thus issued, $6,500,000 were duly used to pay off the existing obligations of the three little roads, but for a good and sufficient reason there was no double-tracking, there were no other improvements.

INVESTMENT, NOTHING; PROFIT, $2,000,000

The gentlemen in the pool had utilized the coal lands that went with their purchase to organize another corporation—the Continental Coal Company. They now exchanged the stock of the Continental Coal Company for the $8,000,000 that still remained of the newly issued Columbia, Hocking Valley & Toledo bonds. With $6,000,000 of the bonds thus secured, they paid off the twenty-four original notes that had been discounted by Winslow, Lanier & Co., Drexel, Morgan & Co., and the Central Trust Company. There was left $2,000,000 of the bonds, which they divided among themselves.

Their balance-sheet then showed an investment of nothing, capital nothing, expenditure nothing; net profits, a railroad system and $2,000,000—which might be termed fairly remunerative work and shows how liberally we reward the able. Net profits of $2,000,000 and a railroad are probably more than any six or even seven flat-dwellers made that year, but of course there is to be considered the syndicate's services to society, presently to be disclosed in full.

The next chapter of the story introduces two additional characters. So evanescent is the glory of politics that I suppose not many men can now of a sudden find in their memories the face and fame of James J. Belden, of Syracuse; yet of old time he was a great figure in New York State and national politics and in that peculiar and unillumined borderland where politics and business fare hand in hand. "Jim" Belden, he was called; a smooth, suave, resourceful gentleman of a varied, sometimes picturesque, and usually successful career.

TWO RESOURCEFUL GENTLEMEN

Mr. Ryan knew him well and he knew Mr. Ryan; they had reason to know each other, having some interests in common and very likely some sympathetic views. In 1889 it occurred to one of them, which one I do not know, that all the good things were not gone out of Columbus, Hocking Valley & Toledo. Wall Street knew pretty well the operations of the Burke Syndicate and generally believed them to be questionable. Not because they differed in their essence from one hundred other similar transactions by which great fortunes had been built, but because in this instance the thing had been done too boldly and with a brutal candor repulsive to good taste. Wall Street did not interfere with the achievement, because such is not its way, but it held the game to have gone too far and to be subject to investigation by the courts. Mr. Ryan and Mr. Belden must have become inoculated with this view. Mr. Belden went out into the Street and bought $50,000 of the Columbus, Hocking Valley & Toledo bonds. Then he suddenly brought suit against Stevenson Burke, Winslow, Lanier & Co., Drexel, Morgan & Co., and the Central Trust Company, to compel the return to the railroad's treasury of the $8,000,000 in bonds that had gone to pay off the syndicate's twenty-four notes and had otherwise been used for the benefit of the pool.

In advance of the bringing of this suit, Mr. Ryan had gathered all his available means, and very quietly, as was his wont, he had laid

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in the stock of the railroad. It looked like a good thing, because there was no doubt that the original transaction was essentially dishonest, and if the courts should so decide, the $8,000,000 would have to be returned to the treasury of the Columbus, Hocking Valley & Toledo (where it was badly needed), and the stock of that railroad would certainly go soaring. At the time, the stock was inert and the price very low, for the load of bonds placed on the property by the Payne-Burke pool had almost broken the road's back, and all it could squeeze, gouge, and trick from the patient public (which in every case pays for these amusements) could hardly provide the fixed charges. So with cheerful heart, no doubt, Mr. Ryan bought heavily. So did Mr. Belden—quietly, always quietly.

ELIHU ROOT APPEARS FOR RYAN

Winslow, Lanier & Co. bitterly fought the suit. On each side was a great array of counsel, and without surprise we find our old friend Elihu Root, now Secretary of State, fighting for Belden—and Ryan. After profound argument, Judge Ingraham, who heard the suit, rendered a decision that, while not held to determine definitely all the points at issue, ruled essentially against Belden—and Ryan. The ground on which Judge Ingraham based his decision was chiefly this, that the money that the plaintiff sought to recover had never been in the possession of the railroad company, but had been appropriated by certain members of the pool to their own uses. Hence it was not covered by the mortgage and hence it was no concern of Belden's, whose claim was based upon the mortgage and upon nothing else.

On appeal from this finding, the old General Term practically sustained Judge Ingraham, although it severely denounced the actions of Burke and his associates. It excluded from any liability the banking firms from which Belden and Ryan expected to recover and restricted their action to Stevenson Burke, who probably had no such sum of money. It is proper to add that Henry B. Payne and two other members of the pool were exempted from the suit, it having been shown that they received no part of the plunder. The case then went to the Court of Appeals.

But now a very strange thing happened and one for which there has never been any adequate explanation. To this day it remains among the historic mysteries of high finance. Just before the Court of Appeals handed down its decision in the case, there came secretly from Albany a definite rumor that the findings below would be reversed and that the majority opinion would be for Belden—and Ryan. I may say that it is not usual for advance information to leak out concerning a decision by the Court of Appeals; not usual and not proper. As a rule, the decisions of this, the most solemn and august court in the State, are an inviolable secret until they are officially promulgated. But in this case Mr. Ryan seems to have believed that he had news of the impending decision, news that he, most careful and deliberate of men, felt that he could not doubt; and thus secure in his ability, energy, and foresight, he bought more and more of the stock, standing to make enormous profits on the advance that was to be.

But when the decision came out, lo, it was against him! That Burke and his companions had looted the Columbus, Hocking Valley & Toledo of $8,000,000 of bonds the decision clearly admitted; but it held that since Belden had bought his bonds with a full knowledge of all the facts and subsequent thereto and had bought them for the sole purpose of bringing the suit, he was not entitled to recover. Somebody else might be so entitled, but not Belden.

Something about the decision always seemed baffling and unsatisfactory. A story was circulated and eventually printed that the judgment handed down was not the judgment of the majority of the court, that the advance report that Mr. Ryan received of the decision was at the time well-founded, and that the opinion rendered was really the opinion of a dissenting minority of the court.

RYAN'S PERTINACITY

All this helped Mr. Ryan nothing. His ability, energy, and foresight had gone astray: there was no rise of Columbus, Hocking Valley & Toledo stock, no magnificent coup, no millions seized in a day. On the contrary, he saw the ship of his fortunes driving toward a lee shore, and it was only by a changing wind that he could claw off.

As to the plundered Columbus, Hocking Valley & Toledo, according to all precedent and all the logic of the situation, that, being a poor staggering concern overloaded with loot bonds and such things, should have gone to

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the junk heap. But in the course of time there came a business revival through the country resulting in an increased demand for coal, and the wretched thing managed by sheer good fortune to sustain itself. Years afterward Mr. Ryan hooked to it some more railroads similarly broken-backed, blanketed these (if you will believe me) with more of the handy mortgage, and in the end sold the whole curio collection at a profit—a consummation characteristic of the other side of fortune-making which consists of mere luck.

But as to the light in which the courts view these performances, which was the moral we started with, I cite these condensations from the scalding opinion of the General Term reviewing the methods of Burke and his associates. The court found that these methods were chiefly as follows:

1. Purchasing stocks of other railroads and getting bankers to advance money on them by which the control of the roads was secured without further expenditure. In other words, the Formula.

2. Buying contiguous coal and other lands at less than their actual value and selling them to the company at a large advance.

3. Issuing the $14,500,000 of bonds for a specified purpose and then using $8,000,000 of the bonds for another purpose, namely, to redeem the notes given to Winslow, Lanier & Co., for the benefit of Burke and his associates.

4. Causing the company to mortgage all its property to support these bonds.

5. Concealing the use really intended to be made of these bonds and misrepresenting it in the covenant declarations of the mortgage.

All these actions the court held to be utterly wrong. How they could be wrong in this instance and right in the many other instances in which they have been used (to the decoration of upper Fifth Avenue), will puzzle the ungifted mind to discern. But anyway the gentlemen had got IT and continued to possess IT.

CHAPTER VII

THE STORY OF THE TWO VIRGINIANS

A third instructive and moral tale might be used to illustrate the romance of modern business as well as the road to wealth.

Here are two Virginians, two men of the good old Scotch-Irish strain, and they meet in a long, resolute, fiercely fought duel for a prize of property, one fighting with old-fashioned ideas of business integrity, the other with all the resources of the New Finance. What do you think? That ought to be worth while, ought it not? for it will show something about our new ways as compared with the old, and will reveal still further to the flat-dweller the paths that lead from his $1,639 perch to the high places of prosperity.

THE CREATOR OF THE SEABOARD AIR LINE

The financial agent of the Confederacy in the Civil War was a Richmond banking house of which an active member was Mr. John L. Williams, greatly esteemed through the South for his stainless reputation and his good works. He had six sons, whom he trained to his own stern code of integrity and personal honor, and of whom those that did not choose professional careers entered successively into partnership with their father. The eldest of these, John Skelton Williams, developed unusual capacity in revitalizing broken-down properties and in endowing them with both honesty and success. He did this for a piece of railroad flotsam that his firm had almost by accident become interested in. He put the thing together and made it go, and using it for a nucleus, began to add other bits of distressed railroad. He had energy and enthusiasm and profound faith in the future of the South. Thus he prospered with the South, and so did the banking firm of John L. Williams & Sons, Richmond.

This was in the early nineties. In the eastern part of the Southern country were then many independent short railroad lines, mostly indifferent and unprofitable. John Skelton Williams pulled together three or four of these short lines in Georgia and Alabama, organizing therefrom the Georgia and Alabama Railroad with 460 miles of track, of which he was elected president. He added, in the next three or four years, other short lines, eighteen in all, built some hundreds of miles of connecting track, and made from it all the Seaboard Air Line Railroad, 2,600 miles long, of which in 1899, when he was thirty-three years old, he was made president and thus became a powerful factor in the railroad world.

Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan was then paying especial heed to Southern railroads, and Mr. Williams greatly annoyed him by getting

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possession of lines that Mr. Morgan wanted for himself. At that time and for long afterward, Mr. Morgan and Mr. Ryan commonly worked together harmoniously, and Mr. Ryan found that by assisting Mr. Morgan's plans he was generally furthering his own. In this instance Mr. Ryan, acting for himself and for Mr. Morgan, undertook to get control of the Seaboard Air Line, and thereby block the Williams game. To that end he secured stock in one of the constituent roads and brought a suit (shown in the sequel to be baseless) the ultimate purpose of which was to prevent the consolidation and to oust Mr. Williams from his position. Mr. Williams went out with joy to the conflict; the legal battle that followed lasted for years, was fought with great bitterness and determination, and ended in the victory of Mr. Williams.

A MYSTERIOUS FAILURE

While this was going on, a curious incident occurring in New York caused Mr. Williams (and others) a certain degree of perplexity and might have had serious results upon his affairs. The firm of John L. Williams & Sons, Richmond, was closely allied with the firm of J. W. Middendorf & Co., Baltimore, the two having joint interest in enormous development investments in the South, of which the Seaboard Air Line was a part. These enterprises were heavily supported and in part financed by the Produce Exchange Trust Company of New York, of which John Skelton Williams was a stockholder and director. One Sunday night in December, 1899, Mr. Williams received, at his home in Richmond, a telegram from the secretary of the company requesting his presence at a directors' meeting in New York, the next morning at nine o'clock. It was then after the time at which the last train should have left for New York. Mr. Williams discovered that the train was three hours late, caught it, and reached New York at half past nine the next morning. As he was hurrying from the ferry to the meeting, the newsboys were calling extras. He bought one and discovered that the news was the collapse of the Produce Exchange Trust Company.

This failure was and still remains a mystery of Wall Street. To all appearances the institution was beset by no storms that it might not easily have weathered. The Williams firm and allies would have been glad to secure practically unlimited help for it, if they had been informed of what was toward. Ostensibly and for public consumption, the cause of the trouble was mismanagement by the president of the company, one Beall, and its involution in the tangled affairs of Thomas F. McIntyre, one of the directors. McIntyre had plunged on the futile Flour Trust and lost. The Produce Exchange Trust Company had lent much money to the Flour Trust; but examination of the company's resources seemed to show that these loans were wholly insufficient to account for the failure. A few days later there appeared in the New York *Evening Post* a carefully written and, so far as one could tell, a well-considered letter from Norfolk, Virginia, in which the charge was made and maintained that the Produce Exchange Trust Company had been dragged down by the Morgan interests in order to embarrass the Williams-Middendorf syndicate, which controlled the Seaboard Air Line. I have not been able to find that this charge was ever refuted.

Mr. Edwin Gould, who had not before and has not since made the least figure in financial affairs, was the person that innocently pushed over the concern. He had just been chosen its vice-president, and was led to believe that the management (by Beall and McIntyre) had been very bad. When he had declined to go on unless these men resigned and they had refused to resign, the collapse followed. An interesting discovery afterward made by Mr. Williams was that just before the suspension all the papers in the Trust Company's vaults that referred to the Seaboard Air Line, or to the Williams-Middendorf syndicate, had been removed to the office of some one in the Morgan interests. They were subsequently returned but no explanation was ever afforded for this peculiar transaction.

For a few weeks the Trust Company was in suspension; then it resumed business. It still sails the financial seas, though under another name.

THE FIGHT FOR THE LOUISVILLE AND NASHVILLE

Three years of fighting, fighting for business, fighting in the courts, and fighting off the flank attack made through the Trust Company, had ended in apparent victory for the Williams interests and apparent defeat for Mr. Ryan. But to bring the Seaboard Air Line to the full measure of its efficiency,

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extension and connections were needed, for of course the Morgan lines continued upon it a relentless warfare. The Louisville & Nashville was then a big, independent railroad, owned by conservative men who had no ambitions toward railroad expansion. It would make an excellent addition to the Seaboard Air Line, and Mr. Williams and the Middendorf firm quietly undertook to buy it. Before long they discovered that Mr. John W. Gates was also accumulating the stock and had secured enough, with the holdings of the Williams interest, to assure control. At this juncture Mr. Morgan discovered what was in the wind. The Williams party had negotiated with the Gates interest and had reached what seemed to be a definite agreement by which the holdings were to be combined and the Louisville & Nashville was to become a part of the Seaboard Air Line system. Mr. Morgan, who was then in London, was greatly annoyed and worried by the situation. He sat up all of one night sending cable messages and receiving replies, that he might prevent the delivery of the holdings necessary to complete the Williams-Gates deal.

SCHWAB WAKES UP GATES

At two o'clock the next morning, Charles M. Schwab, the president of the Steel Trust, in which Mr. Morgan was the controlling factor, came to the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel where Mr. Gates lived, awakened him, and told him that there had been that night a meeting of some of the most important banks in New York; that they regarded the situation as serious; that they knew Mr. Gates had purchased great quantities of Louisville & Nashville; that he was disturbing the market; and that they desired to know and thought they ought to know where he was depositing the stock as collateral. Mr. Gates gave Mr. Schwab the desired information, and Mr. Schwab went away. The next day the Morgan interests had certain conferences with the Gates interests, and the Gates interests notified the Williams party that they could not continue the negotiations concerning Louisville & Nashville. The next thing the Street knew, Louisville & Nashville had been sold to the Atlantic Coast Line, a Morgan road.

The Seaboard Air Line being thus debarred from the connections it needed, Mr. Williams set about forming others. There was a railroad that began nowhere and ended nowhere, but so lay that by building about fifty miles of track at each end, it could be made a through line from Atlanta to Birmingham, Alabama, and thus furnish the Seaboard Air Line with a southwestern outlet. Mr. Williams bought this road and began to build. At this time it is probably better to omit the details of what happened next, but there appears too much reason to think that a game by no means unfamiliar in high finance was worked, by which the work was made unnecessarily expensive and Mr. Williams was deceived about it. Anyway, the cost of the extensions far exceeded all the estimates (just as had previously happened in the case of the Third Avenue Railroad in New York), and the Seaboard Air Line was soon in a position where it must borrow money.

ENTER THE GENEROUS MR. RYAN

This was in the summer of 1903, when the money market was abnormally tight. Financial stringency temporarily settled upon the South. The firm of John L. Williams & Sons had many lines out. It perceived clearly that it faced a time of trouble. Therefore, having made arrangements to protect its interests and its creditors, it announced in October, 1903, that it had suspended payments and asked for seven months in which to straighten its affairs. The creditors retained their faith in the firm, no runs ensued upon any of the firm's banks, and at the end of the seven months it fully resumed payments and business; but for the time being the financial prospects of Southern development looked dubious.

Things were in this situation when, one day, Mr. S. Davies Warfield, President of a Trust Company in Baltimore, of which Thomas F. Ryan had been a director, came to Mr. Williams in New York and said:

"I have seen Ryan."

"Seen Ryan, eh?" said Mr. Williams, who was not much interested.

"Yes, and I think Ryan is the man to help you out of your troubles. He sympathizes with you, and if it should be entirely agreeable to you to take the matter up with him, I think you can get from him whatever money the Seaboard may require."

Mr. Williams is not a sentimental person, but here was a fellow-Virginian offering the hand of Southern fraternity, here was a former antagonist coming (with a chivalry that seemed characteristic of the South) to the relief of a distressed compatriot. Mr. Will-

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iams admits that he was somewhat moved by this act of kindness and gladly consented to a meeting. It took place at Mr. Ryan's house. Mr. Ryan greeted Mr. Williams like a long-lost brother and spoke with strong feeling of the unfortunate position in which Mr. Williams found himself.

"You have done such great things," he said, "and shown so much energy and ability that it would be most deplorable if you were not able to go on with the Seaboard Air Line, and reap the just reward of your labors."

A FRIENDLY LOAN

Then he suggested that they should talk over the matter with Blair & Co., which is a name under which Mr. Ryan does brokerage business. So Mr. Williams with Mr. Ryan saw Blair & Co., and Blair & Co. arranged for a loan to the Seaboard Air Line of $2,500,000, on ample security and the condition that certain changes be made in the Voting Trust and the Board of Directors by which the Seaboard Air Line was managed. *There was a distinct and explicit understanding, Mr. Williams says, that he should not be disturbed in any way, that he should be as free as before to carry out his policy, that the management of the road should remain as it was; but having advanced such a large sum, Mr. Ryan urged that it was only fair he should be represented.*

Mr. Williams agreed to this and communicated with his friends, some of whom readily resigned from the board and from the Voting Trust, and other men were named in their places.

As soon as this had been effected, Mr. Williams observed a great change in the attitude of the new directors and quickly discovered that instead of supporting him they were bent upon thwarting him. At almost the end of December, 1903, they notified him that, with January 1st close at hand, there was no money wherewith to pay the coupons, that the earnings of the road were insufficient to meet the fixed charges, and that it would be necessary to effect a new loan of $5,000,000 of which $2,500,000 was to be used to repay the loan of $2,500,000 from Blair & Co., a transaction only a few weeks old. They had therefore decided to issue $5,000,000 worth of three-year 5 per cent. bonds, coupling them with a bonus of $12,500,000 of stock ($4,500,000 of it preferred). The bonds were to be offered to stockholders pro rata on their holdings. The so-called bonus stock, you understand, was a gift, or premium to induce subscriptions to the bonds.

To this proposal Mr. Williams objected vehemently, on the ground that it was wholly unnecessary. He was convinced that the actual situation warranted no such increase in the road's indebtedness and that if left alone the property would right itself. *Subsequently, he discovered that the earnings showed a surplus of $400,000 instead of a deficiency.*

When the directors saw that Mr. Williams was determined not to consent, they played their trump card.

"Very well," they said. "It is either this loan of $5,000,000 or a receivership. If you will not consent to the loan, we shall apply for a receiver."

Mr. Williams knew that in the condition in which his firm stood, a receivership and the consequent depression of Seaboard Air Line stock would be a grave disaster. He was therefore forced at the pistol's point to acquiesce in the loan, but he stipulated that the bonus stock should not be thrown upon the market, which was agreed to and understood on all sides. The loan was floated through Blair & Co., who were to receive five per cent. commission on all the bonds sold by whatever means, and who were a party to the agreement that the bonus stock should not be thrown upon the market.

AND THE INTEREST ON IT

Now, although the stock exchange lists were showing a strong recovery from the panic of the previous summer and prices were rising, Seaboard, through some mysterious pressure, was being forced steadily down, in the face of increased earnings.

Mr. Williams very soon discovered by indubitable means that the agreement about the bonus stock was not being kept. Bonus stock was coming out; he saw it with his eyes and handled it with his hands. He went to Mr. Ryan, whom he knew to be the principal in all these transactions, and complained. Mr. Ryan emphatically denied that any bonus stock had been sold. Mr. Williams said he knew better. Mr. Ryan said Mr. Williams was mistaken.

"See your Mr. Dennis," said Williams, "and question him about it."

"See him yourself," said Mr. Ryan, and left the room.

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Subsequently Mr. Williams confronted Mr. Dennis, and Mr. Dennis failed to deny that the bonus stock had been turned loose.

He could not very well deny it, for the thing was palpable. The bonus stock continued to come out, accompanied by the most depressing statements from the new directors.

These statements and the flood of stock filled the air with forebodings of impending trouble. Under this pressure Seaboard Air Line stock was steadily hammered in the market until both common and preferred had fallen to one-half the price quoted when the new directors were chosen. Mr. Williams had long lines of the stock. In the embarrassed condition of his firm he found it impossible longer to withstand the pressure, and after a brave but useless fight he was forced to surrender. His stock was sold for $3,500,000 less than it was quoted at the year before Mr. Ryan brought Blair & Co. into the property. Whereupon Mr. Ryan took possession of the Seaboard Air Line.

One little incident I ought not to omit. In the midst of the stress and strain, Mr. Ryan continued to express solicitude for Mr. Williams's welfare and a desire to help and advise him. Mr. Williams, fighting a big battle single-handed, was willing to be advised.

"Mr. Williams," said Mr. Ryan one day, "I have been thinking much about your affairs, and I see the way out for you."

Mr. Williams felt glad.

"The thing for you to do, I am convinced," said Mr. Ryan—and he paused impressively while Mr. Williams gathered new hope—"the thing for you is to go into bankruptcy."

But we started to find out where the gentlemen got IT. These bonds, $5,000,000 of them, issued to save the Seaboard Air Line from imaginary disaster, bore interest at five per cent. With the bonus stock they were offered to the stockholders—the Blair-Ryan syndicate to take whatever the stockholders did not take and to receive, as a commission for underwriting, $250,000 in cash. Members of the syndicate are said to have tried to frighten and dissuade the stockholders from taking the bonds. Anyway, the stockholders took only $2,800,000 of the bonds, leaving $2,200,000 for the syndicate. Deducting its commission for underwriting and the interest that the syndicate received, amounting to $450,000 in all, the cash that the syndicate actually invested was $1,750,000.

On September 1, 1904, the syndicate's account in the transaction looked like this:

$2,200,000 five per cent. bonds worth 96	$2,112,000
35,200 shares of common stock (bonus) at 17	598,400
19,800 shares of preferred stock (bonus) at 33	653,400
Total	$3,363,800
It had paid out	1,750,000
Profit	$1,613,800

Or more than ninety per cent. profit on the transaction. This is, of course, exclusive of the profits made from hammering Seaboard stock by means of the bonus issues.

From which the inference seems clear that one of the ways to get IT is to maneuver your man in a hole and squeeze him, and another is to manipulate your generosity so as to get returns from it.

And besides the profits on these operations, Mr. Ryan had the Seaboard Air Line.

Why should any man be poor?

"*Where Did You Get It, Gentlemen?*" will be continued in the November number.

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The Amateur Skipper

By BERT LESTON TAYLOR

Author of "The Charlatans," etc.

Illustrations by Martin Justice

CHARACTERS

LOVEST, *the Amateur Skipper.* GEORGE, *their long-suffering friend.*
SWEETHEART, *his wife.* MR. TIMBY, *a landlubber.*
MISS WILKINS, *a lady landlubber.*

WHEN George rowed us over the bright blue sea to the good yawl Cauliflower, the Amateur Skipper and his wife were untying the stops of the mainsail. The jib and jigger were already set, and, in my landlubberly judgment, any further spread of duck held promise of a ducking, for it was blowing two-thirds of a gale out of the east, and Neptune's white ponies were kicking up their heels outside.

"Good sailing breeze," I remarked conventionally to George. Anything short of a typhoon comes under the head of a good sailing breeze.

"Fine," replied George. "Beam ends for Bilger to-day."

Personally, I am not keen for beam ends. Like honest Gonzalo, I would fain die a dry death. Give me a ten-foot skiff with a leg-of-mutton sail, a gentle breeze, and a bathing-suit, and I don't care what happens—I am indifferent to danger to the point of recklessness; but when I put forth in a thirty-foot yawl, with an amateur skipper and a landscape artist for crew, I prefer a dry sheet to a wet one, and am no fonder of a "snoring breeze" than of a snoring drummer in a sleeping-car.

"So glad you could come," said Mrs. Bilger sweetly, as she hauled us aboard the Cauliflower. The Amateur Skipper looked up from his work and nodded cordially. "How are you, Timby?" said he. "Great day for a sail, isn't it?" His eyes were bright as were the Ancient Mariner's. The prospect of putting the cabin windows under water flooded his strenuous soul with anticipatory delight.

George was instructed to make the dingey fast astern. "We're going to drag it," said Bilger. For the enlightenment of the unnautical it should be said that a dingey or other small boat is always "dragged"—never in any circumstances towed.

"Lively now, George," said the Skipper. "Let's get the mainsail up. Peak-halyards, old man."

George had three guesses at the peak-halyards, and finally got hold of them; and while the mainsail was going up, we landlubbers——

(But I beg pardon, Reader: you have not met Miss Wilkins. Miss Wilkins, may I present Mr. Reader? You know the Readers—a very large and interested family.)

We landlubbers stowed ourselves aft, in a welter of ropes, and Mrs. Bilger relieved our minds of any doubts we may have entertained concerning the stanchness of the good yawl Cauliflower. I gathered that she was built on the conservative lines of a cyclone-cellar; it was impossible to capsize her; she would accept a knock-down as cheerfully as a pugilist, and bob up serenely before one could count ten. Truth crushed to earth rose not more inevitably.

While we were absorbing these comforting details, Miss Wilkins suddenly clutched my arm to avoid going over the side; at the same moment there came a sound of ripping canvas. An uncommonly violent gust had slammed against the wall of the spread mainsail, and as the main-sheet had not been cast off, nor even slackened, the yawl, still at her mooring, heeled over. Something had to give, and the mainsail tore at a place which, I later ascertained, is called the clew.

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THE INSTINCT OF SELF-PRESERVATION LED ME TO GRASP THE BOBSTAY.

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"Oh, Lovest, what a shame!" exclaimed Mrs. Bilger, her heart in her voice.

"Tore out the grommets!" said the Skipper, in hollow tones.

"NEVER MIND ME! I'LL ROW HOME. IT'S ONLY ELEVEN MILES."

"Grommets? What a funny word!" said Miss Wilkins.

"Yes," said George, with a jarring levity; "sounds like something for an English breakfast, toasted and buttered, doesn't it?"

"Drop it, George," said Bilger dismally, referring to the mainsail. "We'll have to go out under the jib and jigger."

I murmured my regrets, but they were insincere, hollow as a popover. Secretly I was not sorry that the big sail had been put out of commission. The danger of an upset was now reduced to a minimum.

"Which is the jib?" Miss Wilkins asked me. I pointed it out, and explained its unique function, which is to aid and abet the mainsail. "And that funny little hindsail—that must be the jigger," she pursued. "I supposed a jigger was something used in mixing cocktails. My brother has one."

I assured Miss Wilkins that her supposition and her brother were correct; but there are jiggers and jiggers, not counting the insect that makes its lair beneath the human skin. One speaks of a jigger of gin: why not a jigger of wind? "The jigger-sail," said I, first ascertaining that Mrs. Bilger was not listening, "is so called because it holds a measured quantity of wind."

"How interesting!" murmured Miss Wilkins. "Nautical terms are perfectly fascinating, aren't they?"

I remarked that the terminology of sailing was by far its most interesting feature, and we stood up to watch George slip the mooring.

I hope that phrase is correct; it clinks well. I remember reading not long ago, in one of our smartest metropolitan journals, of a battle-ship that "weighed and slipped her anchor"—a feat as difficult of accomplishment as to eat your cake and have it. Now Neptune preserve me from such a paradox! But it is easier to gibe at the blunders of others than to be nautically correct oneself.

George gaily tossed the tin buoy overboard and the Amateur Skipper took the wheel.

"Start the engine, Sweetheart," he instructed.

"Yes, Lovest," replied Mrs. Bilger, and disappeared below.

We were informed that it was necessary to use the gasoline auxiliary because the channel was so narrow.

The engine chugged responsive.

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"Why, I don't believe we are moving," said Miss Wilkins, peering over the side.

Nor were we. George had heaved overboard the buoy with the small rope attached, but the hawser was still catted.

"You're a great sailor, George," Bilger observed in good-natured contempt. George laughed shamelessly.

As a matter of fact, he was no sailor at all, but a landscape artist. Devoted to art for art's sake, he cared nothing for sailing for sailing's sake. He appreciated certain poetical features of sailing, which are to be observed in the golden mean between a hurricane and a flat calm; but sailing *per se* interested him no more than sawing wood, or washing dishes, or automobiling through a landscape at forty miles an hour. But George was amiable and long-suffering; he was one of those rare spirits that an amateur skipper too infrequently happens on—a friend who will suppress a groan when asked if he would like to go a-sailing, and answer: "Why, yes, I'd be delighted."

The engine stopped abruptly, of its own accord, as commonly auxiliaries will; but we cleared the channel and began to bump the ground-swell bumps with our decks at an angle of forty-five degrees.

"The jig and jibber do very well, don't they?" said Miss Wilkins, as we retreated to the main-hatch to keep our feet out of the wet. "What a lot of ropes. I suppose they all have names."

"How many ropes," spoke up the Skipper, who was enjoying a moment of leisure, "how many ropes do you suppose there are on the biggest sailing ship afloat?"

I started the guessing match at a hundred. George doubled the number. Miss Wilkins was sure there must be at least a thousand.

"Only four," said the Skipper: "the man-rope, the foot-rope, the bucket-rope, and, occasionally, the mast-rope. All the other hemp things are called halyards, sheets, braces, stays, guys, lines, tacks, clew-garnets, spanker-vangs, downhauls, and so on."

"There's wisdom while you wait!" said George, who was coiling about a quarter of a mile of main-sheet.

Miss Wilkins turned to me: "How many hemp things do *you* know, Mr. Timby?"

"Only one—the jib-downhaul," I replied modestly.

But I am strong on the jib-downhaul. You will observe me grasping it firmly as we approach a mooring. The man with the boat-hook is nervous; he is afraid he will miss the mooring, and he usually does. The skipper's nerves are taut as fiddle-strings; he has no confidence in the man with the boat-hook. I alone am imperturbable. "Jib-downhaul!" is my cue. Four or five yeo-ho yanks, and the jib is in the water, from which the

THE CAULIFLOWER HIT THE DINGEY A GLANCING BLOW.

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skipper, cursing softly, later extricates it. In all my sailing I do not think that I have once missed putting the jib in the water.

"George," called the Amateur Skipper, "will you take one more pull on the jib-halyard?" George hastened forward. "Trim the jigger-sheet, Sweetheart." Mrs. Bilger braced herself against the cockpit wall and hauled.

"Mrs. Bilger is a sweet little woman, isn't she?" whispered Miss Wilkins, as we balanced ourselves atop the furled mainsail, and spread a raincoat over our knees.

"Sweet as they come," I agreed, and observed that Mr. Bilger was a remarkable skipper. For I know dilettante mariners, the most amiable of men ashore, whose natures seem to undergo a sharp change the instant that they tread the decks of their obsessions. They become imperative; their tempers shorten to pie-crust brittleness; they treat their wives shamefully. But Bilger, beyond a certain nervous tension and a staccato manner of speaking, behaved very well; and Mrs. Bilger was the most obedient and uncomplaining of helpmeets. Some of the tasks he laid upon her seemed beyond her strength, for she was a frail little woman; but if Bilger were to say, "Sweetheart, fetch up the five-hundred-pound anchor," she would hasten below, and presently her cheerful voice would be heard: "Coming, Lovest, and it isn't a bit heavy."

The outward run of the good yawl Cauliflower, with the wind abeam, consumed two hours; and from the view-point of the Amateur Skipper it may have been a most exciting trip; he was as busy as a puppy chasing an autumn leaf, and he communicated his feverish activity to George and Mrs. Bilger. But from my limited view-point there was only a slosh of sea-water.

Yachting is a pastime for the well-to-do; but any one may have the pleasures of it and still remain ashore. All you need do is don a yachting cap and sit on a soap box and have somebody throw water on your feet, with now and then a pailful in your lap; that will do nicely for hard-weather sailing. For the other sort, you may sit on a wooden bench in a hot sun and tie knots in a clothesline.

When the Cauliflower rounded the lee of Gooseberry Island, I for one was glad of the chance to go ashore and stretch my legs. Mrs. Bilger took along the afternoon-tea things, and we sipped the wine of Ceylon in a breathless nook in an angle of the cliff. It was wholly pleasant. I could have stood it for several hours. And the artist soul of George was steeped in content.

But the Amateur Skipper was restless. After one cup of tea and a bite at a biscuit, he was back on the yawl, puttering about above and below, fussing with the hemp things, and squinting learnedly at the sky.

Bilger's fad possessed him utterly. He could work a lunar observation, calculate an azimuth, find the arithmetical complement of a logarithm, build a sea-anchor, and tie all manner of recondite knots; and there was not a drop of salt water in his veins. Calmly ecstatic, he would talk sailing by the hour, or day, or week. Ask him what a "grommet" might be, and his eye would light up and roll in a fine frenzy. Inquire politely as to the meaning of the occult term "leech," and you had leech and luff, head and foot, peak and throat, clew and tack, explained to you in one breath. Bilger's heart was in his yawl; his mind was concentered on his mainsail's weather-edge; he thought in reaches; his soul was forever beating to windward.

"What does Mr. Bilger do in winter?" inquired Miss Wilkins, passing her cup.

"He talks of going south for a cruise," said Mrs. Bilger; "but I always discourage the idea. Mr. Bilger needs to rest a few months. He gets so dreadfully thin in summer."

At this point the emaciated Bilger returned to our tea-party to announce that it was high time we were starting homeward; the wind was dropping. We rose reluctantly.

The wind was not only dropping, but it had hauled into the north; and we made little progress beating up with only the "jig and jibber," as Miss Wilkins persisted in calling them, drawing. Bilger started in to repair the torn mainsail; but the wind was running out like tide-water, and with sunset the last zephyr expired. The Cauliflower lay as idle as a painted ship upon a playhouse curtain.

"You'll have to start the engine, George," said the Skipper. "Careful of your hand, old man; she may reverse on you."

But nothing so exciting happened. "She" declined to start, though George toiled over her like Sisyphus over his stone. From the sulphurous haze that began to fog the hatchway I knew that George was breathing out profanity with every futile revolution of the fly-wheel. Dr. Bilger made a diagnosis,

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which revealed the fact that the engine was flooded. Precisely what this meant he explained, with a wealth of technical detail.

"Suppose," I suggested to George, "that you and I row the dingey and tow the yawl."

water in the cabin up to my knees. Now, that's too much like hard labor."

"Well," said I, pausing to wipe the steam from my spectacles, "*this* isn't exactly a Book of Verses underneath the Bough."

WE HEARD AN OMINOUS SPLASH.

"Good idea," the Skipper answered for him. "You fellows go ahead, and I'll see what I can do with the engine."

And it was so ordered.

"This," remarked George, after we had pulled for half an hour with none too encouraging results, "this is something like towing a brick-yard."

"At least," said I, "we are getting some action. Not much plot or heart-interest as yet, but you can't tell what may develop."

"I'm glad to get off the yawl, at least," George confided in an undertone, for the ladies were sitting forward, watching our back-breaking labors. "Every time I go out with Bilger I swear it will be the last; but I never have the heart to refuse him—he's a good soul. But he'll have to shanghai me after this." He dropped his oars to fire a pipe. "The first cruise I took on the Cauliflower," he pursued reminiscently, "she was bran-new, and she leaked like a landing-net. I had to bail for three mortal hours, with the

At this moment the Amateur Skipper shot into the field of our vision, coming out of the yawl's depths like jack-in-a-box.

"Cast off!" he yelled.

We were a few seconds late in grasping the fact that the Skipper had succeeded in starting the engine, and the Cauliflower just missed the dingey as she went by us. Fortunately, George had fastened the tow-line with one of the fancy knots that Bilger had taught him, a knot that came loose at the first yank. As it was, the line in snapping clear spun us sharply round.

The Cauliflower faded in the dusk.

"Now," said George, "if Bilger will only keep going and let us row home in peace——"

"He's coming back," said I.

"Can't stop the engine!" shouted the Skipper, as he passed us; "afraid she won't start up again. But I'll pick you up."

He began circling us, and in the fast-gathering darkness the yawl loomed as big and menacing as a battle-ship.

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"Can you swim, Timby?" asked George resignedly.

"If I'm not crippled," said I.

"Then we'd better go overboard now. We don't really need Bilger's assistance."

"Look out!" called the Skipper. "I'm coming!"

The instinct of self-preservation led me to grasp the bobstay of the Cauliflower and swing clear of the dingey. I landed on the deck in an ungraceful sprawl, breathless.

"Isn't this exciting!" cried Miss Wilkins. Mrs. Bilger was kind enough to inquire whether I was hurt.

"Now for George!" said the Skipper, spinning the wheel to port.

"Never mind me!" shouted the artist, scarcely discernible in the gloom. "I'll row home. It's only eleven miles."

"Nonsense!" returned the Skipper, circling like a hawk. "Mind your eye, old man!"

"See here, Bilger," bawled the doomed and exasperated George; "I'm not a married man, but I have an aged mother dependent on me for support. I tell you, I don't want to be rescued. Keep off, or I'll sue you for damages."

The Cauliflower hit the dingey a glancing blow, and we had a glimpse of George clinging to the upturned gunwale.

"Now you *have* done it!" he yelled after us witheringly. "The oars are gone."

"Keep cool, old man!" rejoined Bilger. He drew another bead on the dingey. "Sweetheart, take the wheel."

"Yes, Lovest," said Mrs. Bilger tremulously, and the Skipper went forward.

He got George this time with a boat-hook. Then the inevitable happened: the engine, that had been working like a demon, suddenly quit.

Oh, no; not a bit of fiction inserted for dramatic effect; not at all. If you believe, as I do, that a malign spirit inhabits the shells of inanimate objects, you will understand that nothing could be more natural than that the engine should stop at that precise moment.

I pass over the next few hours. The plot petered out, the action dwindled to an irreducible minimum, and as my sentiments for Miss Wilkins never could be more than those of a friend, there was a total lack of heart-interest.

George, disgruntled, sat on the heel of the bowsprit and smoked pipe after pipe. Mrs. Bilger, Miss Wilkins, and I gathered in the cabin, where not a soul would care to sleep, and munched tea-biscuits, while the indefatigable Bilger sweated over the inert mechanism of the auxiliary, prattling cheerfully the while of batteries, spark-plugs, carbureters, and other foolish things.

Never have I known such exhaustless patience, such unfailing good-temper. He worked over that lifeless engine as one would over a drowned man. Now and then a spark of life leaped up; he fanned it tirelessly, and we made, perhaps, another mile. In this snail-like fashion we crawled to port.

"George," said the Skipper, "would you mind picking up the mooring?"

"Delighted," replied George morosely.

"Don't miss it," adjured Bilger, with the first touch of anxiety in his voice I had observed that day. "The tide is out, and we might hit the mud."

George got down on the bobstay, and peered low for a sight of the tin buoy. . . . We heard an ominous splash.

"I'm afraid George has fallen overboard," said Mrs. Bilger.

"How unfortunate!" said Miss Wilkins.

It was inevitable. I understood that perfectly; so did George. I leaned over the side and caught his upflung hand. He still had the boat-hook, hooked in the ring of the mooring.

Nothing of consequence was said. Words are symbols of ideas, but their emotional content is limited. Music would have better served, but there was no pianola aboard the Cauliflower.

We bundled silently into the dingey. Happily one oar remained, caught under a thwart; and George, to keep warm, paddled us up the river. If you have ever navigated a dingey containing five persons, you can guess within an hour or so, how long it takes to do a mile with one oar, counting zigzags. The clock in the steeple struck two when we made the landing.

"Thank you for a *very* interesting day," said Miss Wilkins to the Bilgers. I added my conventional appreciation.

"I wish," said the Amateur Skipper earnestly, "that you could get away for a cruise of four or five days. George and I have a trip all planned."

George and I walked homeward together.

"Where are you and Bilger going?" I inquired.

"I don't know where Bilger is going," replied George slowly, "and I don't know as I care a damn. But *I'm* going up in the Berkshires for the rest of the summer."

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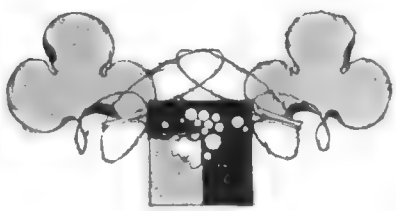
A Refuge in the Bronx

By WALTER PRICHARD EATON

Illustrations by J. A. Williams



GENTLE READER—may I address you as Gentle Reader, inviting you by the old-fashioned term to the contemplation of an old-fashioned spot and the perusal of an old-fashioned tale? Thank you!—Gentle Reader, have you any notion of what or where the Bronx may be? If you are a New Yorker, of course you know. But if you have the good fortune not to be a New Yorker, how shall I explain to you? If you are from Boston, I can make it almost clear: the Bronx is our Charlestown. But if you are from Chicago or Denver, where I have never been, or from some comfortable little city or town that doesn't even have suburbs, I don't know what to do. Think of the section or suburb of your city where you'd least like to live; multiply its objectionable traits by twenty-five and divide the attractions by an equal number, and mayhap you'll come somewhere near an understanding of the Bronx. But even so, you will not have allowed for the dust and the squalid uniformity of the flat-houses. You must have lived in New York City to realize fully what it can do when it spawns, when it spills across the Harlem River and becomes the Bronx.

Yet the Bronx was not always so. Long ago, before ever it became annexed to Manhattan, it was a vast, rolling, wooded garden, dominated by great stone mansions in the Georgian style or the Tudor, which crowned the knolls and looked from their long, slim windows out across the blue Sound to Long Island. There were pretty villages with pretty names—Westchester Village, Van Nest, West Farms, Casanova—odd name for a respectable abiding place. But the city grew and needed room, so the trolleys and the elevated road crossed the river into the aristocratic country, and as it lay north of the East Side of Manhattan, it was the poorer classes that began to fill it up; rank on close rank, their squalid tenements advanced with each year farther into the peaceful estates of the old aristocracy. The aristocracy fled, leaving the weeds to grow in their splendid drives, the Sunday rabble to roam over their acres of lawn and orchard. One by one the Georgian mansions fell to make way for streets of tenements. But a few lone champions stood out, proud as Custer 'mid the circling Sioux; and one of them, farther east than the rest across the muddy Bronx Creek, became a golf club house, the links skirting the marshes which at that point make up from the Sound. A curving driveway led up to the mansion, between old cedars and maples and lindens, and from the broad veranda the eye swept out across the course, dotted on a summer day with players and caddies, to the sparkling surface of the Sound. And as long as the house stood and the course could be rented, the members refused to desert their old club, coming out from New York by elevated or trolley, and later by the subway which ran close by, to finish their matches with a Scotch and soda in the great oak-paneled dining-room that still breathed the perfume of a vanished aristocracy.

And I was one of those members.

But I will not linger over the memories of that club, which was famous in its day and boasted the finest turf in the metropolitan district. It is no more. If you should seek to find it now, you would discover only tenements on the tees. I wonder if our champion's ghost does not wander over the old course by night, and startle some Italian baby's slumbers with his unearthly cry of "Fore!" which even in the flesh was sufficiently terrifying. No, my story is not of golf, but

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of a girl and a garden; it is of only secondary importance that she was a golfer and that the garden lay hidden down behind the club house.

We had been members of the club a long time before we discovered the garden. As I have said, it was behind the club house and completely hidden by trees, shrubs, and a high board fence. Few members, I suspect, ever knew of its existence. Like most of the really beautiful things of life, perhaps, we discovered it by first discovering each other. When a man wakes to the perception of a maid his eyes are opened and a thousand new wonders greet his sight. And the same thing, I fancy, is true for the maid. And so it was with us. I rose early one June morning to get in some practise before the qualifying round on the coming Saturday, and when I entered the dim, cool, stately hall of the old mansion I met her hob-nailing down the ample stairs, her bag slung over her shoulder, rolling up white cuffs over her pretty elbows. She was a little thing with a mass of hair that had once decided to be red but had thought better of it, and a piquant, keen, intelligent face that could, one was sure, look grave and friendly for all its smiling. Besides, I knew she swung free and followed through and didn't fuss and say, "Now, I can't do a *thing* if you watch me!" on the tees. So I hailed her joyously and we whistled two caddies out of an apple-tree, where they were investigating a robin's nest, and set off down the drive with the elastic step of city dwellers let loose in the open on a gay June morning. I gave her a stroke a hole and she settled down to business like a true sport, playing hard and steadily, and held me square going out. Then the sun got higher, the mist steamed up from the Sound, and it grew very hot. But she stuck to the game, though her arms wabbled on the puts, and cleared the last bunker out of a sand trap as neatly as Vardon. When we had holed out on the eighteenth green she flopped down on the grass with a sigh and a laugh. "Gee, but I'm tired!" she said. That was the first hint of her sex.

I don't suppose any woman can simulate this sort of devotion to a sport, or a business, or an intellectual pursuit. If she hasn't the masculine persistence and concentration in her, she cannot pretend it. If she could, I'm sure she would look less often to man to make her tees and help her over bunkers and giggle with her at her bad drives, and otherwise coquet while the more serious matter of golf is claiming the masculine attention. It is the only way she knows of attracting attention to herself on the links.

But the girl on the grass before me knew a better way. She played golf! That argued —if I reflected at all on the causes of my sudden interest and admiration—a mind and character worth knowing better, which could meet a man on his own ground in a thousand ways and stand to him as a friend. I helped her to her feet, and we went back up the shadowed drive to the club house, and ordered lunch at a table by one of the long windows open to the floor, where the breeze from the Sound crept in refreshingly. And as we ate we talked, and I began to wonder how I could have been so blind all the while I had known her; and when the luncheon was over and I had lighted a comfortable pipe on the veranda, I suddenly realized that the lush summer was all about us, calling softly, insistently, to a vague, drowsy, idle happiness. All desire to play golf faded away. I looked at the girl at my side and said: "You play golf very well—so well that I don't want to play any more to-day!"

She understood perfectly. "Thank you," she smiled. "Let us play Pagan, then."

"How do you play Pagan?" I asked, though I knew, by some sudden intuition, what she would reply.

"You go out——"

"Do you mean we go out?" I interrupted.

"You go out under that apple-tree, in the long grass and the daisies and the shadow," she continued with a quiet smile, "and pretend that you've rewritten Genesis with a happy ending."

"That sounds very interesting," said I. "Do you play it in costume?"

She laughed merrily. "If we could," she said, "it wouldn't be a play."

Down under the apple-tree she flung herself upon the grass, crushed a daisy to her little nose, and then looked up through the tracery of leaves with eyes that grew suddenly wistful. "What is it?" I asked. "Isn't the game pleasant, after all?"

She shook her head for sign that she wouldn't tell me, and of course I waited patiently, and presently she said: "The game is very pleasant—it is too pleasant. It isn't that one wakes up presently to brick streets and subways and noise; it's that—that—" She broke off, feeling for her language as if the thought were one she had never put into words before. Finally she went on: "It's

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that all the life one lives is so different from this yielding to the primitive sensations. One is always under some sort of restraint in church and in society and at home. Nobody ever does yield to primitive sensations. Now, I like" —she hesitated a bit, colored, but went on— "I like to feel the hot sun on the middle of my back better than anything in the world, but somehow I feel it's wrong! I'm blushing while I tell you this, you see. You'll think it silly of me, but I can't help it."

"Indeed, I'll not think it silly," I answered. "Anybody who is sensitive alike to sense impressions and to what we might call moral impressions if they weren't really merely social, knows exactly your dilemma. I know it very well; I was reared in New England. But did it ever occur to you that the sense impressions came first in the history of the race, and perhaps have quite as good a right to be attended to as the others? Did it ever occur to you that we don't have to be lopsided to be good?"

ROLLING WHITE CUFFS OVER HER PRETTY ELBOWS.

"It's occurred to me, yes, but it would never occur to my old-fashionedly ecclesiastical family," she answered. "I've got, I fear, their point of view in my blood."

"The man who wrote 'The Song of Solomon' wasn't lopsided," said I. "I'd comfort you with apples if this tree were as it will be in the fall."

She looked at me slantwise, with a sudden self-revelation in her eyes, an instant unveiling that subtly said something intimate, though it had no words. In the silence that followed it seemed as if a long gap in our acquaintance were being filled up, and when she spoke again there was an intimacy in her tone. But her words were commonplace enough. "Do you see those poplars in a row behind the club house? What are they doing there?"

"There's just one way to find out," said I, helping her to her feet.

We followed a path around the servants' wing of the mansion, passed to the right of the stable, and came upon a hedge of shrubbery in fragrant bloom. Within this shrubbery we could see a high board fence, gray and green with age, and over its top here and there a rose peeping or a tender green shoot of grapevine. The poplars were on the other side. We walked on till a break appeared, disclosing a little door in the fence. There was a rusty padlock over the latch, but a strong yank pulled the staple out of the rotting wood and the gate creaked open on its rusty hinges. We stepped swiftly through and closed the gate behind us. Then we stopped still in sudden amazement.

For we had slipped into another generation, another order of life, and with the closing of that gate we had shut out the world! We were alone in a square enclosure, perhaps half an acre in extent, which was so shut in by fence and hedge and poplars that not a sight nor even, it seemed, a sound of the outer world penetrated to its utter quietness. It once had been an old-fashioned garden, and somebody—a ghost, perhaps—still raised a few vegetables in the rich soil near the center where the paths converged into a depression. These paths now were choked with weeds

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between the ruins of box hedges. Bright poppies flared up carelessly here and there, side by side with milkweed and wild mustard. The heavy scent of syringa was on the air; and over the surrounding fence, shedding their perfume prodigally and half hiding the delicate gray of the boards, roses were everywhere clambering untrained, almost as wild as their cousins of the country roadside. In one corner stood a small abandoned greenhouse. Half the glass panes were broken, and through the ragged holes grape-vines had pushed long, leafy tendrils, that trailed over the roof, in some places keeping it from falling in. The row of poplars just inside the fence on the southern side had been long untrimmed, and was shaggy with little shoots like beards almost to the ground. The air was so still that the faint rustle and shiver of their polished leaves was the only sound or motion, save for a single robin that hopped across a bed of lettuce heads, pulled up a worm, and flew to his nest near the fence, whence we heard the ripple of his call.

For a long moment we stood in a hush as deep as the great peace of this forgotten garden. Then slowly we turned toward each other, and as our eyes met her bosom drew up and her lids half closed and she expelled her breath with a sigh that told more than words can ever do, for when we are possessed by a strong emotion it is always our bodies that must speak. And at the same time she instinctively put out her hand to mine. The peace, the warm, sun-drenched, sense-subduing silence that was in our hearts passed through our clasped fingers like a thrill. Words would have been a profanation. But from the touch of her fingers there rose in me a stirring of personal affection—and I would have prolonged the clasp; but she withdrew her hand gently and we rambled, still in silence, out through the weed-choked paths.

She gathered a poppy presently to put in her hair. "Am I not in a flowered gown," she said, "with old-fashioned slippers on my feet? Am I not a ghost?"

"You have old-fashioned slippers on your feet," I answered, looking at her stout, hob-nailed shoes. "But you are not a ghost," I added, looking into her eyes.

She flushed a little and moved on. So we loitered, speaking but seldom and then in hushed voices, while the robins sang and the poplars whispered about us each to each and the westering sun sent lengthened shadows out across the abandoned flower beds, shadows that finally took on a tint of lavender, reminding us that in the world outside Time did not stand still. So we slipped once more, with a farewell, lingering look, through the little door in the fence, drove back the staple with a stone, and sneaked into the club house by a rear entrance. Walking down the drive in our street clothes, we met a group of members coming in from the course, who inquired where we had been all the afternoon. "In the day before yesterday," we answered, laughing, and hastened on. As we entered the subway train she took one contemptuous sniff and groaned. "The Pagan play is over," she said. "This is reality!"

But when I left her at her door in town I said, "There will be another matinée next Tuesday."

She was half-way in the door before she answered, with a backward glance, "Not till then?"

"Make it to-morrow!" I cried—but the door was closed.

And it was not until the next Tuesday, Gentle Reader, and not more frequently after that, for she was a psychologist and knew that a sensation, a mood, frequently repeated, loses its tingle, its charm, its emotional content. And she did not want to lose the emotional effect of that forgotten garden, for it was to her a refuge from all the tyrannies and uglinesses and the dust and noise of daily life. For me it was a refuge, too; but with true masculine intemperance and unrestraint I would have sought it all the time, since it gave me her in her pagan mood when she seemed to draw closer to me in some intangible way, as if with the closing of that little door she opened a door in the bodiless fence that every fine woman builds about her personality, and her soul came forth to play. Often on the fifth tee I would pause to contemplate our line of poplars visible from that point, standing tall and straight against the sky. But she would shake her head and say: "Quitter, you are one down." Or, if I were one up: "Quitter, you're afraid you can't hold your lead." Either way, she had me. But sometimes she would look toward the poplars, too, and say, "Perhaps, after the ninth hole. . . ." And then she was always up when the ninth hole was reached!

So the summer waxed, and the staple grew loose in the gate-post till a touch would remove it. The roses faded and fell, the weeds grew higher and thicker, the forlorn remnants

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THE PEACE THAT WAS IN OUR HEARTS PASSED THROUGH OUR CLASPED FINGERS LIKE A THRILL.

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of box were quite hidden. Little green bunches of grapes began to form under the hothouse roof. Only the tall poplars did not change, nor the silence and the peace and the sense that we had shut the world out when we closed that door. One evening in town I found her tired, hot, nervous, despondent—life had got in under her guard and stabbed deep. For the first time her spirit seemed frail to me, all feminine, like her sweet little body. I felt toward her a sudden surge of protecting pity. There was no talk that night of art and books, no debates on the subjects that lay nearest to us—for our occupations were along similar lines, lines that some folk fancy are not work at all because they are not followed at stated hours on the "working-days" of the year! And there was no questioning on my part as to her desires. I led her forth peremptorily, and she came as if she were glad to be rid of all initiative. It was stifling in the subway, but once at the course a breath of air came off the Sound to fan us, and under the dark trees of the drive the earth seemed damp and cool. The moonlight fell full on our little door in the fence, so that it shone white amid the black shadows of the hedge on either side. It was some mysterious gateway to a dream, some portal to an Arabian Night's adventure. We looked back at the great, silent mansion that stood dark and grim and proud amid its trees and lawns, like an olden castle. "Or is it some gate," I whispered as we turned once more, "that ope'd for Madeline and Porphyro?"

She drew closer to me. "And they are gone; aye, ages long ago . . ." she barely breathed.

I pulled the staple and we slipped through and closed the door hastily behind us as if against pursuit. ". . . These lovers fled away into their secret garden," I finished for her, and the shade of Keats forgave my misquotation. The garden was soaked with moonlight and silent with an aching peace. The gaudy poppies were pale, almost colorless, and only a tiny flash of light now and then from a poplar leaf that shivered up against the moon broke the hush of suspended life and motion. My hand sought hers and found and held it, and the dream spell worked around us till presently her face looked up to mine with a question in the eyes, and I answered smiling, in a whisper, "No, there has been no to-day, and there will be no to-morrow. It's all a myth—New York, everything, except this forgotten garden and the ache of peace."

"The ache of peace!" she whispered back. "To have beauty till it hurts! To drink moonlight and silence till one is drunk! To die in such a dream!" And her fingers tightened, perhaps unconsciously, on mine.

Then suddenly I lifted the little hand to my lips and kissed it. Her eyes closed as I did so, then they opened and looked hard into mine. Her fingers renewed their pressure, like a sob of joy—and my hand was empty. But her elbow leaned hard to mine as we moved like warm ghosts amid the pale poppies and milkweeds, and all the way home we were very silent, curiously like a bashful girl and boy who do not know how to manage a conversation.

Then she went away to the seaside somewhere and the town grew intolerably hot and dirty and ugly and lonely, and I went away too, finding what comfort I could in the fat, bright letters she wrote, though she never dared be quite a pagan with a pen in her hand. I had to return some weeks before her, and found that the inevitable, the long-dreaded, had at last happened: our course had been sold to a "Bronx Improvement Association"—ironic name!—and on the fifth day of September we should play our last sweepstake. I wrote her nothing about it, but carried her togs home with mine that sad evening when we all sat in the great oak dining-room of the club-house mansion till a late hour, mournfully narrating tales of the past. Three weeks later she returned to town, and still without telling her I took her north by the familiar route.

She suspected, of course, what was coming, and asked question after question which I dodged as well as I could. As a matter of fact, I did not myself know what changes had been made since we had vacated the club. But we saw the first change from afar. The links still spread their green velvet along the marshes, but the magnificent trees that had lined the drive to the club house were down; they were not only down, they were split and stacked into cords! She uttered a little cry of pain when she realized what had happened, and hastened toward the house over the chip-strewn path. Sounds of pounding came out to us, and even as we passed under the *porte-cochère* there was a crash overhead and we knew that a chimney had fallen. The work of demolition had begun. She uttered another little moan of pain and hastened round the

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IT WAS SOME MYSTERIOUS GATEWAY TO A DREAM.

wing. The garden was no more! The fence was down, the hedges chopped away, the poplars vanished, and where the poppies and the silence had been were piles of steel girders and brick and lumber.

"Oh, Boy," she cried, "why did you let them do it! Why did you let them do it!"

I spread out my hands impotently; it was all I could do. Not even in passing through the cañon slit of Broad Street when the curb market was in full cry have I ever felt such a futile atom opposing myself to the titanic material power of New York. And now this power was crushing her in her most tender feelings. No speech was possible but an oath; so I spread out my hands in impotent silence.

We fled the scene. Cutting across lots to the nearest point of the course, we almost ran over the heavy turf—that in three brief weeks of inattention had become long and hubbly, a parody of its former perfection—to the seventh tee, which was almost a mile away toward the Sound, out of sight of the house, where big ledges of rock crop up from

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the marsh, forming perilous natural hazards. Behind one of these ledges we crept, and kindled a little fire against the stone to cheer us up. There was a touch of autumn in the air. The wind soughed in the scrub oaks overhead, and the tall marsh grass that stretched out from our feet to the Sound was bent eastward, as if fleeing in a host from the wave-crest of the invading town, frozen in brick and stone all along the western sky. We too turned our backs instinctively to the west, and looked into the red heart of the little blaze without speaking. Our shoulders leaned together, and presently I found her hand in mine, and looking up I saw her lashes wet.

"Dearest," I said, "there are other gardens somewhere in the world, and we will seek till we have found one, you and I—together."

She lifted our two hands to her eyes and I felt moisture on my knuckle. Then a little smile crept over her mouth. "It isn't so much the lost garden—any more," she said. "It's because I'm so glad to be back with you, Mr. Adam."

Out in the gathering twilight the shadowy host of the marsh grass was still fleeing eastward when we spoke at last of going. She leaned hard on my arm as we loitered back over the thrice familiar course, stopping affectionately at each once execrated bunker, and even searching a few moments in the dusk for a remembered lost ball. As we crossed the first tee, the club house came into view again through the dusk. The roof had gone since early afternoon. The old house stood a desolate ruin against the cold sky. And down behind it was our garden, a pile of bricks and lumber! We stood still for a moment, looking up.

"Yet it hasn't been such a sad afternoon," I said almost gaily. "We had our little fire and . . ."

Her arm tightened on mine as I broke off speaking. "It hasn't been sad at all, dear boy," she whispered.

"No," I answered, "the old garden has done its work; it has given me you. That is what it was designed and planted for. May all old gardens do as much!"

I felt a cheek brush against my shoulder and a final pressure on my arm. Then we stepped out upon the sidewalk and moved briskly toward the train.

The Roads

By ALICE COREY

SO many, many roads lie traced
Where wanderers may stray—
Roads twining, weaving, interlaced,
Roads sorrowful and gay.

Running through countryside and town
They climb the mountain steep,
Through storied realms of far renown
Unceasingly they creep.

When silver moonlight floods the nights—
O hark! across the sea
These roads, the wanderer's delights,
Are calling you and me,

Singing their challenge sweet and clear,
For wanderers to roam;
But, all at once, I only hear
The road that leads me home.

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The Business Side of Vaudeville

By HARTLEY DAVIS

VAUDEVILLE performers are a class of highly paid specialists. They receive from one dollar to ten dollars a minute for the time they are on the stage.

This explains why so many prominent, highly successful stars are persuaded to take a flier in vaudeville. We no longer gasp at the announcement that a famous player is to become a variety actor—for, after all, vaudeville is merely a modern name for the variety performance.

With casual unconcern a vaudeville manager will remark that he can get any star in the theatrical firmament to do a "turn"; that is, any one he happens to want. It is simply a question of how much he is willing to pay. There are a few, as many as can be counted on one hand, who could not be tempted. The vaudeville manager would remark in his airy, cheerful way that he doesn't want those. When one considers the salaries that are paid, this willingness of the stars isn't so remarkable.

If May Irwin, who is about to return to vaudeville after many years' absence, chooses to work as many weeks in the year as Mr. Corey is supposed to work, she will receive a salary more than double that of the president of the Steel Trust. If she elects to work only twenty weeks in the year, her salary will equal that of the President of the United States. Her salary for two weeks equals that paid a congressman for a whole year. In other words, Miss Irwin will receive $2,500 a week for appearing on the stage for twenty minutes twice a day.

When Lillian Russell appeared in vaudeville, she was paid $3,150 a week, which is, I believe, the largest salary ever given to a performer. Elsie Janis got $3,000, and Mrs. Langtry, $2,500. Vesta Victoria, who first came to this country for $400 a week, and Vesta Tilly, another English performer, both command $2,500.

Please bear in mind that these extravagantly paid stars present but one of the eight or nine "turns" that make up a performance, and that the lesser lights are also highly paid specialists. Indeed, of all people who work for their living, vaudeville performers are the best paid. Of three-fourths, yes, seven-eighths of the traveling theatrical companies, the whole salary list does not amount to $2,500 a week, and yet in vaudeville that much is paid to one performer who gives an eighth of the performance. It is true that a $2,500-a-week performer doesn't appear often in any one theatre, but an act that costs $1,000 a week has become the rule rather than the exception in every bill, while a great majority of the acts cost from $250 to $500, and in the best vaudeville houses no act costs less than $75 a week. "Chasers," employed to drive audiences out of houses giving continuous performances, get that much. In the good vaudeville houses, the salary list of performers ranges from $2,500 to $4,000 a week, and the maximum is paid more often than the minimum. Occasionally the cost will run to $5,000 a week. The standard in practically every first-class vaudeville house in the country is $3,200 a week, and each manager tries to keep as close to that as possible. It has been found that this will provide an attractive bill and yet leave a fair margin of profit.

Now, by way of contrast, consider that the prices charged in these vaudeville theatres are just one-half, or oftener one-third, the prices of admission charged in the theatres presenting first-class attractions. In New

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York, for instance, the highest price for orchestra seats is one dollar, with box seats fifty cents more, and the downward range is to twenty-five cents. And this is the schedule of only a few houses. The usual rule for first-class vaudeville houses is fifty cents for the best seats, except those in boxes, which are twenty-five and fifty cents more. Often the gallery seats are only ten cents, and when two performances a day are given, it is the universal custom to cut in half the higher prices for matinées.

But what about the profits of the vaudeville managers who charge these low prices and pay these high salaries? Hammerstein's Victoria Theatre in New York made a net profit last year of $250,000, and the Orpheum in Brooklyn, and Keith's theatre in Philadelphia have made more than $200,000 net in a year. Men who have handled the business end of vaudeville for many years soberly say that the vaudeville theatres in this country made $30,000,000 last year. That is manifestly absurd, because there are only about 350 houses that have a recognized standing, and they cannot average $85,000 in profits each year. But the total is so big that, if you are seeking explanation for the war that is now disorganizing vaudeville, you need look no farther than these profits. The men who have practical control of the theatres that play the high-priced attractions, realizing how enormous is the revenue derived from vaudeville, and how certain it is, have set about getting control of that also. Naturally, those who control it at present wish to keep their profits. And each side has millions to spend in the struggle.

Conditions are changing so rapidly that it is useless to predict what the situation will be a week in advance. The possession of theatres appears to be the key. There is no such thing as cornering the market in performers; they are developing too rapidly. The "amateur" nights, the cheaper vaudeville theatres—often nothing but halls or stores, the places especially popular in the West, where the admission is from five to twenty-five cents and four to six performances a day are given—are bringing forth new performers all the time. And even the best of the theatres are willing to give applicants a "try-out" in the morning, and, if the act is promising, a trial at a regular performance.

The foreign field is open to any manager who thinks he can guess correctly. The best acrobatic acts are not available in America, because children who are under the legal age are important factors in the turn. With a few exceptions, like Chevalier, Vesta Tilly, and one or two others, the big English music-hall performers have not been successful in this country, the big hits having been made by importations who are considered second- and third-rate performers at home.

In vaudeville, the agency where performers are booked—that is, have engagements made for them—is not nearly as powerful as in the dramatic field. Formerly there were many of these agencies. Now practically all the booking is done in two offices in New York, these being closely affiliated with Western circuits that work in conjunction with them. It is a common thing to book a vaudeville act for eighty weeks—two theatrical years—and fix the exact dates. This centralized booking system has many advantages to the performer, the chief of which are the long engagements and the short railroad jumps. Except on the Orpheum circuit, where two weeks are lost in traveling and where transportation is paid by the management, the vaudeville performers pay all their own expenses. They are thrifty folk, as a rule, and it pains them to pay railroad fares, especially big fares.

Apart from the cost of the performers, the actual running expenses of a vaudeville theatre are greater than those of the high-priced houses. The rent charge is, of course, an important item. If a vaudeville manager wishes to acquire a successful combination house*—that is, one that makes money playing legitimate traveling attractions—he must pay a very high rent, which becomes exorbitant when the cost of repairs is added. If the vaudeville manager takes a house that is not successful and makes it highly profitable, the owner reaps an enormous advantage without effort on his part, and usually shows his appreciation by demanding a largely increased rental when the time comes to renew the lease. Nowadays, most of the houses are owned by those operating them, because the system makes such a theatre one of the best possible investments. But whether the vaudeville theatres are owned or leased, the rent charge must be considered. There is a wide range, from $10,000 or $12,000 to $20,000

* A combination house is one that plays a different company each week or twice a week. It is the general descriptive term for practically all theatres playing traveling attractions, no matter what the grade, to distinguish such theatres from those that have stock companies and those where plays have long runs. A theatre is like a hotel. If it is established thoroughly and does a big business, it can rent for more than one that is a failure.

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in the smaller cities, up to $60,000 in New York.

The repair bill is enormous, and the lessee has to pay it. It is good business to keep the theatres in the best possible condition, and the wear and tear resulting from two performances a day necessitate constant renewals everywhere. Frequently the cost of repairs exceeds the rent. In the larger cities, the average is not far from $25,000 a year.

Next to the salaries of performers, the largest expense of a vaudeville theatre is the pay of employees, which also amounts to more than in the high-priced houses. The number employed is astonishing, and includes resident manager, press-agent, two treasurers, doorkeepers, ushers, carriage-man, coat-room attendants, maids, water-boys, orchestra, stage-manager, electricians, property-men, scene-shifters, clearers—the union rule will not permit a scene-shifter to touch anything but scenery, and the clearers may handle only properties—the engineering staff, and cleaners. About sixty is the minimum number in a good vaudeville house, and the salary list is between $1,500 and $1,600 a week. In Keith's theatre in Boston the house staff numbers 139 persons. In the Majestic in Chicago there are upward of a hundred, ten of whom are maids for the care of women patrons. Vaudeville managers never attempt to economize on the comfort of women and children who come to the theatre.

In the New York theatres the "house charges," as they are called, are usually estimated at $2,500 a week; this is supposed to cover everything except the repairs and the salaries paid to performers. As a matter of fact, in the best of the theatres these charges probably exceed that estimate.

Photograph by White, New York.

JESSE L. LASKY'S "PIANOPHIENDS."—AN EXPENSIVELY DRESSED ACT.

With the prices of acts ranging from $75 to $3,000 a week and with something like 7,000 performers to choose from, there is naturally wide latitude in the making up of a "bill," as the selection of acts for a particular week is called. The number of "turns" or acts is always eight or nine, exclusive of the moving pictures, and the average act

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lasts twenty minutes. Occasionally an exceptionally clever playlet may run forty minutes.

From the figures here presented it is plain that from $250,000 to $300,000 a year is required to run a high-class vaudeville theatre in the larger cities, exclusive of New York, and $350,000 a year in the metropolis. The difference is chiefly in the rent and advertising rates, although the higher wages paid the house staff also count. In New York, then, a vaudeville theatre must take in $7,000, and, outside of New York, an average of $5,000 a week before there are any profits.

Those who come in contact with the theatrical game hear much about the enormous receipts of different attractions. It is true that "The Lion and the Mouse" averaged $10,000 a week for a straight year at the Lyceum in New York; that David Warfield played to something like $25,000 a week at the spacious Academy of Music, which was built for grand opera; but these are the rare exceptions. An average business of $7,000 a week is very good in New York, and by far the larger number of attractions are well content to make $5,000 a week on the road. This usually means a comfortable profit for the theatre and the company. But vaudeville houses, charging far lower prices, have to take in that much money to pay expenses.

HOUDINI, THE "HANDCUFF KING."

Granted that the vaudeville managers are at a disadvantage in the matter of high expenses and low prices of admission, there are many compensations, chief of which is the comparative absence of risk. Of all branches of amusements, an established vaudeville theatre is the most stable. It is more of a business and less of a gamble than any other kind of show, except certain stock companies in Brooklyn, where enough seats to insure a profit for a whole season are subscribed in advance.

Vaudeville makes a wider appeal than any other form of stage entertainment, and this is the fundamental reason for its success. Yet the fact was not recognized until within a dozen years or so. Formerly, variety theatres

Photograph by Hall, New York.

C. B. BARNOLD'S DOG AND MONKEY PANTOMIME.

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Photograph by the Matzene Studio, Chicago.

PAPINTA, MIRROR DANCER.

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Photograph by Kajiwara Studio, St. Louis.

TOBY CLAUDE.

gave performances that were supposed to be for men, and with a few exceptions, like Tony Pastor's in New York, the Howard Athenæum in Boston, and the Olympic in Chicago, which were respectable, they were mostly disreputable resorts, especially in the smaller towns. The fact that the few really good variety houses did an enormous business had no significance for other managers, who slavishly followed the custom of permitting vulgarity and indecency to dominate their stages. At length B. F. Keith, a New Englander who had worked with a circus for years and had begun with a small "hall show" in Boston, made the discovery that variety theatres prospered despite the coarseness of the performance rather than because of it. He set about proving this, and so revolutionized the whole business. Vaudeville is now dependent upon women and children, and the managers think more about pleasing them than the men.

The only systematic censorship of stage performances in this country is in the vaudeville houses. Whereas managers of companies playing in first-class houses frequently depend upon indecency to attract audiences, vaudeville managers have made it impossible on their stages. The latter have established standards that the performers have accepted and that they are as keen to maintain as the man-

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agers themselves. There may be a question as to taste; indeed, refined souls are often painfully shocked at vaudeville performances, but the shows are always clean, according to the standards of the vaudeville manager. They may not be your standards nor mine, but evidently they are accepted by the millions that support this form of show.

When I said that vaudeville makes a very wide appeal, I did not mean that everywhere people are eager and anxious to go to performances of this kind. Time and time again it has been proved that communities unfamiliar with the modern variety show evince small interest in it. For one thing, there has been the prejudice that is the logical result of the days when the name variety show was a synonym for disrepute. And this has been difficult to overcome. People didn't know that they wanted vaudeville; the taste for it was dormant, not active. The managers found that, in nearly every instance, a systematic campaign of education was necessary. It takes about four years to make a new vaudeville theatre pay. Now and then there is an exception, like Minneapolis, where the new Orpheum, costing $350,000, paid from the very start. But the immediate success of the Minneapolis theatre is explained by the fact that a large part of the city's population was continually visiting Chicago, where a taste for the varied form of entertainment had already been developed. These sophisticated ones then acted as so many press-agents.

Such exceptions, however, are very few, and the rule applies to cities of all sizes. And by the way, these shows are now being opened in towns of 40,000 to 50,000 people, whereas formerly it was supposed that no city of less than 200,000 population could support a good vaudeville theatre. Even in New York, it was four years before the Victoria Theatre, transformed by Oscar Hammerstein into a vaudeville house, really paid. But now the returns yield a profit of a quarter of a million a year, which enables the versatile manager to face a loss in his individual grand-opera venture with equanimity.

Nothing more clearly illustrates the difference between the old-time manager and his successor than this ability and willingness to make a large investment and face a loss for four years. There is a familiar story that illustrates the spirit of the older days. An actor approached his manager with a request for a loan of twenty-five dollars.

"Twenty-five!" repeated the manager. "Twenty-five dollars?"

"Yes," said the actor, "I want you to lend me twenty-five dollars. You can take it out of my salary."

"Twenty-five dollars," reiterated the manager. "Say, don't you know that if I had twenty-five dollars I'd put out a No. 2 company?"

Perhaps the Orpheum circuit, which owns ten theatres west and south of Chicago and is closely affiliated with twenty-five more, offers the best example of the modern business organization of vaudeville. The Orpheum Company is a close corporation, with a capital stock of $75,000 and something like $5,000,000 of assets. It has built nearly all its theatres,

Photograph by Hall's Studio, New York.

NAT M. WILLS.

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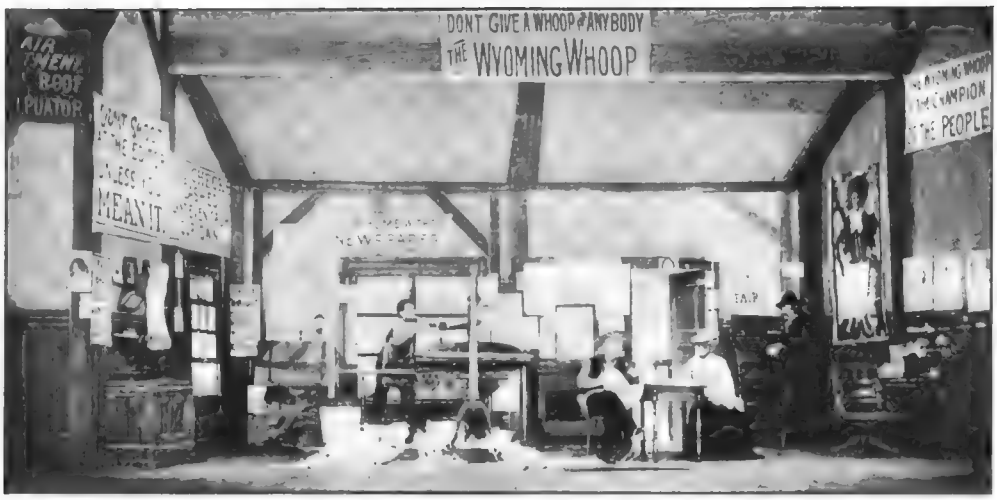

CRESSY AND DAYNE IN "THE WYOMING WHOOP," A SUCCESSFUL ONE-ACT PLAYLET.

which cost from $250,000 to $350,000 each. Its prices range from seventy-five cents for box seats to ten cents in the gallery. The orchestra seats sell for fifty cents at night and twenty-five cents for the matinée. The ten cents admission to the gallery is designed chiefly to attract children, because it has been found that they go home and tell their parents about the excellent show, thereby increasing the attendance at subsequent performances. The booking is done from the Chicago office, and the closest tab is kept on all the acts, so that it is known exactly which ones please most. Contracts for scenery, decoration, carpets, all the supplies, and the repairs, are made in the Chicago office for the ten theatres, and the cost is thus much reduced. The Orpheum circuit pays the railroad fares of performers and it has a high-priced railroad expert to look after the transportation.

"I am a business man, and my business is to amuse people," explained Martin Beck, the general manager of the Orpheum Company, and that puts it in a nutshell. With him it is business first and last, and it is a part of that business to have a thorough knowledge of the show game. His eyes are cast far ahead. He doesn't think about what the business will be next week or next month, but what it will be two years from now. He knows that his theatres cannot succeed unless they play to full houses, because of the small price of admission. Therefore he must make the theatres themselves as attractive as possible, providing generously for the women and children, and also must give them the best show he can arrange.

Photograph by White, New York.

MARY ANN BROWN.

When a manager books an act that costs $2,500 or more a week, he generally expects to lose money on that particular week, though in this New York may prove an exception, on account of the higher prices of admission. These expensive acts, by "two-dollar stars," as the vaudeville manager calls those who have headed companies that have always played in the high-priced houses, are put on chiefly for advertising purposes. Now, one might suppose that with one act getting perhaps $3,000 a week, the manager could cut down

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the cost of the other acts to the smallest possible sum, and depend upon the people attracted by the big star to make a profit on the week. But, on the contrary, when one prone to look down upon a variety performance. They are lured in by the chance of seeing a star at a cost of fifty cents instead of two dollars. Once there, they are surprised

Photograph by White, New York.

MEREDITH MEREDRO, OF "THE STUNNING GRENADIERS."

of these extravagantly expensive acts heads a bill, the astute manager is extraordinarily careful to engage the best performers he can secure to round out the bill, regardless of cost. For the star is pretty certain to draw a large number of people who have never before been in the vaudeville theatre and who are to find that the other acts are as entertaining, as interesting as the star's; indeed, it is the exception rather than the rule for a two-dollar star to "make good" unless he has had a vaudeville training. But the failure of a big star with a great reputation in an attempt at vaudeville helps rather than hurts

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the house, for those whom he has drawn generally leave the theatre with vastly increased respect for straight vaudeville.

One of the few exceptions to the rule that two-dollar stars fail, is May Irwin. Her first big hit was made in vaudeville before she went into musical comedy. She knows the game. She has an enormous following that will flock to the theatre to see her in vaudeville; she can delight audiences to their capacity for enjoyment.

The most popular acts are those that make people laugh, whether they be monologues, sketches, or burlesque acrobatic stunts, and to make vaudeville audiences roar, it is necessary to make a very simple, very direct appeal. Effects must be secured quickly and must follow each other in rapid succession. There are standard teams like Mr. and Mrs. "Jimmy" Barry, Will Cressy and Blanche Dayne, and a score of others that are absolutely fixed in the affections of vaudeville audiences because they can make fun. McIntyre and Heath did "The Georgia Minstrels" in variety and vaudeville for thirty years and they are now doing the same act with a few others in musical comedy.

It is rather curious that the stars who were graduated from the variety theatres years ago have been more successful than the later ones who have tried to break into the legitimate from vaudeville. Tony Pastor has a list of some forty famous people, like N. C. Goodwin, Lillian Russell, and May Irwin, who practically started in his theatre. Weber & Fields, the Rogers Brothers, Sam Bernard, Elsie Janis, to give names at hap-

Photograph by Wilson's Studio, Pueblo, Col.

ARNOLDO, THE ANIMAL TRAINER.

hazard, made their first success in vaudeville, and these are but a few of a long roll.

The rapidity with which salaries jump after a success is scored is remarkable. When Sam Bernard was a monologist, better known on the Bowery than on Broadway, he received about $200. His success with Weber & Fields trebled this salary. Then he went into musical comedy as a star for a salary of $1,000 a week. Now he is willing to return to vaudeville for $3,500 a week. He can get $2,500.

Within the last dozen years or so, Houdini, the "handcuff king," was appearing in a dime museum in New York and was glad to get $50 or $60 a week. The good vaudeville houses would not give him a chance, despite the fact that he presented one of the most remarkable acts on the stage. Houdini went abroad and made his name known the world over. Now he gets $1,500 a week, and his engagements are made two years ahead.

Vesta Victoria, who occupied about a third-rate position in the London music halls, came to New York two seasons ago at a salary of $400 a week, which she thought enormous. Her skill in singing one song, "Waiting at the Church," gave her a tremendous vogue, and her salary jumped to $2,500 a week. Alice Lloyd, a dainty little English girl, was glad to come to New York for $350. She made a very great success and now her American salary is $1,500 a week. She was content with about $150 a week in London.

Henry Lee, for years recognized as a particularly fine actor in legitimate rôles, entered vaudeville with a specialty that he called

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"Great Men Past and Present." His skill in these imitations made him one of the most popular "head-liners," as the aristocrats of vaudeville are called, and now he gets $800 a week. Nat Wills, who presents a tramp specialty that is howlingly funny and who is classed as a monologist, gets $750 a week for making people laugh, and the fact that he made an unsuccessful attempt to star in musical comedy hurt him not at all.

Early in the summer a young girl who had been in the chorus of musical shows for a couple of years without attracting any attention, decided that she could give imitations of the kind that made Cissie Loftus and Elsie Janis famous. For weeks she besieged managers for a chance, at any salary at all. Finally, William Hammerstein, being short an act for a Sunday afternoon concert, gave her an opportunity. Within a week Belle Blanch as she calls herself, was booked for a whole year at $500 a week.

Clara Wieland, a serpentine dancer, was widely known in vaudeville a dozen years ago. The serpentine dance ceased to be a novelty, and managers refused to book it. Miss Wieland was clever. She saw that imitations were exceedingly popular, so she practised them, and when she thought she was proficient she changed her name to Mary Ann Brown. The name caught the fancy of the managers as much as the act, and now Mary Ann Brown is a "head-liner" with all the engagements she cares to fill.

An animal performance always pleases; and occasionally one like Barnold's Dog and Monkey Pantomime scores a big hit. In this act not a human being appears on the stage. Dogs and monkeys only are seen; and a yellow "mutt" that plays a drunken man is a real actor. This act was engaged for the Victoria roof garden in New York at $300 a week. It made such a success that it was booked for two years at $1,000 a week.

The newest development in vaudeville is the presentation of elaborate ensemble acts with fine scenery and costumes. These have been so successful that there are regular producers of them, like Ned Wayburn, George Homans, and Lasky, Rolfe & Company. For "The Stunning Grenadiers," Lasky, Rolfe & Company imported a bevy of strapping English girls, provided them with three changes of costume and three sets of scenery, as well as lighting effects. At least $5,000 was invested in this single act, which runs the usual twenty minutes. "The Pianophiends" cost nearly as much, for the young men and women who play six pianos in concert wear fashionable and expensive clothes and the scenery is as fine as can be painted. George Homans imported Italian opera singers for his Zingari troupe, and the stage setting, with its elaborate lighting effects, is as artistic as that seen in high-priced regular theatres. It takes twelve people to present "A Night with the Poets," including a male quartet that wears evening clothes costing $90 for each member, people who pose as living pictures, and an actor who can read poetry. Ned Wayburn, an old minstrel man, has put on a great number of successful acts in which he employs at least a dozen people and three changes of costume, and three sets of scenery. Sometimes he has twenty people, and the principal performer receives $100 a week. "The Minstrel Misses," "The Rain Dears," and "The Futurity Winner" have become widely familiar in vaudeville theatres.

These big acts usually receive from $750 to $1,500 a week. The producer, who is also the manager, must pay the original cost, the salaries of the people he employs, and the transportation of the people and the scenery. His net profit on each act when it is playing averages about $100 a week. It is easier to book one of these big ensemble acts that costs a great deal than to book a cheaper one, because the vaudeville managers have found that audiences have been educated up to demanding the best that can be given them, and when people are pleased it means full houses. The managers make the audiences feel that they are receiving about double their money's worth. It's all business.

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THE ADVENTURER

By LLOYD OSBOURNE

Joint author with Robert Louis Stevenson of "The Wrecker" and "The Ebb-Tide"; author of "Motormaniacs," "Baby Bullet," etc.

[Conclusion]

CHAPTER XXV (*Continued*)

VERA and Kirk had talked of "seeing" Cassiquiare. See it, indeed! Why, to do that one would need an army of laborers, machetes, dynamite, ladders, a permanent camp, and months of time. In no more than a few hours, what could one do except gape at several of the façades, peer into some cavernous interiors, trail through the dense undergrowth on a search for fresh wonders, with the possibility of getting lost beyond all finding?

As the automobile impudently broke the quiet, its exhaust echoing with startling distinctness, and shivering the air with an incongruous modernity, Kirk perceived that he had come on an impossible errand. He would carry away with him no more than a blurred memory of gloom, grandeur, and decay; a haunting recollection of cliff-like façades, mossy, bulging, grotesquely carved, staring down at him over intervening jungle; and an undying regret to have to content himself with so little.

Guiding the car with a sure, deft hand, Crawshaw drove it forward with the nonchalant air of one who knew every inch of the road. Adroitly picking his way round mounds of tumbled masonry, dipping into gullies, and opening the throttle on the rise, shaving with a fine eye trees and stumps and rocks, he at length reached the entrance of the building, rumbled through its damp and tunnel-like interior, and with much winding and turning, picked a diagonal path across the courtyard beyond, to the arches of a gray and devastated wing.

Here, as they came to a stop, were seen some mean evidences of the invasion. A twentieth-century litter lay scattered on a stone floor whose slabs had been hewn and set, as like as not, some centuries before our Saviour's birth: picks and axes, an array of smoky lanterns, coils of line and rope, a can of kerosene, some broken packages of dynamite, sulphur matches, an old overcoat, a tin basin, towel, and cake of soap, a smeary drum of cylinder oil stoppered with a small funnel, dirty gunny-sacks, a bucket of water. Crawshaw and Henderson jumped down, and as though following an invariable routine, each began to light a lantern, shaking them to see if they were full.

"Of course you will want to come down with me, captain," said Crawshaw, picking up a sack, and eying Vera doubtfully. "But if it is too much for Miss Westbrook to attempt, we'll leave Henderson with her."

"Mayn't I have a sack?" inquired Kirk. "No reason why I shouldn't bear a hand, too, is there?"

"All right; take that one, captain."

"Let me have one too!" cried Vera, her eyes dancing with pleasure. "Sacks of treasure—just think of it! Crammed full of bars of gold—it's like a melodrama! Oh, Kirk, isn't it wonderful?"

"Banks will seem tame after this," he replied gaily. "You don't have to be identified here, and you draw what you can carry!"

He seized the lantern Crawshaw had given him, threw the sack over one shoulder, and impatiently demanded to be led on.

They proceeded in single file, Crawshaw leading, Henderson and Kirk in the center, Vera last, entering a dim corridor whose twilight gradually turned to darkness as they advanced. Behind them, through the jagged aperture that von Zedtwitz had made so many years before, the streaming sunlight diminished to a speck of fire. The lanterns, at first so feeble, grew steadily brighter. The pin-point of day vanished as the gallery turned, narrowed, and sank deeper into the rocky depths. The footfalls of the little party reverberated with a hollow, mournful sound, giving the sense of hundreds softly marching before and after them in an unending tramp.

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The air was peculiarly lifeless, as though scant of oxygen and contaminated with poisonous exhalations. It was hard to resist the conviction that the vaulted roof might at any moment give way—either to crush them beneath untold tons of rock, or, falling behind them, to block their exit forever. That this dread was not altogether chimerical was proved by several places where they had to crawl on their hands and knees over masses of fallen rubble; or squeeze past dislodged boulders—leaving between them and their retreat obstacles that in retrospect grew increasingly formidable and terrifying, as though door after door had closed behind them, and the bolts had been drawn on a living tomb.

The gallery ended in a lofty chamber of vague and unknown extent. The upraised hand touched nothing, and the voice re-echoed with richer vibrations. Crawshaw warned them to walk carefully, and led them to a sort of square well in the center. Here some steps descended into a void of impenetrable blackness—narrow, slimy stone steps, not two feet across, on one side hugging the wall, on the other unprotected by rope or railing. Kirk peered into the gloom over Crawshaw's shoulder. The little engineer started briskly to descend, but was suddenly arrested by an iron grip on his arm.

"For heaven's sake, hold on a minute!" cried Kirk. "I want to know where this thing stops."

"At the bottom," returned Crawshaw, grinning at his own repartee, and enjoying the captain's undisguised alarm.

"Great Scott, and where's that?"

"Stay here, and I'll show you," he said. "It reaches what we call the main level about forty feet below. I'll light you from down there, and Henderson from the top, and then you can see your way without trouble."

Man and lantern descended into the abyss. At the foot there was a wild flurry of bats, and a vision of flapping black wings, ribbed and skinny, flung hither and thither by the swirl of the engineer's lantern. Its light danced over the cavernous entrances of more underground passages, and was reflected in pools of water that partly concealed the floor. The thought of following cost Kirk a shudder, and Vera was clinging to him as though she had reached the limits of her courage. It was Henderson, more than Kirk, who rescued her from a shameful panic.

"Don't tak' on, young leddy," he said with kindly concern. "It's always the way with those new to it to balk here, and wish to gie back as fast as may be. It's but a passing qualm, and ye ought to know we've all felt it, even them that's now so bold and venturesome."

His voice itself was as reassuring as the words he uttered. There was not a shade of nervousness in that broad drawl; merely a sympathetic matter-of-factness that was infinitely encouraging.

"Aren't you coming?" cried Crawshaw from the depths.

"Do you dare?" whispered Kirk.

Vera assented tremblingly.

"If you like, we'll——"

"No, no, Kirk; only hold my hand tight, won't you?"

He went in front of her and cautiously guided her down the treacherous steps. Henderson, hanging over the edge above, slowly swung his lantern to and fro. At the foot was Crawshaw holding up his. The descent was safely made, and they found themselves in an atmosphere of penetrating cold and damp. An unwholesome moisture bedewed the walls, and oozing from a myriad pores, trickled to the floor, where it gathered in dismal pools. The blackness seemed to grow more profound, more intense, and the glimmering lanterns were shrouded in an inky pall that closed on them like something tangible. As Crawshaw led on, their feet splashed in unseen water, and stumbled over obstructions that disconcertingly blocked their way. It was a nightmare of slime and wet and darkness; of groping and falling; of sudden starts and terrors. All sense of direction was lost. They mounted. They descended. It was a labyrinth, without end or beginning. At times the rocky ceiling almost touched their heads; at others their outstretched hands closed on air, and it was as though they were passing through the vast aisles of a subterranean cathedral. Crawshaw would have stopped to elucidate these mysteries, and perkily show them some of the hidden wonders—but they urged him on with a vehemence that sprang from desperation. His willingness to strike aside, to abandon what was apparently the main thoroughfare, for radiating catacombs, to lose them still farther in the horrible maze, froze their blood. The little man was proud of his knowledge, and insistent on putting it at their disposal. He stepped out as surely as though the sun were shining overhead, and

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his eyes actually saw the things he described. But Kirk and Vera could not be tempted. They never put foot in the famous arsenal, where in serried thousands the primitive arms were said to be ranged. They turned deaf ears to his wish to stop in the store chambers and explore their musty recesses. They refused to shiver, with the pressure of a finger, those chests that fell to dust at the merest touch.

Kirk was on fire to finish the whole adventure. He bitterly took himself to task for ever having led his sweetheart into it. He was oppressed by the darkness, the choking air, the hideous possibilities of disaster. His heart beat quickly, and his brain was in a whirl of apprehension. What would happen if the oil gave out? If Crawshaw were to lose his way, and suddenly confess with horror that he knew not how to extricate them? What if they were left, without light or food or water, to face a lingering and dreadful death in those underground caverns? He tried to put these thoughts from him, to affect the tourist-like interest that Crawshaw seemed to demand—but it was in vain. He could do neither. His one consuming desire was for the free air of heaven.

At length they stopped.

"Here we are," cried the engineer, raising his lantern to look at his watch. "How long do you suppose it has taken us, captain?"

Kirk hazarded an hour. Vera, on being pressed, faintly guessed a half hour more.

Crawshaw burst out laughing.

"Seventeen minutes," he said.

Kirk, incredulous, confirmed the extraordinary fact with his own timepiece.

"It's an illusion," went on Crawshaw. "It's hard to account for. You are closer within the mark than most of them. I've known them to say three hours."

Snapping his watch shut, and bidding them remain where they were, he took a dozen steps from them; and bending down, was seen to fumble with a small apparatus on a wooden box. Then he struck a match, and held it to what was apparently an acetylene gas-burner. There was a tiny flicker, a sound of escaping air, and two dancing specks of flame swelled into one, and suddenly rose in a little fan. The effect was dazzling in the extreme to eyes grown accustomed to obscurity. They found themselves standing in a high and brilliantly illuminated chamber, some thirty feet square and a dozen high, with every nook and cranny of it bared to view. The first feeling of astonishment gave way to unspeakable relief. The long-drawn tension snapped. They could hardly take in what Crawshaw was saying. He wished to have his improvised generator admired, his ingenuity applauded; they could see for themselves that the generator consisted of nothing more than an old meat-can, with a seepage of water through a core of unglazed earthenware.

But there were more exciting things to exclaim over. On one side, methodically stacked against the wall, was an array of dark, moldy, familiar-looking bars, built up in a crisscross fashion sixteen inches or so above the floor. The inroads already made upon the treasure were apparent from the moss and discoloration that rose, not unlike a sort of wainscoting, to a much greater height, clearly defining a recent line of demarcation. But enough still remained, a fraction though it was of the original hoard, to constitute a fortune running into the hundreds of thousands.

Kirk and Vera, in fascinated silence, gazed at the ingots that had lain thus lost and forgotten for incalculable years. To touch them was as though to bridge the chasm of centuries and close hands with the phantoms of the past. Even in that far-off time, gold had been the symbol of all that was precious and desirable. Ease could be purchased with it —pretty women, luxury, power, palaces, and slaves. The fortunate were esteemed those who could find it, who could take it, who could keep it. The ages had rolled over this vanished people, and the mocking emblem for which they had struggled, schemed, and fought, alone survived them. At what a cost of human misery it had doubtless been gathered together! What countless backs, bleeding under the lash, had won it of mother earth! What wars, what crimes, what tortures had not the amassing of it involved! Gold! the immemorial incentive, the immemorial curse of all human activity—where can you find the least piece of it that is not splashed with blood!

Crawshaw and Henderson loaded their bags. Kirk, in a sort of maze, followed their example. It all made for him an ineffaceable picture—the sunken chamber; the ingots; the white, intent faces; Vera's slender figure, so incongruous and beautiful against the dark stone; the blinding fan of flame fed from a tin can that still bore a Chicago label.

Crawshaw extinguished the gas, and as he

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did so, the scene vanished forever. The dull gleam of the lanterns hardly more than sufficed to light their feet, and they were again engulfed in an all-pervading night. In single file, the men bending under their sacks, they began to retrace their way, and follow out the tortuous passages through which they had come.

It was as eerie a progress as the one before, as ghostly and full of tremors. The rock seemed to crush them in as though with an intolerable weight. They were entombed; the coffin-lid was descending; they were suffocating in a horrible, clammy darkness. Such at least, as nearly as they can be put into words, were their sensations, which no amount of will-power could altogether dispel. The best that resolution could do was to keep them at bay, and coerce the shrinking flesh with appeals to reason, to sanity. Courage returned only as they mounted the side of the well, and found themselves on the upper level. Instantly their hearts lightened; the air grew less oppressive; the rays of their lanterns seemed to penetrate a greater distance and bathe the party in an increased effulgence. It became possible for the first time to talk and laugh with unconcern, to throw aside all apprehensions, to regard the whole adventure as already finished.

Indeed it almost was. A few minutes more, and they might expect to see the crack of sunshine at the end of the last tunnel. They redoubled their pace. It was good to think of the daylight beyond, and of the fresh wonders awaiting them. Crawshaw promised them a stay of two hours more, and was himself to be their guide. They were to climb to the very top of the building, exploring it as they went, and then look down on the entire city. They were to——

His eager voice was silenced by a long, low rumble, so faint, so mysterious, that it was impossible to determine from what direction it came.

The little party halted instinctively, and drew closer together.

"It's thunder," said Crawshaw, straining his ears. "Yes, it's thunder!"

The rumbling died down.

They went on, slowly and uneasily, whispering conjectures. Perhaps it was a landslide. Or could one of the galleries behind them have fallen in?

"Hush!" cried Kirk suddenly. "There it goes again."

The rumbling recommenced, dully and fitfully.

"It's thunder," persisted the engineer, petulant with misgiving.

"Hardly likely on a day like this," said Henderson. "Why, there wasn't a cloud in the sky."

"Well, it has to be thunder, for there's nothing else it can be," exclaimed Crawshaw sharply.

"I am not so sure," put in Kirk. "I'm not sure at all that it is thunder."

Then raising his lantern, he looked the others squarely in the face.

"Crawshaw," he cried, "those are the machine guns of the Fortuna."

CHAPTER XXVI

For a moment they were too stunned to move. Then flinging down their sacks, they began to run, urging one another to a frantic haste. The reverberation of their feet on the stony floor drowned all other sound. The consuming thought was to reach the open air, and verify Kirk's terrible surmise. If it were the guns, it meant that the ship was beset and fighting for her life. It meant that their own retreat was cut off.

At sight of the opening, they redoubled their pace. The twilight made their lanterns no longer necessary, and they dashed them aside to lie smoking where they fell. Kirk loosened the revolver in his holster, and warned the others to do the same. They knew not what they might find outside, and it was well to be ready for the worst. As they darted into the open, and gathered, panting and breathless, about the car, the boom of the distant guns broke with unmistakable meaning on their ears, rolling and rerolling with a harsh, furious splutter that told of a desperate battle below.

No time was lost in taking counsel or in making plans. Crawshaw started up his engine, and they were off in the twinkling of an eye, with a headlong rush that tossed caution to the winds—Vera beside the engineer; Kirk huddled on the floor at her feet, his long forty-four glistening across his knee; Henderson standing up behind, his tall figure swaying with every lurch of the car, his face set and grim, as he stared unblinkingly ahead.

They shot down the track at a lightning pace, with a grind of brakes at the turns, and skids that threatened to pare the tires off the rims. Crawshaw handled the car like a racer, which meant that he took his own life in his

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hands, and forgot that the others had any to lose. But fast as he went, the straining hearts he bore wished for faster still, and voices shouted to him madly to let her out. Every second was unendurable that kept them from the lookout point.

They tore like a whirlwind down the last stretch, and ran out on the shoulder of the mountain as though to bound over the precipice beyond. The brakes, set hard, failed to bring the car to a standstill, and the metal screeched shrilly as she glided, with barely checked momentum, toward the yawning brink. Had not Crawshaw meshed his reverse in the very nick of time, they would all have plunged into eternity. But they had no time to commend him, nor to shudder at the narrowness of their escape. Their eyes were fixed on the Fortuna far below; and her plight, now startlingly visible, engrossed their whole and undivided attention.

She was bearing away under full sail, hotly pursued on either flank by black, seething masses of mounted savages. Flame was spitting from her sides, and the air was rent by sharp, low detonations that rose and fell irregularly like the popping of distant firecrackers. The wind, though steady, was far from strong. The horsemen easily kept pace with the ship, and occasionally some even outran her, and attempted to head her off as they might a wild bull. But the Fortuna drove into them with resistless force, and her wheels jolted over those that failed to escape in time or were shot down from the foremast rigging as they turned to fly. At first sight, it seemed a most unequal contest, with everything in favor of the ship. But the pertinacity of the savages, their fanatical resolution, their enormous numbers, unthinned and undismayed by that hail of death—all shook the confidence of the onlookers as to the ultimate outcome.

These wolves of the llano, individually so harmless, with nothing but bows and arrows, spears, and an occasional flint-lock to oppose smokeless powder and steel-tipped bullets, were in the mass a most formidable enemy, and terrible to withstand. They were capable of beating down all resistance by sheer weight and intrepidity. As Kirk gazed down at that tornado of battle, he was staggered to see how slight an impression, after all, the Fortuna was able to make on the dark sea encompassing her. Her guns mowed down wide swaths of men and horses; they fell as trimly as grass before a scythe; but the shattered ranks refilled, the scythe cut and cut apparently in vain; the swarming horde neither slackened its pursuit, nor showed, in the aggregate, the smallest lessening of numbers.

Had the breeze freshened, which, alas, there was no sign of its doing, the tactics of the previous conflict might have been repeated with terrific advantage. The ship might then have been put about, and her vast bulk been utilized to tear repeated pathways through her enemies, and grind untold numbers beneath her wheels. But what wind there was hardly sufficed to keep her moving at more than six or seven knots an hour—a speed prohibitive of all such tactics—and thus her most powerful weapon, her mobility, was unfortunately unavailable.

But more alarming than anything else was the unaccountable confusion that seemed to reign on board. The firing became fitful and unsteady. Several times she yawed wildly, and narrowly escaped jibing. Tiny figures could be seen slipping down the rigging, seemingly abandoning their posts in panic. The machine guns stopped altogether, though a persistent rifle-fire could be plainly heard, and with it a faint, muffled sound of undistinguishable import. Could it be cheering? But the wake showed no signs of increased slaughter. On the contrary, the dribble of bodies nearly ceased, and the melancholy ribbon of them, stretching far across the plain, began to widen with great gaps—ominous portent of the ship's ebbing resistance.

Suddenly she wore ship, and the maneuver opened her broadside to view. Then was learned the reason for her apparent abandonment of the fight. Her forecastle was black with men, and a hand-to-hand battle was taking place on her forward deck. The savages had gained a foothold on her bow, and were obstinately holding their own, while their numbers were constantly reenforced from below. Figures could be seen struggling frantically to clamber aboard; occasionally one would fall back into the boiling, swirling mass from which he had arisen. Axes sparkled in the sun; rifles cracked; pistols rained incessant bullets. But the savages seemed not to give an inch.

The battle, like some wild sea squall, drove steadily to leeward. The Fortuna dwindled in the immeasurable expanse. The reverberations lessened; her decks grew indistinct; the galloping savages shrank to a mere stain on the red-brown earth. The

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issue was lost on the dark rim of the horizon, above which nothing showed but the upper spars, and the lofty kits still full of wind. Thus she melted into the uttermost haze, a feather against the sky-line, a speck, the mystery of her fate still unknown as she passed from sight, perhaps forever.

In the intensity of his preoccupation, Kirk had completely forgotten himself and the others with him. He awoke from a sort of dream, and, trembling in every limb, drew his hand across a forehead wet with sweat. For a moment he was absolutely unmanned. Vera had sunk to the ground beside him, and her shoulders shook with an occasional sobbing breath that quavered like a child's. Crawshaw was seated on the step of the automobile, staring into vacancy with a look of unspeakable despair. Henderson lay on the track, his face hidden by his arm as though for him the world had ended, and he realized the hopelessness of any further effort.

Kirk put his arm about Vera and drew her up. He pressed her close to him with a tragic pity. He kissed her as he might on the edge of the grave, with the tenderness and poignancy of an eternal farewell. His warm lips seemed to break the spell that benumbed her. She clung to him, clasping her hands about his neck and giving way to uncontrollable emotion. His cheeks were wet with her tears; her slender, girlish body nestled against him, solaced by the sense of his strength and courage and resolution—and, as is the way of woman—calling them all into being by her very faith in their existence.

Soothed and comforted, she gradually recovered some degree of composure; and though still deadly pale, and at times quivering with violent tremors, she managed, with the help of Kirk's supporting arm, to totter over to Crawshaw, and take a seat beside him on the long step. The little engineer made no movement, not even turning his head.

"What's to be done?" asked Kirk, breaking the intolerable silence.

"I don't know," returned Crawshaw in a listless tone. "We're done for, I suppose. We'll never get out of this."

Kirk next tried Henderson. He roused him from his stupor of dejection, and forced him to get up.

"Don't lie there like a log," he cried. "If this is the end, meet it like a man."

Henderson, risen to his feet, glowered stupidly at him.

"Come along, and talk things over," said Kirk, ignoring his surly manner. "We're all in the same box, aren't we? There's no use giving up before we have to. Keep your brains for a better purpose."

Henderson laughed mirthlessly. He was a tall, spare, reddish creature of a harsh geniality, who was ordinarily rated one of their best and stanchest men, always cool, always resourceful, always the first to volunteer for anything disagreeable or dangerous. To have him falter now was to Kirk like a blow in the back. His heart grew heavier than ever as he accompanied him back to Vera and Crawshaw. Together they made a forlorn little group about the car.

"Now, see here, everybody," began Kirk. "I want you all to listen to me, and listen hard. We can't go back to Cassiquiare—that's plain. No food, no hope, no anything. We certainly can't stay here, waiting like ninnies for angels to descend and help us. Well, what's left? Why, to take the gamble—to chance the savages, and chance picking up the ship."

"They've got her by this time," said Henderson.

"How do you know that?"

"It's a thousand to one, anyhow."

"Then you don't know. How can you possibly know? The last we saw of her she was still under control. There was still a white man at that wheel, Henderson. How long could she have laid a course if our fellows had been bested? Not a minute, by George! The masts would have been out of her before you could say Jack Robinson."

"And what when the wind falls at sundown?"

"She may have fought herself clear by that time."

"Or not."

"Yes—or not. That's one of the chances we have to take. We have to go on the supposition that she has pulled through. Admit that she has, for argument—isn't it our policy to reach her?"

"But we may never pick her up at all," said the engineer, putting in a word for the first time. "We've no compass, no means of letting them know our predicament, no certainty of even following her in the right direction. What's to prevent our getting stuck out there in the middle of nowhere?"

"No worse than this, old fellow."

Crawshaw shuddered.

"It's something to die in peace," he said. "There are no Indians here."

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"No great difference in the long run," returned Kirk stoutly. "There will be fewer Indians—I'll answer for that— How are we off for cartridges?"

There ensued a grim counting.

Seventy-nine. A pitiful supply.

"These are as good as a thousand," said Henderson, poking the little heap with a stubby finger. "I take it, the captain's idea ain't to fight—it's to get through somehow—and if we hammer off the exhaust pipes the noise will be worth more to us than any pistol-popping."

"A good suggestion," cried Kirk. "We can make a frightful racket by stripping off the hood, and letting the cylinders exhaust into the open air."

"And get an increased efficiency," exclaimed Crawshaw, awakening to technical interest. "At least fourteen per cent."

He jumped up as though to set about the task.

"Oh, not yet," protested Kirk in alarm. "We don't want to start off shooting like a cannon. We don't want to attract any more attention than necessary. There may be no savages at all, remember; or they may be at such a distance that we can slip through without detection."

"But the hood can come off directly," said Henderson with eagerness; "and then it will take only a few taps to do the rest when the time comes."

What a help it was to do something! It is inaction that kills. The task of breaking off the hinges made a welcome diversion. Crawshaw fumbled in his tool-chest, and handed out tools with a matter-of-fact air as though he drew confidence from their very touch. Henderson briskly seized the hammer and cold chisel, and neatly parted the brass. The two covers were flung away, revealing below the compact and powerful engine. Then Henderson took a look at the tires, and gave each one a friendly kick.

"The auld limmer's ready if you are," he said, smiling at Kirk. "It won't be her fault if we don't make it."

For a while Kirk stood silent, unable to utter the command to start. The unknown loomed before him, pregnant with terrible possibilities. He paused on the threshold, less from indecision than to pull himself together and steel his nerves for the worst that might befall. Crawshaw's wail returned to him with tempting significance. "To die in peace! To die in peace!" Ah, in contrast to the horrors awaiting them below was it not better, after all, to submit to the inevitable, and choose the easier way? To choose their death, instead of having to accept it in some horrible and agonizing form, amid shrieks and powder-smoke and raining arrows and thrusting spears? The cowardly flesh would have it that Crawshaw was right. The soul within said no, and again no; a brave man fights to the last, and then falls, if he must, with unconquered intrepidity.

Vera's eyes, so brilliant, so wild, so insatiably fixed on his own, pierced him with indescribable pangs. Her beauty, her youth, her grace and delicacy had never seemed to him so precious as at that moment, when, with a breaking heart, he mutely took farewell of her.

"Boys," he said in a husky voice, "it's time to be off!"

The engine, at the throw of the switch, began to explode and roar. Kirk hastily changed places with Vera, making her crouch at his feet while he took her former, more dangerous seat beside Crawshaw. The ponderous car leaped back, leaped forward, and with a sharp turn of the wheel and a clang of gears, sped swiftly down the incline.

CHAPTER XXVII

REVOLVERS in hand, Kirk and Henderson each watched the road in front like hawks, and at every turn of its twisting course drew a breath of relief to find it still unbarred and uncontested. It was so narrow in places that a single good-sized boulder could have held them prisoners, while from above a shower of rocks might easily have been dislodged to destroy them. As they skirted crags and precipices, they kept looking above in involuntary terror, lest with crashing fury some unseen enemy might let fly at them with this primitive artillery. But nothing disturbed their downward passage, and the deep silence was unbroken save by the drone of the coils and the sound of their panting engine, echoing and reechoing through the rocky gorges.

Their courage rose. Their fingers tightened on their weapons with a surer grip. They began to feel a certain exhilaration in their own hardihood and daring. Man—and the white man most of all—is indeed a fighting animal, and once his first tremors are overcome, he draws a long breath and is good till

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he drops. Kirk grew conscious of the change in himself. He seemed to see it, too, in the visage of the gaunt Scotchman; in little Crawshaw, bent over the wheel, with lips compressing at every jolt, and a new light shining through his spectacles.

Mile after mile rolled away behind them, and still they were unchallenged. They had the solitude to themselves, and seemed to share it with no other living creature. They were engulfed in a vast loneliness, which was but intensified by the measured beat of the motor, and the rhythmic purring of the chains.

Of a sudden, shooting round a curve, they were electrified by the sight of the other car, —its nose rammed into the hillside, its engine racing furiously, and the overheated radiator boiling out torrents of water and steam. The seat was empty, but over the dashboard, in a limp and dreadful attitude, there hung the ghastly apparition of a man.

They jumped out and ran to him. The face, as they raised it, and looked into the staring, sightless eyes, was that of Weaver, the jockey. His neck had been pierced by a spear; blood was oozing from a dozen other wounds, discoloring his shabby khaki suit with great splotches of crimson; one hand still clutched an arrow that he had torn from his living flesh. They gazed at the corpse with awe, gripping their revolvers, and asking one another, in hushed voices, what his errand could have been.

A closer inspection gave the answer.

At his feet there was a rough package of sailcloth, which, when pulled out and opened on the ground, showed them what he had died to bring. Here, tumbled together, were biscuits and cartridges, some cans of preserved meat, a demijohn of water, and four rifles—snatched, as one might a life-belt, to throw to a drowning man. This bundle had cost poor Weaver his heart's blood. His had been the thought, his had been the devotion, and now, as it were from his dead hands, they reverently received his charge.

Presumably with a dying effort, he had disengaged the clutch, and pushed both spark and throttle into the last notch, with a view to daunting his pursuers by the ensuing uproar. But whether this had been done by design or by accident, there was little doubt as to its effect. The sixty-horse engine, reverberating with unchecked and terrific velocity, had been left to rack itself to pieces, and to stem, with ear-splitting menace, the final rush of the savages on their prey. Its own destruction was the price of those few minutes, at most not more than an hour, that had filled the tragic interval.

The rifles—service Mausers with side-clips —were hastily loaded; the boxes of cartridges were transferred to their own car; the provisions and demijohn were replaced in their original wrapping, and carefully packed in the locker beneath the seat. All this was done in a fever of haste and impatience—the thunder of both engines seeming to urge them on with a thrilling reminder that every moment was precious. Crawshaw jumped up beside Weaver's body, and, pushing it to one side, backed the car to the edge of the ravine. Then all three men laid hold of the wheels, and with a united effort tumbled it over. It crashed down the steep incline like an avalanche, no one looking to see where it finally landed. It was enough that the road was clear, and they were free to proceed.

Then they were off again, the engine humming as Crawshaw advanced the spark to a twenty-mile clip. The track was too rough to bear more, for they were now on the lower levels, where often for considerable lengths the ground was untouched by either pick or shovel. Jolting and bumping on their doubling springs, they held on their way with fierce vigilance, their rifle-barrels covering every rock and bush that enfiladed them. There was something peculiarly trying in the sense of unseen foes surrounding them, of unseen hands bending back venomous bows, of unseen eyes measuring distances and aiming at the heart. Those that had done for Weaver could not be far afield. The wilderness seemed peopled with lurking phantoms.

The country grew more open, as, with lessening billows, it gradually attained the plain. Rocks and bushes disappeared, and with them the apprehensions of which they had been the cause. No ambuscade was possible on the sun-baked earth, unbroken by even a blade of grass. What enemy there might be, had to show himself a mile or more away. The rifle, in cool hands, was now a hundred times more formidable than it had been. With its long reach, it could laugh at the puny arrows brought against it. Numbers would still tell, of course; but it was good to think that it was no longer in the power of the savages to surprise them, and that before succumbing they could sell their lives most dearly.

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At length they drew near the familiar place where for so many weeks the Fortuna had stood, immovable and towering, like a ship becalmed on a glassy sea. They slowed down, and gazed with a sort of disconcerted wonder, and a strange feeling of homelessness, at the spot they knew so well. All about them was the disordered litter of their camp—empty drums of gasoline; bottles; stacks of tin cans; some piles of firewood; a tarpaulin, freshly painted and pegged out to dry; tools still lying where they had been dropped; the pit for the automobiles; spades, picks, and crowbars in a heap; and those inevitable scraps of paper, fluttering in the wind, that everywhere seem to accompany civilized man on his wanderings, and mark his deserted resting-places.

Beyond, they passed the first body, the forerunner of those fallen hundreds that were to guide them so many gruesome miles across the llano. The savage had been caught beneath one of the Fortuna's wheels, and lay crushed and hideous, his outstretched hands clawing the earth as though in a despairing effort to draw himself away. Near him was a horse, weltering in blood; and a dozen yards farther on were more naked and prostrate forms huddled thickly together as though one volley had brought them down. And so it continued, with a horrible monotony, a horrible sameness, till the attention grew callous, and the flesh no longer shuddered nor sickened at horror upon horror. Occasionally a head lifted itself, and snarled at them. Figures were passed, with matted hair and dark gleaming eyes, crouching and nodding on the blood-stained earth; others could be seen writhing, crawling, convulsively struggling to extricate themselves from the heaped-up dead that smothered them.

There was a grim satisfaction in the thought of the diminished numbers to encounter. To the white man, in his extremity, the dead Indian is always the best Indian. The trail of corpses seemed to promise that the Fortuna might yet save herself. Surely the men who had defended themselves thus valiantly would not go down before that last onslaught they had witnessed on her decks! Surely the savages must have been weakened and the mass of them discouraged by so terrible a slaughter!

There were horses everywhere. Tough, thin, wiry little broncos, caught from the wild herds that roamed at will over the prairie. A fine stock that had reverted to nature—as thrifty as goats, as indomitable as Arabs, as tireless and spirited as their far-off sires in Andalusia. The car, grinding on its second speed, startled many into floundering and ineffectual attempts to rise. Others, dragging themselves miserably on three legs, snorted, reared, and tried to run, only to fall exhausted before they had covered a dozen yards.

The sun set in a wild and fiery splendor, the warning of heavy weather soon to come. The wake of battle thinned, and at last abruptly ended. Before them stretched the plain, as pathless, as illimitable as the sea. They stopped the car, and, getting out, put ear to the earth in the hope of some guiding sound. But there was none, and they had no alternative but to blunder forward and keep as straight a course as they could—the sun their compass till dusk, and then the starry constellation of the Cross. But where? To what? The Fortuna lay somewhere in that vast void, but how slender the chance of ever finding her; and if she were found, might not their success be more terrible, more heart-rending than any failure? What if they came upon her, ghostly, gray, and silent in the night, her decks a charnel-house, her crew sleeping their last sleep beside her guns?

They moistened their throats with a draft of the warm, vapid water. Eat they could not. They had neither the time nor the inclination. On, on, on—that was the impelling impulse. To put, if possible, their awful doubts at rest; perhaps, God willing, to find the ship all well and safe, and friendly hands outstretched to grasp their own. They started again, their spirits descending with the sun, the long shadows darkening their souls. Cramped with long sitting, worn out by devastating emotions, dejected, despairing, body and brain alike spent, they resumed, with gloomy acquiescence, their racking, toilsome way.

The twilight deepened into dusk. The Cross glimmered in the southern sky. Moving, always moving, yet they seemed to make no progress. The dome above, the flat below, they themselves seemed to remain in the very center of an unshifting world. They swept the pitiless horizon in vain for the least break, for the faintest outline of spars and rigging that lay somewhere or other beyond in the infinite solitude. But nothing rewarded their straining sight.

The engine began to splutter and gasp. It took no expert to tell that something was seriously wrong with it. The car slowed

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down. It stopped. Crawshaw made no reply to the anxious questions addressed to him. He ran behind, bent down, and then reappeared with a haggard face.

"Tank's dry," he explained curtly. "Been leaking for miles. The old wagon has run her last yard!"

He leaned both elbows on the dash-board, and looked up at them. The action was eloquent of hopelessness.

"Run her last yard!"

They were castaways, indeed.

The radiator was boiling sullenly. The smell of roasting metal and hot oil was wafted to them. It was hard to realize that their willing giant had given up the struggle, and was now no more than an inert mass of steel.

Kirk was the first to put a good face on the matter—the cruelest and hardest duty of leadership.

"I don't know that we need cry about it," he said. "Perhaps we are as well off here as anywhere. The ship is sure to beat back for us to-morrow."

"If anybody is alive to do it," muttered Henderson in sinister agreement.

"We're going on that idea," exclaimed Kirk angrily. "If she's gone—well, so are we—and all the gasoline in the world wouldn't help us!"

Crawshaw nodded.

"Captain's right," he said, pulling out his pipe and lighting it. "That is, if the rest of those beggars aren't too close to us. (Puff, puff.) If they are (puff, puff), we are in a nasty place (puff, puff), and no doubt about it." (Puff, puff.)

Kirk and Henderson followed his example. For several minutes the talk ran back and forth on the same subject—the risk of going on, were such a thing possible; the risk of staying, which now had to be accepted as unavoidable; and the chance of the ship's picking them up. It was determined to demolish the deck of the car, and keep a small fire burning all next day. Here was another peril, but what other means did they have of signaling their position? A column of smoke would carry twenty miles at least, and though the savages might see it, so also might the ship.

It was Vera's voice that thrilled on them with a startling interruption.

"Hush," she exclaimed. "I am sure I heard something."

There was an instant silence.

"Over there," she whispered. "Listen."

From the gathering shades there came the faint and measured tramp of innumerable feet, the sound of horses' hoofs, the clank of metal, and an undistinguishable humming as of a marching company, drawing nearer and ever nearer.

They sprang to their rifles, and waited, with thickly beating hearts, for what was to befall. Cock, cock, cock—back went the triggers. Death was approaching with muffled tread. Teeth clenched, and muscles tightened. It was the end at last.

From out of the night there rose a dark line of men and horses, the foremost ranks of a dim and straggling battalion behind. The course of the savages was not directly toward the car, but rather as though to pass it within a distance of twenty yards. The breathless little party waited for it to swerve and face about; waited for the yell of exultation at discovering them; waited for the terrific onslaught that should roll up to the very muzzles of their weapons and carry them before it.

But to their stupefaction there was no sign of turning. The long and plodding band held on its way in silence. Impassive faces regarded them. A hand was pointed; that was all.

It was only by degrees that they penetrated the mystery, and understood the reason of that grim, slow, and stumbling progress through the dusk. There was hardly a man there who was not wounded, hardly a horse that could move out of a walk. That was why those naked figures swayed in their saddles, supported by the upraised arms of others trudging on foot beside them; why, hanging to every stirrup, some wretched, limping creature held himself from dropping, and clung with the tenacity of despair to what for him meant life itself. It was the shattered remnants of the horde that only a few hours before had pressed the ship so hard. Spent and broken, maimed, bleeding, and hardly able to drag one foot after the other, they passed in slow procession, and silently disappeared into the darkness.

CHAPTER XXVIII

It was some time before any one spoke. In spite of the witness of their eyes, they could not at once shake off an instinctive feeling of apprehension. Their rifles followed their vanished enemy, and they waited breathlessly for some act of treachery or guile. It

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was only as the shuffling footfalls died entirely away that they were able to comprehend the full extent of their good fortune. Not only immunity from attack; that, incredible and surprising though it was, seemed as nothing compared with the assurance of the Fortuna's safety. For surely that was what was implied. How otherwise could they explain the forlorn and spectral retreat of those dejected hundreds? The ship had triumphed!

They shook hands on it with the fervor of men reprieved at the foot of the gallows. "She's safe, she's safe!" they repeated in an ecstasy of delight. They laughed uproariously in a revulsion that verged on delirium. Rescue was close at hand. A few hours, that was all—a few hours, and then—!

Before they could get back to earth, and while they were still in the throes of a feverish and almost agonizing elation, their attention was suddenly held spellbound by a flash of light. It shot into the sky before them, a thin, brilliant shaft like that of a far-distant beacon, and moved restlessly to and fro. It was the ship calling to her children across the night! It was the Fortuna, questioning the blackness with her vivid searchlight, seeking news and sending it!

Ah, with what a shout they greeted her, as though no long miles lay between, as though the spacious prairie had shrunk to a few yards! Crawshaw was the first to recover himself. With trembling fingers he loosened one of the lamps from its bracket, and, putting a match to the gas, placed it back at such an angle that ray answered ray, and the two met and crossed each other in the sky above. If good news came, good news also went, and deeply anxious hearts comforted one another in mute communion.

The first thought was to abandon everything, and push forward at any cost; to throw aside guns and food, and defying exhaustion, distance, and danger, reach the ship as fast as their weary limbs could bear them. But on maturer consideration the risk seemed too great, and the chance of success too uncertain. They were utterly worn out, and in no condition for a tramp of twenty, thirty, perhaps forty miles. The prospect of sinking on the way, with nothing to sustain them, and no means of making their position known, was too desperate to be hazarded. Here were food, water, weapons, ammunition in abundance; planks with which to make a fire, and raise a pillar of smoke when the sun should put out their lamp; here ease and certainty, with nothing to do but wait, with what patience they might, till the ship beat back for them. It was a hard conclusion to come to. The Fortuna's light beckoned to them with an almost unendurable insistence, bidding them to hasten.

They settled themselves on the ground as comfortably as they could. The terrible day was over, with all its shuddering horrors. The good old ship, so long given up for lost, was winking and blinking at them with dazzling encouragement.

Winking and blinking, indeed. Why was it never still? What could explain those incessant alternations, so regular, so irregular, so baffling and capricious? Kirk, much tantalized, was roused to time the periods with his watch. The short flashes averaged three seconds apart, the blanks thirty. He grew immensely excited.

"Crawshaw," he cried, "they're signaling us!"

"Of course they are," returned the little engineer indifferently. "I've noticed it all along, only as we haven't the key I thought it would be too disappointing to tell you."

"You don't know the Morse code?"

"No."

"Nor you, Henderson?"

"The dot and dash wigwag business? No, captain."

"Who on board the ship does know it?"

"I can't think of anybody but Mr. Westbrook," said Crawshaw. "It would be just like him, at least, to have it poked away in his head somewhere. There's nothing in applied electricity that he hasn't mastered at one time or another."

Kirk cried out delightedly.

"Then he's unhurt! Vera, your father must be safe! That's what he is telling us!"

His words were received with a chorus of enthusiastic agreement. The Morse code, however unintelligible in detail, had yet contrived to pierce the night with one precious bit of news.

All at once Kirk called for pencil and paper.

"I've an idea," he exclaimed breathlessly. His voice was vibrant, almost harsh. The others, thrilling with astonishment, hurriedly sought their pockets. Henderson had a stub of pencil. Kirk snatched it from his hand.

"Paper, paper!" he demanded in an agony of impatience.

There was no paper. Not a scrap any-

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where. Henderson volunteered to soak off one of the meat-labels.

"Can't wait for that," snapped Kirk. "Good heavens, I must have it, and have it quick! Look again, boys. Look, look!"

"Would sandpaper do?" asked Crawshaw doubtfully.

"Yes—splendidly!"

Crawshaw ran to the tool-box, and got a couple of sheets.

"And bring one of the lamps," cried Kirk after him. "One of the kerosene lamps."

The contagion of his excitement had seized them all. They, too, were in a tremble of expectancy and wonder. They watched him take one of the sheets of sandpaper, turn it over, spread it flat on his knee, and, lighted by the lamp Crawshaw held beside him, scribble, scribble, scribble as though his life depended on it. Then he stopped, handed the second sheet to Vera, together with the pencil, and asked her, with the same mysterious intensity of voice and expression, to write down the numbers he would give her.

Retaining the first sheet, and mumbling to himself as he slowly counted the flashes, he at intervals called out the following numbers:

"Nineteen, one, six, five, blank. One, eighteen, five, blank. Twenty-five, fifteen, twenty-one, blank. Nineteen, one, six, five, blank."

"Now let's see what we've got," he went on, scanning his key. "What was your first number?"

"Nineteen."

"S—go on."

"One."

"A—go on."

"Six."

"F—go on."

"Five."

"E—that's right!"

"Blank."

"S-a-f-e—*safe!*"

There was a tumultuous outcry at his ingenuity.

"No Morse code about it!" he explained rapturously, as they pressed about him. "Just the old alphabet, numbered regularly down the line. A, one; b, two, and so on! Transparently simple and obvious. Here, don't bother me. Shut up, Henderson. A little lower with the glim, Crawshaw. What are the next numbers, girlie?"

"One, eighteen, five."

"A-r-e—*are.*"

"Twenty-five, fifteen, twenty-one."

"Y-o-u—*you.* Yes?"

"Nineteen, one, six, five."

"S-a-f-e—*safe.*"

"Any more?"

"No, Kirk."

He read over the four words.

"*Safe are you safe?*"

There was no time to waste in further congratulations. The pressing need was to answer the ship, and so systemize their work that it should be as little cumbersome as possible. The engineer, with a chamois-skin that had been used for straining gasoline, was appointed signaler; Vera, timer; Henderson, recorder; Kirk, sender and decipherer.

"Twenty-five, five, nineteen," was Kirk's first message. "*Yes.*"

The following messages are copied verbatim from Henderson's sheet. It was preserved as among the most highly prized relics of the expedition. The writing is coarse and blurred, and very difficult to make out. The paper, originally of a light fawn color, has turned to dirty gray, and is so creased and broken that in some cases the words have been only guessed at. The ship's telegrams, if they may so be called, are in each case marked by an X to distinguish them from the others.

X "*Is Vera safe?*"

"*Yes who asks?*"

X "*Westbrook give casualties.*"

"*Weaver killed.*"

X "*Any wounded?*"

"*None.*"

X "*Ship hard pressed escaped do you need help?*"

"*No.*"

X "*In danger?*"

"*No.*"

X "*Can you hold out till wind rises tomorrow?*"

"*Yes.*"

X "*Have you food and water?*"

"*Yes.*"

X "*How can you mark your position?*"

"*Will make fire to guide.*"

X "*Very good we will find you.*"

"*We ask news specially yourself.*"

X "*Am unharmed Phillips Emms Ford Webster Bruce killed Cohen dying.*"

"*Convey to Cohen wounded and all admiration of heroic defense.*"

X "*Will obey good night.*"

"*Good night.*"

The signals ceased on either side, and soon after the ship's light sank, flickered, and went

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out. Their own, too, was extinguished, and with it seemed to go the stars. The all-encompassing darkness resumed its sway, sultry, brooding, and heavy with a sense of impending disturbance. Not that the little party gave these indications more than a passing thought. There were other and more engrossing matters to absorb their whole attention. In hushed voices they repeated the roll of death; recalled this one and that; mourned for them all, these comrades now no more. A passionate gratitude animated them, a passionate relief—the inexpressible sensations of a soldier who has emerged from the battle unscathed, at once happy and wretched—tears and laughter, equally sincere, succeeding each other in a whirl of conflicting emotions.

It was long after midnight before they began to nod. Sleep came upon them so stealthily that no watch was set, no precautions were taken. The tired eyes closed. The tired limbs relaxed. One Indian might have butchered them all.

Kirk awoke with warm rain-drops pattering on his face. The hoarse note of a squall broke on his ears. He sat up, and even as he did so the heavens reverberated with terrific explosions, and flash after flash of lightning illuminated the slumbering figures about him. They were on their feet in an instant, and clustered about him. The rain descended in torrents, and the wind whistled and shrieked. Wet to the skin, clinging to one another to withstand the violent gusts, apprehensive every moment of being struck by the lightning that incessantly played about them, they waited in misery for the squall to pass and vent its rage on the black night beyond.

But another followed it, and another. The wind freshened to a steady gale. The rain stung their faces as it drove to leeward as though blown from cresting waves. The fear of thunderbolts gave way; standing in the blast grew too acutely uncomfortable to be borne; they sheltered themselves under the lee of the car, willingly accepting the chances of its being struck, all crowding together on the step like shipwrecked sailors on a rock. Here the dawning day found them, the wind blowing harder than ever, the tropic rain sopping their thin clothes, their feet ankle-high in a muddy pond.

The weather horizon was wild and stormy, and part of it was hidden by fiercely advancing curtains of rain. Ragged clouds scudded across the sky, dilapidated, fragmentary, lashed to fleecy shreds. Under the equator the outlook was as bleak and wintry as the North Sea itself, and a penetrating chill froze the little party to the bone. It was idle to talk of fire. Everything was soaked and dripping. An attempt was made to obtain a little heat by lighting the lamps. But the heads of the matches rubbed off in sodden paste, and they dared not persevere lest their slender stock should become exhausted. Even in their extremity they had to take thought of the future—of whole days perhaps before the ship could find them.

Famished nature demanded food. Two cans of meat were opened, and biscuit were handed out, making a terrible breakfast, never to be forgotten, devoured in circumstances of inconceivable discomfort. But it proved sustaining, nevertheless, reviving a sorely needed strength and courage. Then, as the only means left in their power to attract attention, they decided to fire a rifle in the air at minute intervals. The flash might be seen, even if the report were lost in the roar and bluster of the gale.

The dreary fusillade began, carefully timed by a watch—surely the most despondent minute-guns ever fired, if not the most hopeless. And as the barrel grew hot with repeated explosions, hands were eagerly warmed on it, and another rifle was taken in its place. Kirk twice shot his revolver empty, and gave it, all smoking as it was, to Vera to put in her bosom.

Suddenly through the gloom, on an oncoming squall, as unexpected and startling as the fabled phantasm that haunts the stormy seas below the Cape, there loomed into view the towering masts and closely reefed sails of the Fortuna, driving mistily on the wings of the gale. Gesticulating figures pointed wildly at them. The boatswain's whistle piped shrilly. Men were rushing to their stations and letting everything fly. The huge brakes screamed as steel was ground to steel, and the enormous fabric slowed and stopped.

A ladder was thrown over her side. Bearded faces could be seen, clustering in a yellow, glistening mass of oilskins and sou'westers. From the bridge other figures were darting down, their voices lost in the bursting of the squall that at this moment opened with all the roar of heaven's artillery. Lightning flashed and forked. Thunder pealed. The wind swelled to fury, and howled through the rigging as though to carry the very masts before it.

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Kirk supported Vera in his arms, and, preceded by Crawshaw and Henderson, the little party struggled against the blast, and toiled laboriously across the cable's length that separated them from the ship. They painfully mounted the ladder, their muddy feet slipping on its rungs, their icy hands hardly able to hold the wet and slippery rope. One by one they reached the rail and were drawn aboard, to be swallowed up in a mad hurly-burly of streaming oilskins. Kirk had a confused vision of Vera clinging to her father —of the old man's face, pinched with suffering, and rapt and tremulous with thanksgiving; of von Zedtwitz forcing his burly way to him, his eyes, beneath their grizzled brows, wet with other moisture than the rain; of Goltz, of Wicks, of Hildebrand, of all those tried and devoted comrades, surging and vociferating about him in an ecstasy, in the excess of their joy.

As in a dream he found himself borne aft, jostled, crowded, almost lifted off his feet; found himself in the great cabin—warm, brightly lighted, disordered with blankets and cots, and reeking like a hospital. Wounded men called out to him. Feeble hands were raised to clasp his own. He stood there dazed, bewildered.

Mrs. Hitchcock emerged from a cabin door with an armful of dripping clothes. She dropped them to the floor as she beheld Kirk, running to him in a whirlwind of giggles and exclamations. The incorrigible old egoist was as talkative as ever, and just as delighted to pounce on a new victim.

She was the doctor now, she cried. Kirk had to obey her now. Everybody had to obey her now. He was to go to bed at once and tuck himself in with a hot bottle. Everything was ready. Hot blankets, hot bottles, hot broth! Hadn't it been sensible of her to see to it?

Fortunately for Kirk, Crawshaw foolishly blundered into the fire-zone, and in the momentary confusion that ensued Kirk took to flight, and escaped to his cabin.

His teeth were chattering as he stripped off his clothes and hurried into bed. He lay all doubled up for warmth, and tried to overcome the chill that mantled him in ice. There was a tap at the door, and Westbrook entered, bearing a steaming bowl of soup. He sat down gravely on the edge of the bunk, and waited for Kirk to drink it, which the latter did sip by sip, each one a trickle of delicious warmth. The old man looked very frail and ill, but his mouth was as firm as ever, and his expression as benignly unconquerable. As Kirk finished, he leaned forward, and their hands met and clasped.

"My boy, my boy," he murmured. "I thank God for this—I thank God!"

"We couldn't have stood it much longer, sir."

Westbrook bowed his head in tragic assent.

"We'll leave this horrible place as soon as you are rested," he said at length. "When do you think you will be fit to travel?"

"This minute," cried Kirk. "That is, if Vera——"

"She has borne it surprisingly well. It all turns on you."

"Then lay the ship on her course at once. It would be a shame to waste such a gale as this when it is in our favor."

"Then I may tell Goltz?"

"The sooner the better, sir."

"That foolish girl wants a message. Said I wasn't to come back without it."

"Tell her I'm the happiest man in the world—and the tiredest."

"No doubt about either."

"And that—that——"

The weary head sank. The weary eyes closed. Westbrook gazed down at the handsome face long and earnestly. A smile still lurked in the corners of the well-shaped mouth; the breathing was as soft and regular as a child's; a veil of contentment covered the careworn features now softened in sleep.

The old man tiptoed silently from the room and held a whispered colloquy with Goltz and Wicks outside.

A few minutes later the Fortuna, under storm-trysail and treble-reefed foretopsails, was tearing her way through the dark and flooded llano. Her great wheels shot up a blinding spray; her great hull rocked and bounded on the groaning springs; her masts bent as though the tortured wood could not long hold back the weight of the gale. Wicks, his thick legs wide apart, one hand clenched on the rail, the other on his speaking-trumpet, dominated the uproar from the lofty bridge, and with masterful eye and rousing voice sped the ship on her perilous course.

Gloom in front. Gloom behind. Dreary, watery stretches of sodden earth. Dripping ropes and thundering sails. A world of wet and wind and emptiness, through which the Fortuna lumbered in headlong flight, jolting,

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bumping, lurching; discordantly creaking in every rivet of her fabric.

Homeward bound!

CHAPTER XXIX

THE gale held. The Fortuna outdid herself. Every bit of daylight was taken advantage of, and she was pressed to the utmost. On the afternoon of their sixth day out, as they drew near Felicidad, it was decided to lighten her of superfluous weight in the hope of getting her in by dusk. Tents, chains, spare chandlery were cast overboard; casks of lubricating oil, of petroleum, of gasoline, extra bolts of canvas, tools, anvils, jacks. It was like the stripping of some fleet runner for a supreme and final effort. She picked up with the loss of every ton—fourteen, fifteen, sixteen, seventeen miles an hour! Part of the treasure was shifted forward to trim her better. Tables, chairs, mattresses, ventilators, hatches, even the doors were wrenched from their hinges, and enthusiastically sacrificed. Von Zedtwitz, whose cabin was crammed with Aztec remains, had to mount guard to prevent them from following. A crated idol, lashed to the foremast, was saved only in the nick of time from being shot overboard. And all the while the Fortuna with loosened reefs, with buckling yards, and backstays tautened till they whimpered and moaned, swept on with an increasing fury as though to outstrip the storm itself.

"Felicidad ho!"

"Where away?"

"Three points on the starboard bow!"

"Quartermaster!"

"Aye, aye, captain!"

"Luff a bit!"

"Luff it is, sir!"

"Trim in the sheets a bit, Mr. Goltz!"

"Very good, sir!"

"That will do. Belay there!"

It was after five o'clock. The setting sun was hidden in banks of cloud. The wide savannas stretched away on every side to an unbroken sky-line, gray, monotonous, never so lonely as at that hour of declining day. The bow was crowded with men watching for the first sign of the settlement. On the bridge a smaller but no less eager party was trying to pick up the flagstaff with their binoculars. Felicidad, once so distant, so inconceivably remote, the end of the universe—now stood, by force of contrast, for civilization itself.

A speck of flag, blowing out bravely!

A blur of tent-tops!

The tall and rusty smokestack of the Moltke!

Then frantic arms waving hats!

The Fortuna rolled on majestically, disdaining to shorten sail, or to slacken her headway by an inch. Kirk aimed her at the center of the settlement, determined to bring her up, all standing, in the great court itself. He would give Felicidad a spectacle that would live in their memories forever, and bring the expedition to a magnificent and sensational close. In vain Westbrook urged him to be careful—pleaded—almost commanded.

"Leave it to me," laughed Kirk. "I'm going to land her alongside the marquee!"

There was a hail of orders. A rush to stations. Expectant faces waiting for the word.

Up shot Kirk's hand.

"Stand by! Shorten sail!" he thundered.

The sails came down, lashing and reverberating, flooding the decks with yellow billows.

"Brakes!"

"Aye, aye, sir!"

"Easy, boys, easy!"

The towering hull sped nearer the rows of tents, dwarfing them into insignificance.

"Hard down!"

"Hard down it is, sir!"

There was a grinding jar, the groan of metal on metal, a shrill screech dying to a moan.

The ponderous wheels slowly came to rest.

The voyage was over.

A waggish voice, from the merry, noisy, hilarious crowd below, yelled out: "What ship's that?"

Then came the answer in a stentorian voice:

"Topsail schooner, Fortuna, Captain Kirkpatrick!"

"Where from?"

"Six days out of Cassiquiare, in treasure!"

Any further questions were drowned in the salvos of cheers and counter-cheers that burst forth from every throat. The lowered gangway swarmed with an incoming throng, shouting at the top of their lungs.

Wicks, elbowing vigorously, forced his way up to Kirk.

"What orders, captain?" he asked, in his usual blunt, cool, sailor-like way.

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"My dear old chap," said Kirk, "I have given my last order and," turning to Vera, "the only captain I know now is this young lady. I've signed on for a life's cruise, and all you have to do is to wish me luck!"

"With all my heart, sir," cried Wicks, "and if I may take the liberty—may God bless you both!"

Kirk's share was $437,000. He invested the four hundred thousand in first-class securities, and devoted the odd thirty-seven to his honeymoon. Vera and he worked their hardest to spend it, but had to admit at last, with great reluctance, that the task seemed beyond them. They were both of simple tastes, and, as Kirk remarked, neither of them had been expensively enough educated. After a few months' wandering in Europe, they returned to America, and settled in Long Island in order that Kirk might be close to the Westbrook works in Jersey City. He goes there every day in a small steam-yacht, and on summer afternoons Vera is usually aboard to meet him on his return. It must be admitted that among their fashionable neighbors they have the reputation of being rather poky people in spite of their romantic history, going out but seldom, and not caring to extend a very narrow acquaintance.

It is large enough, however, to include Homer Kittredge. His arrival in America was made such a triumph that Kirk hesitated to obtrude himself into the blaze of limelight that surrounded him, and did so at last only with the utmost diffidence. But when he sent up his card at the St. Regis, the novelist came down in a rush, as gay and boyish and unspoiled as though he were quite an ordinary person, and greeted Kirk with an exuberance of regard. In a very few moments, the celebrity was outward bound in a spanking hansom, Kirk's promised guest for a week, and his warmest friend for all time. The visit lengthened into months, and was the beginning of an intimacy that grows closer with every year.

The crew of the Fortuna scattered to the ends of the earth. News trickles in from them at long intervals, mainly in the form of a photograph of a baby. At the present moment there are sixteen tiny Kirks growing up in various parts of the world, and a lot of little Vera and Fortuna girls. Next year von Zedtwitz is to hold a grand reunion at Heidelberg, where as many of the old hands as possible will be gotten together to celebrate his marriage to Mrs. Hitchcock. Yes, the secret is out, though his friends long guessed whither events were tending. When the old lady quitted Paris and built that famous reproduction of the Trianon on the outskirts of the old German town, it was felt that she was laying siege in form, and that the rugged Herr Doctor would soon succumb. His outer works gradually crumbled before the persistency of her attack, and a steel-engraved card, in Gothic characters, now publicly flies the signal of his complete surrender.

At present he is working hard on his book, which, when completed, will run to five large quarto volumes, aggregating two thousand closely printed pages, with sixty-two colored plates and one hundred and ninety photographic reproductions, and will appear simultaneously in three languages. It is entitled "A Brief Record of the Voyage of the Land Ship Fortuna, with Observations and Notes Relating to the Ancient Ruins of Cassiquiare, together with an Account of the Author's Captivity among, and Subsequent Escape from, the Piapoco Aborigines, with some General Remarks on the Flora, Fauna, and Anthropology of the Mid-South American Region."

Intending purchasers had better order early, as an enormous sale is predicted.

In the meanwhile, this unassuming and less authoritative narrative is offered to the indulgence of the public merely as a stop-gap for the more extended work to follow.

THE END

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"CALLIE HAS COME TO ANNOUNCE HER ENGAGEMENT TO MR. BLOUDPOLE."

THE MEASURE

By MARY STEWART CUTTING

Author of "Little Stories of Courtship," "Little Stories of Married Life," etc.

Illustrations by Edmund Frederick

"MR. FRENCH is coming to dinner again this evening?"

Mrs. Derwent's tone showed an annoyance that she wished she could control—it added to her dislike of the man that the mere mention of his name made her speak like this to her husband.

"Yes. But bear up, Vera; he goes to Australia next week. Poor old Ellison, you won't see him again in many a long day."

Poor old Ellison, indeed! Vera Derwent met her husband's smiling eyes with a look that refused to take Mr. French into account with any pleasurable thought; apart from her dislike of him personally, he was associated in her mind with one of the most distressing events of her married life, for which she held him partly responsible. But as she turned now from her husband, who was stooping over sorting out his golf clubs, her eye caught sight of the corner of an envelope protruding from under some papers on the Flemish oak table, and her face instantly softened.

It was a very charming face, with a peculiarly high-bred cast in the slender arch of the brows, the little straight nose, and the full yet delicate lips. There were reasons why the glimpse of that purple, gilt-lettered missive from the Descendents Club should

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give her that sensation of having been drawn back from the brink of one of the deeps of life—she felt gratefully, as she had felt any time these three years, that she oughtn't to mind doing anything that Murray wanted her to do; the letter stood now for the sign of a large relinquishment on his part.

"Please don't be late for dinner if Mr. French is coming," she pleaded as he bent over her to kiss her good-by. "I can't stand talking to him without you."

"Why, I thought you'd quite got to like him," he suggested smilingly.

"Got to like him! That's just the way you are, Murray. If I don't say all the time just what I think, you fancy— No, I'd never like him, if I lived to be a hundred. How you can care for a man of his low caliber I *cannot* see. And he exasperates me so by always acting as if *he* knew you better than I did! I don't suppose I could ever make him believe that you tell me everything, though you do, don't you, dearest?"

"Almost everything."

"Why do you always say that?" Her face flushed. "It teases me dreadfully, though I know you don't mean it. Why won't you be serious?"

"I tell you everything you'd care to hear," he answered, putting his arms around her with something tender and secure in their embrace that shamed her little fierce pretense of striving. "I'm always telling you that I love you! Why do you want to work yourself up into being unhappy?"

"I don't, I don't," she murmured, resting her head an instant against his shoulder before jealously relinquishing him. If he were to have his Saturday afternoon sport he must go now.

As he went out he glanced casually at the hall table and then came back as if from an afterthought, and taking up the purple envelope put it in his pocket, with an odd momentary change in his whole bearing, a hazarding shade of something not there before. His wife stood by the mullioned window and watched him striding off under the yellow clustered leaves of the winter oaks, his golf clubs slung over his shoulders. He was a very goodly person to look at, tall, springy, and athletic, with dark eyes, and what his wife thought very beautiful dark hair on his well-lifted head. Every one who met him, the Lester girl, little May Rogers, and old Mr. Drum, all had a sort of reflected glow on their faces after passing him. It was the way his simple, friendly brightness always affected people. She smiled herself for the fond pleasure of it, until the thought of the coming of Ellison French clouded her once more. How Murray could like that man——!

There had been a time three years ago, soon after their marriage, when he had taken Murray to one of the great dinners at the Descendents Club—gorgeous affairs, duly exploited in the papers. She had no thought of any danger beforehand, but when Murray came home, near morning—there were things she couldn't *stand* it to remember. *Murray!* She couldn't believe at first, she couldn't realize why. Oh, perhaps some women wouldn't have thought it was anything! But that it should have been at *all!* Murray!

It was like having something killed. She had never said a word to him about it. She couldn't, *couldn't* put him in the wrong. There had been only a mute confession and a mute forgiveness, with afterward his whispered, "You make me love you more every day."

The only time she had alluded in any way to the incident was when he had received the letter soon afterward, saying that he had been put up for membership at the Descendents. He couldn't help being proud of the honor. He hadn't known until somebody went to searching old records that he, once a country boy in Ohio, was the descendent of one of the heroes of a past age.

"But you wouldn't accept?" she had asked in horror.

His slow, pondering gaze had tortured her before he answered: "I suppose not, but it's a pretty big thing to feel that I could. You don't know how much it means to me, Vera. I'm so proud of it. If you had seen those banners and trophies and felt that they were yours in a way, too!"

"Oh, Murray!" She clung to him passionately. "Please, please, don't."

He held her to him silently for a time and then said, "Very well."

She knew he would give up to her; yet she did not belittle his giving up. She knew that she had asked a great deal. There were moments when the incident came back to her as an absolutely benedictory proof of her husband's love for her—but when any one spoke of the Descendents Club, she seemed to see Ellison French's face sneering at her.

It was one of the trials of Vera Derwent's married life that she disliked her husband's friends. Before marriage she had always

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hotly disapproved of the wives who had no place in their scheme of things for the men and women who had been their husbands' comrades.

She had pictured charming scenes in which she, becomingly arrayed, had made Murray's friends welcome in heart-to-heart fashion, winning their admiring gratitude as well as his. But when these nebulous friends stood out crudely as Mrs. "Callie" Brainerd and Mrs. Topham and Oliver Webb and Ellison French—that was a very different thing.

And it was also a different thing that while these people were all so impossibly uncongenial to her, Murray never had the slightest idea of giving them up. He was as simply and frankly a friend as he had always been.

For eight years prior to his marriage Murray had indeed lived in Mrs. Topham's house where the others were fellow boarders—perhaps they had some reason for that irritating habit of acting as if he belonged to them. As far as Vera could find out, Murray was the mainstay of the establishment. It was he who fraternally "helped out" Mrs. Topham when she agonizingly "came short"; it was he who placated tradesmen, and assisted her out of all sorts of queer dilemmas with queer boarders. It was Murray also who had found a position for little Mrs. Brainerd when she returned with her child after two years of marriage with a man who had just been found to have another wife, and it was Murray who, as a lawyer, had helped her to get her divorce from the man who afterward indubitably *had* married her. She was a pretty, shallow, clinging little woman, cased in a tin-like unperceptiveness that no experience could remove. It was a foregone conclusion that she would marry whenever she found herself free, and as disastrously as ever. But for all her shallowness and commonness she had an indestructible kindness of heart. She loved, as she truly said, to wait on sick people; she was devoted to her delicate child with an unreasoning affection that kept him up late when he should have been in bed and would almost have fed him on poison if he had cried for it; and she was as capable herself of frightened misery as a child—her flesh and her heart cringed when she was hurt.

SHE FELT THAT SHE COULD NEVER GO BACK TO THE HOUSE.

As for Oliver Webb, there was nothing against him now except that there was nothing *to* him. He could sit like a fat, moon-faced dead-weight for hours without opening his mouth, though he always glowed from within when he was in the same room with Murray. They all did, even Ellison French, who in spite of his indisputably good birth was to Vera the most unpleasing of all. Through all his unvarying politeness to her there were times when his mere presence in the room seemed an insult to her, because she couldn't help feeling the manner of man that he was. That these should be Murray's chosen friends and companions seemed un-

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accountable, and lowering to him. And it was the same wherever they went, all the rag-tag and bobtail portion of the community inevitably gravitated toward Murray's gentle, unjudging, honest cleanness. He consorted openly with publicans and sinners, and the worst of it was that he never seemed to know that they were publicans and sinners. He never looked at them from an upper plane. He had such a simple, illimitable humanity that he saw only the human streak in all these people, and loved it, with a healing compassion for the defacing seams and scars.

His wife admired the quality in him, but it made her impatient, too. It seemed incomprehensible that Murray, who was fit to company with kings, could enjoy a long evening once a week smoking and playing pinochle with Ellison French, while she sat up-stairs and heard Murray laugh as he never laughed with her.

She was still standing by the window in the long, wainscoted hall, trying to solve this unending puzzle, with the purple edge of that envelope remaining oddly in her mind, emphasized by the altered air of Murray as he went out the door. Was it another appeal to him to belong to that club? Her heart stood still and then beat again, with the joy and gratitude of her recovered faith. As she was turning to go up-stairs she gave an exclamation of dismay. Two of the subjects of her thoughts, Mrs. Topham and Mrs. Brainerd, were coming up the piazza steps. "At half past two!" she murmured, in vexation at the impossibility of the hour, and then resignedly opened the door herself to the visitors, leading them into the library, where there was a log fire burning on the large, arched, stone hearth.

"Callie thought it was too early for us to come, but I had to get back early to see about dinner, and I said I knew you wouldn't make strangers of *us*," announced Mrs. Topham, whose blackly sparkling appearance in a spangled hat and prehistoric beaded cape was offset by the lines of her tired face, and an indescribable air of having arrayed herself hurriedly in shadowed corners. She leaned back in the big mission armchair and gazed around as one whose eyes seldom rested on a new interior.

"This is a pretty room, isn't it? It always reminds me of a church, with those dark beams, and the stained-glass windows, though the ceiling is pretty low, to be sure. You always have everything in such beautiful order. Mr. Derwent used to be a great one for upsetting things; you could always track him by the newspapers he left on the floor."

"Oh, he was the life of the house!" chimed in little Mrs. Brainerd, who in a very short skirt and a pink hat with a white dotted veil sat on a low ottoman near the fire. "It seems as if we could never get used to having him away. Earl often asks, 'Mamma, when is Mr. Derwent coming back to live here?'"

"How is your little boy?" asked Vera coldly. She could never get over an extreme irritation at these proprietary reminiscences.

"He isn't quite up to the mark," Mrs. Brainerd answered with a clouded brow. "He had one of his faint spells this morning, and he had seemed so well just before it. He ate up the bagful of crullers that I brought him and then all of a sudden he could hardly breathe. That's the way it takes him; he can't breathe."

"When you can't breathe it seems as if every minute would be your next," said Mrs. Topham feelingly. "I know how it is myself. But that isn't what we came to talk about now. We had just a little hope that we might find Mr. Derwent here, as it is Saturday afternoon, and then we saw him in the distance, going to the golf club. I said, 'Callie, Mrs. Derwent will do just as well if we can't see him.' Callie has come to announce her engagement to Mr. Bloudpole."

"Oh!" said Vera blankly, conscious of a sort of under-appeal in Mrs. Topham's voice. "I don't think I've met him."

"No, I don't think you have," corroborated Mrs. Brainerd. "I've only known him a month myself; he's very distinguished-looking—so dark. I didn't want to marry again, but I always did love a dark man, and then Mr. Bloudpole is a real New York gentleman, and I think that makes such a difference. I always said when I was a girl that I wanted to marry a real New York gentleman. It's singular how your dreams do sometimes come true at last, isn't it? Mr. Bloudpole's a regular club man; he belongs to the Descendents, and you know what *that* means!"

"I thought perhaps Mr. Derwent might have met him there," suggested Mrs. Topham.

"My husband doesn't belong to any clubs in town," said Vera coldly. She was spurred by the surprise in Mrs. Topham's eyes to a statement that she felt afterward was entirely too intimate. "We go *everywhere* together."

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"Oh, I thought he belonged to—" Mrs. Topham stared at her unseeingly, as if trying to reconstruct her ideas. "I fancied I saw his name. . . . Well, of course, you'd know. Perhaps then it's of no use our coming over. Still, Mr. Derwent might be able to find out something about Mr. Bloudpole, anyway. I really think it would be better for Callie to know *something* about him, though she doesn't feel that it's necessary."

"Oh, I think you know at once when a person's congenial," Mrs. Brainerd said in her little light voice. "If a person is congenial that means everything, I think. It doesn't make the slightest difference what they do! Now, there's Mr. Derwent. I'd love him just the same if he was a—a—*murderer*. Wouldn't you? Mr. Bloudpole is immensely wealthy—not that that makes any difference to me. I'd work my fingers off for any one I cared for, and I told him so! He brought Earl the cutest little toy bear the day he came out here. He *wanted* to buy one of the big ten-dollar ones, but they were all out of them in the shops. Mr. Bloudpole is very delicate; that's why I don't want to put off our marriage longer than next week." Mrs. Brainerd's light eyes suddenly became moist. "Mrs. Derwent, he looks like he'd ought to have somebody to take care of him right *now*."

"I really think she ought to know *something* about him," argued Mrs. Topham with an anguished note of appeal. "Callie's been through so much, Mrs. Derwent, and she's just about as much of a child as Earl. If you oppose her she gets so set. She won't listen to me or to Mr. French. If you'd speak to Mr. Derwent, Callie'd listen to *him*."

"I'll tell him to find out everything he can," said Vera. The attitude of these visitors toward her was like that of all her husband's friends—woman of intellect and beauty and distinction as she was, they frankly regarded her with interest only because she stood the nearest to him. They saw him through her, and him alone. She tried to be large-minded enough to be leniently amused at the attitude, and busied herself now not only in giving her sympathy, but in ordering some light refreshment, although it was so early, because Murray liked her to offer it to them. "Mrs. Topham always has to get things for other people to eat, poor soul," he had explained.

After they had gone she went up at last to her room, where the lounge with its high-piled cushions invited her to rest; only to hear, a few moments later, her husband's familiar footstep bounding up the stairs.

"You!" she cried delightedly, starting up. "Why, what made you come home so soon?"

"Oh, I don't know!" He took a strand of her hair and drew it through his fingers. "I thought I didn't care to play, after all. Come and sit down here again on the lounge. You don't want to get dressed yet."

"Mrs. Topham and Mrs. Brainerd were here," said his wife, looking at him a little wonderingly. His kind dark eyes, his half-smiling lips were just the same; yet she was aware of some hazarding change such as she had felt when he had gone out of the door with the purple envelope.

"I met them on my way back," he answered absently. "We had a little talk. That man they spoke of—Bloudpole—was kicked out of the Descendents Club four years ago, and I fancy out of every other club he belonged to, poor devil. He's no more business coming around Mrs. Brainerd than—But I'll stop that off in short order. She'll do as I say."

"Mrs. Topham seemed to have such an odd idea that you belonged to the Descendents, Murray."

"Yes, sweetheart."

She had put her arms around his neck as she raised her face to his. "There's something I've never spoken about to you, but I'm going to speak now. I saw you take up that envelope, and when Mrs. Topham said that—Murray, I've been proud because you had the right to belong to the Descendents, but I've been, oh, so much prouder, because you gave up your right, because you are the man I wanted you to be. Darling, please don't speak yet! I've got to say it all now. I want to tell you that there hasn't been a day in all these three years that I haven't remembered it some time during that day, and loved you for it." Her voice fell to a whisper. "It's put something into our life together. I can't explain; it's been like a sign, like a sign of blessing. When I've wanted to be selfish or exacting I've always remembered *that*. Why do you look at me this way?"

"You're making it very hard for me, Vera," said her husband.

She saw, with a fearing contraction of her heart, that his eyes had a sort of a mist over them as he took her face in both his hands and raised it up toward his. "Do you know

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"I THINK I'LL LEAVE YOU TWO TOGETHER NOW," SAID VERA.

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why I couldn't play golf to-day? It was because I had to come home and tell you something. Maybe you won't like me any more when I've finished, Vera. I've belonged to the Descendents Club for three years."

"*You!*"

"Yes." He stopped short. There was a silence that seemed as if it could never, never end, before he went on at last, slowly: "I don't know whether I can make you understand, dear. Somehow I couldn't give it up; that's the whole story. When I thought of the honor of it—it meant so much to me, it had come down through such a long line to me, the last of the blood, and I'd never known it before!—I *couldn't* let it go. I didn't mean to keep it from you at first. I've always decided things for myself; it seemed only natural. And then I wanted to show you, dear, that though I belonged to the club, I'd never go to another dinner there unless you were willing. I wanted to prove myself—and I never have been, not once. I never will go unless you feel that you are willing—that you can trust me. I had to have all the notices from the club sent to the office. I don't know how that letter got here to-day. When you kept asking me if I told you everything, oh, it hurt, Vera! It made me feel such a——"

"And you've deceived me all the time," said his wife with white lips. She had been flushing and paling alternately beneath his intense, searching gaze. "You've deceived me all the time."

"Yes."

"How strange! When I believed— How *strange!*" She pushed him from her, and rose, pushing him again from her mechanically as he tried compassionately to put his arms around her. "No, please don't touch me. I've got to think. It seems as if it couldn't be *you*. Oh, I mustn't talk that way!" She looked at him, struggling to make some wonted loving effort in the midst of her anguish. "You have told me now—haven't you?—you needn't have—you could have deceived me always—so very easily!" Her mouth trembled piteously. "You needn't have told me at all. I must remember that. I ought to be very nice to you now, because you won't want to tell me anything ever again if I make it so hard for you. Will you? I don't want to make you afraid to tell me things."

"Don't, dear, don't!" He had snatched her to him, and was holding her head against his breast as if to shelter her from everything that could hurt; with little murmurs of love and remorse between his kisses, to which she made no response.

It seemed as if she didn't hear him, as if she could listen only to her own thoughts, which fought together so hard that they were nearly killing her. She wanted only to be left alone. Even when he was called out of the room by a message, she was not enough alone. She hurriedly put on her little blue felt cap and her fur-lined jacket, and slipped down the stairs and out of the door very softly, and then up the path that led to the wooded slope behind the house. Never since her marriage had she gone out of the house and left him alone in it. She walked swiftly until she came to the edge of the slope where a jutting rock made a seat under an oak-tree. With her back against the brown tree trunk and a pool of crackling yellow leaves at her feet and under her hand she sat sheltered, looking into the pale blue, misty vista of the sky, trying to be alone enough to think. It seemed as if all that had made their married life was crumbling into ruin. If it were ever to stand firm again there must be some new element to keep it steady; she didn't know what. She couldn't get rid of this sense of confusion through which she was trying to pierce. Murray had been deceiving her all these years. Had she only imagined that she understood her husband? Did a woman ever really understand a man? Did he ever understand her? What quality was there about Murray that was beyond all but her most momentary, most heroically striving comprehension? What made him enjoy the company of all those low people, enjoy different things from those she liked, made it possible for him to laugh and joke as he did with Ellison French, and decide without thinking about her "as he always used to do." He had been a man grown, no boy, when he married her. Why should he naturally seem to make a plane of separateness for himself to which she could never follow? She wanted no separateness for herself! Oh, it wasn't the deception that gave the worst, the most rankling thought! That made a clear wound that she knew she could love enough to heal, after a while, that she *must* love enough to heal. The deepest, rankling thorn was that underthought that this didn't end the matter—that perhaps more still, something else, was required of her. He would not go to any of those ban-

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quets unless she were willing. He had wanted, however clumsily, to prove himself to her. For what end? That thought was torture. How could he ask it of her? Could she ever be willing? Would it be right for her to be so, even if she could possibly bring herself to it? All those days and nights when she had believed one thing and he had known the other kept coming up and pushing her husband from her. Wasn't that enough? He had hurt her so much! Yet she knew he was suffering more almost than she in that anguished knowledge that she was hurt, and by his hand.

She felt that she could never go back to the house, yet she went at last.

He was looking out for her and came to meet her himself, with clasping fingers that she felt had been longing to touch hers.

"Where have you been?"

"Just out in the woods."

"You never went off like that before."

His dark eyes bent upon her searchingly. "Vera, oh, Vera, my poor, poor girl, my poor, darling girl. How can you ever forgive me?"

"Oh, I have, I have forgiven. Don't talk that way," she murmured painfully. "I must be worthy of your confidence. There's only one thing I must know." She tried to keep her tone natural, but it changed, in spite of her, to a tense appeal. "You said you wouldn't go to one of those dinners unless— Was that a notice of one that you got to-day? Did you want to go to it?"

He met her gaze with instant candor. "Only if you are willing, dear. It's Ellison's last night there for a good many years. They'll give him a send-off. I'd like to be with them. But I wouldn't care for it an instant, it wouldn't give me any pleasure unless I could feel that you were really willing; believe that."

"I do," she whispered with a cessation of pain for a moment. "But I must do what is best. You won't mind if I don't decide until later, until after dinner?"

"No, no," he responded.

Ellison French came early to talk to her husband. She herself didn't go down until dinner was ready, dressed in the black lacy gown that made her white fairness, the blond profusion of her hair, and the purity of her profile the more apparent. Yet even the candle-light couldn't gloss over the little fine, nervous wrinkles on her temples, and at the side of her mouth. Never had Mr. French's presence—the sinewy perfection of his figure, his black hair, large thin nose, and full-lipped mouth—been more repugnant to her. She could always feel that he held her slightingly, and was impatient of her presence, through all his outward respect. His very glance cheapened her. How could Murray care for him?

Yet to-night as she sat there, she tried with almost theatrical heroism to be carelessly gay. Her husband's eyes sought her humbly, pityingly at intervals, beseeching her not to suffer so much. She felt as if it were the old, old game of souls, and as if she were playing for something very high. The table set itself grotesquely before her as a chessboard. The dishes of olives and almonds and candies were pawns, the long thin vase in the center with its crimson flowers was the queen; the two candelabra were the kings. She must move something, but she didn't know what, any more than she knew what she was saying or listening to, until toward the close of the long meal some words of Ellison French beat stingingly through that outer guard of unconsciousness.

"For Heaven's sake, Murray, let Callie Brainerd make a fool of herself in her own way if she wants to. She's bound to do it some time, anyway. But if you're set on seeing Bloudpole, kick him all you like, but don't give him money. He'll only keep bleeding you if you do."

"Why should Murray give him money?" asked Vera.

Mr. French's eyebrows went up. "When you've known your husband as long as I have, Mrs. Derwent, you won't ask that question."

"It seems to me that I know him better than any one else can," said Vera, flushing.

"Don't pay any attention to him, Vera," said her husband, laughing. "I'd hate to think that either of you two knew me as well as *that*. I'm really quite a complicated character!"

"Oh, a man's friend knows him as no one else ever does," said Ellison in a superior tone. "Look at Stillwell. You and I know that a finer fellow never breathed, yet that miserable little twopenny wife of his wants to leave him. Why, if I'd been a woman, I'd have been crazy over that man!"

"I think I'll leave you two together now," said Vera formally, though she was trembling.

She had been up-stairs a long while, in the half-darkness of the dimmed lights, listening

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to the murmur of the voices below. Once she heard Murray laugh—he had a dear laugh—in that absurd, surprised, infectious way that Mr. French always made him laugh. Yet after a time she was aware of Murray's step once more coming up the stairs. In all this fateful day no interview with him left the world as it had been before. What change was there to be now?

He sat down on the edge of the lounge gropingly. His hand felt for her face and rested against her cheek. There was something in the delicious gentleness of his touch that seemed to hold in it the very finest, the very dearest quality of love, and to give promise of unknown joys to come, before he said:

"Dear, will you come down-stairs and bid Ellison good-by?"

"Yes, in a minute. Murray, oh, Murray, you know I want you to do everything you want, but— It isn't because you didn't, didn't tell me, my dearest—" Her anguished eyes, seen now in the dim light, besought him with all her soul in them to understand, and his soul met hers clearly, helpfully, half-way.

"No, no, I know that."

"But it doesn't seem right for me to— It's letting you run into temptation if I do! Oh, Murray, I can't say yes! I can't. Dear, believe me that I would if I could, but I can't. I could never, never be happy if I did."

"All right," he assented instantly. "I thought you'd feel that way. We won't say any more about it, sweetheart."

"Oh, do you mind very, *very* much?" She clung to him.

"Oh, no. It's all right. We won't say any more about it." He kissed her tenderly —so tenderly. What was there that seemed to be gone from his kiss?

When they went down-stairs to Mr. French, she saw by the questioning eyebrows of the latter, as Murray shook his head, that Murray was telling that his wife wouldn't let him go to the dinner.

"I'll meet you at the wharf on Tuesday morning," he said, and, Vera's light farewells spoken, the two men struck hands in a long clasp that seemed to hold in it the very heart of friendship.

French took off his hat to her as she joined her husband in the open doorway, where Murray stood looking after his friend. There was a mocking, discrediting smile on the face of the departing guest that flicked her like a stinging whip. It said, "You've won," not with congratulation, but contempt.

She and Murray went back into the library. He yawned slightly, and took up a large book on steam boilers as he seated himself in a big isolated chair away from the arched fireplace. With his unfailing sweetness he held out his hand absently to her once as she passed him on her way out, and then became absorbed in his book. In spite of his sweetness he seemed, as she looked at him, to have lost something, some possibility of power which had been always felt as his greatest, if latent, charm. He seemed to have shrunk to a lesser content.

Oh, she had decided rightly, her woman's reason and her earnest conscience approved, and yet, and yet—she had a strange, momentary, appalling vision of some clear, transfiguring height of comprehension and trust beyond, that she hadn't been able to reach—as if for that instant she saw what endless beauty there might have been for both her and Murray in that pathway if she could have reached it! If life had shrunk, was it to her measure?

Autumn

By ARTHUR STRINGER

THE thin gold of the sun lies slanting on the hill;
In the sorrowful grays and muffled violets of the old orchard
A group of girls are quietly gathering apples.
Through the mingled gloom and green they scarcely speak at all,
And their broken voices rise and fall unutterably sad.
There are no birds, and the goldenrod is gone.
And a child calls out, far away, across the autumn twilight;
And the sad gray of the dusk grows slowly deeper,
And all the world seems old!

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Opal's Half-Holiday

By BESSIE R. HOOVER

Illustrations by John Wolcott Adams

THREE dirty yellow tenement houses with dingy white trimmings were baking in the August sun on Loretta Avenue in the suburbs. The front lawns were in common and lay brown and lifeless, with the exception of a ring of bright green before the middle house, which marked a space about the hydrant.

And here in the hot sun, bareheaded and unprotected from its fierce beams, sat ten-year-old Opal on the damp, warm ground, tending Janice and Jasper, the twin babies of her married sister Jule, and waiting impatiently for their mother to come for them.

"You'll bake them twins," cried Jule shrilly, appearing suddenly around the corner of her sister Elvie's house, the yellow tenement on the north side of Opal's home.

"Say, Jule," said Opal, not minding if the twins did bake, "I'm goin' to St. Joe this afternoon."

"Goin' to St. Joe; yes, I guess you are!" Jule spoke sarcastically. "I suppose we're all goin' over in Old Man Snather's automobile."

"Hope to die, I'm goin'," declared Opal. "Pa said I could."

"What's the use of your talkin' like that?" snapped Jule. "Pa's savin' every cent for rent."

But Opal, having ceased to feel responsible for the twins, had skipped quickly into the house to get ready.

Jule followed, leaving the babies to bake on the lawn; but they were used to it, and tumbled about and blinked good-naturedly, as if there were no such thing as a warm day.

Ma Flickinger was basting up a calico dress for Opal with swift, jerky fingers, her thin, stooped form clad in a rusty black wrapper, destitute of a collar; she looked like an old woman, though she could not have been much past forty-five.

"Opal says she's goin' over to St. Joe," announced Jule, as if it were a personal grievance.

"She is." Ma Flickinger basted on.

"Well, of all things," commented Jule sourly, "on a hot day like this! I shouldn't think you'd let her go over there, anyway," she went on; "money ain't so plenty in this family that every kid can spend their afternoons at a summer resort."

"She wouldn't go if I had *my* way," admitted Ma, "but Opal she teased and teased. She's been teasin' ever since you and Elvie went over last summer and she had to stay at home and tend the babies. And her pa promised her that day that she could go some time. And so to-day when she kept sayin', 'Pa, can't I?' he up and threw her a quarter, and now she's goin' with the Weber girls and their mother."

"Pa must have money to burn. But then Pa never did have no sense in money matters. Ten cents would take Opal over and back; I might go with her on that quarter if I didn't have to sew on my new green-striped lawn—though I don't care whether I ever finish it or not. I ain't got no enthusiasm working on a thing that'll never be worn."

"You can wear it if you ever git it done," remarked Ma.

"Where'd I ever go to wear a nice dress like that? I never go no place but to the grocery store and here. I was a crazy fool to ever git the goods in the first place; but the clerk said that it would look good on me; he said it was just my color—and it is, too. I thought maybe Opal'd mind the twins while I sewed; but, no, she's got to go gallivantin' over to St. Joe."

"I need her here, too; I don't know when she could have took a worse time for goin'," complained Ma; "and Mandy wanted her to look after Butch for an hour or two; but, no, Pa says, 'Let her go to St. Joe and git done with it.'"

"Pa's too easy," declared Jule.

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"Besides I'm always afraid that some of my young ones will fall into that lake," said Ma; "I shan't have a minute's peace while she's gone."

"If she goes and falls into the lake and drowns, she won't feel so funny over her trip," was Jule's parting shot as she started home.

"I dunno as you ought to go, Opal," said her mother. when the little girl came down stairs, gorgeous in her pink shirt-waist, wine-colored worsted skirt, shiny vermilion belt, and great flapping straw hat, heavy with faded cotton roses.

"Why?" Opal's heart beat distressingly.

"Well, it's hot; and I need you here to pull bastings out for me; and Jule wants to sew on her new green lawn, but there's nobody to tend the babies; and Mandy said somethin' about your lookin' after Butch while she went down-town. It seems about the worst time you could have took—but I don't know," gave in Ma, noticing Opal's downcast face. "Yes," she added suddenly, "go on; Pa give you the money. Take it and go. We'll git along some way.

"But that twenty-five cents would git me a new calico Mother Hubbard apron," continued Ma Flickinger absently to herself; "my old one is in slits; I haven't washed it on a board for a month—it'd fall to pieces if I did. What're you waitin' for, Opal?"

"Maybe I'd better not go," said Opal, standing irresolutely in the doorway.

"Go! Land sakes, ain't I said 'yes' a dozen times; ain't you got that quarter your pa give you tied in your handkerchief? Go on."

Opal started, rather dispirited, but she had not reached the sidewalk when her mother appeared hurriedly at the door.

"Opal," yelled Ma Flickinger, "wait a minute."

"Yes, Ma."

"Don't go close to the lake—I'm as 'fraid as death of it; and don't take off your shoes and stockings no matter what the Webers say; and keep your hat on your head; it's safest there—if you lay it on the sand somebody might steal it while you wasn't lookin'; and don't spend anything but for car fare; and come home as early as you can."

"Yes'm," answered Opal, and started again. But she had a dull feeling that she was doing a very selfish thing, and that her father had not really wanted her to have the money.

Ma Flickinger cut and basted, and basted and cut, then with a whirring abstraction rushed her sewing through the machine. Flies gathered on the outside of the screen door. The air in the close, stuffy house, heavy with the odors of many meals and dusty carpets, dulled her head and made her listless, but she kept nervously at her work.

"Opal! Where's Opal?" shouted a boy's voice.

"Opal's gone to St. Joe," said Mrs. Flickinger as her small grandson, Clarence Augustus, commonly called Butch, looked in through the screen.

"Where's that?" asked Butch idly.

"You know where it is," answered Ma; "over by the lake."

"When'd she go?" continued Butch, undiscouraged by his grandmother's shortness.

"YOU'LL BAKE THEM TWINS," CRIED JULE.

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"After dinner."

"What'd she go over there for?" inquired Butch. As an interlocutor he might have made a fortune if mere number of questions counted.

"To see the lake," said his patient grandmother.

"She'll fall in," observed Butch sagely, sitting soberly on the porch and striking at the flies on the screen with a switch.

As his grandmother said nothing, he asked, "Won't she fall in, Gramma; say, Gramma, won't she?"

"I dunno—yes, I suppose so," answered Ma absently, without realizing what he said.

"I DUNNO AS YOU OUGHT TO GO, OPAL."

A shrill cry broke through the buzzing of the machine. "Good gracious!" cried Ma Flickinger, starting up from her work, "who's hurt?" and darted out of the house just in time to meet Jule, breathless and very red in the face, pushing one baby in the rickety old cart and carrying the other doubled over her arm.

"Ma, oh, Ma! Opal's drowned in the lake!" cried Jule wildly.

"Drowned!" Ma Flickinger sank weakly on the porch steps and wrapped her hands in her apron; for suddenly she was cold and sick and unable to stand. She had known all the time that one of her children would be drowned in Lake Michigan.

"Yes," shrieked Jule, "Opal's drowned herself. Somebody over there 'phoned to Fairy Jones's mother, and she jest came over and told me. And they've 'phoned to Pa at the factory, and he's gone over."

Butch eyed his Aunt Jule in open-mouthed astonishment. At last, however, getting it into his somewhat thick head that Opal was drowned, he immediately proceeded with the important news to the nearest neighbors; but nothing in his mode of delivery would have led one to suppose that he was sorry; it was with conscious pride and vainglory that he went about crying, "Opal's drowned!"

Soon the yard was full of voluble neighbors, questioning, sympathizing, commenting. Jule was in her element. It is doubtful if she had ever experienced a more triumphant half-hour. For her mother seemed dazed and only spoke brokenly now and then; while Elvie, coming over with Beulah in her arms, sobbed openly; and Mandy, Butch's mother blubbered dolefully; so to Jule it was left to entertain the crowd on the lawn. Of course, Jule felt sorry, too; but the joy of being for once in her life important outweighed grief. For poor Jule, who had married at fourteen, was scarcely less of a child than Butch, and she still longed with all the force of her starved nature for notice and praise.

"Opal was such a good little thing," said soft-hearted Elvie between her sobs; "Beulah'd go to her as quick as she would to me or her pa."

"Opal took more care of the twins than ever I did," declared Jule truthfully.

"She never complained and she worked like a slave all the time," moaned Ma Flickinger. "I never had a cross word from that child. And I fairly begrudged her that twenty-five cents," she added remorsefully.

"Opal's looked after Butch ever since he was a baby," said fat Mandy; "Butch'll miss her awful."

"And she never went nowhere," cried Jule, transferring her own pet grievance to Opal. "Pa's been promising her to go to St. Joe for years."

Butch was enjoying himself to his fullest extent. "Opal's drowned!" he yelled, spying Fairy Jones, who was coming toward the

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house. Fairy's red pigtails, which hung in thick braids from her top-heavy head, were almost the same color as her fat, freckled, red cheeks.

"She ain't neither drowned," contradicted Fairy, with placid superiority.

"She is, too," shouted Butch angrily.

"Shut up," advised Fairy loftily. "Mis' Flickinger," she began importantly, having made her way through the crowd till she stood in front of Opal's mother, "my mamma told me to tell you that it ain't Opal that's drowned at all; they just 'phoned from St. Joe that it's somebody else."

The burden of her errand removed, Fairy stared with great, wondering pale-blue eyes at Ma Flickinger, who suddenly slumped in a heap on the porch steps in a faint.

Jule, grabbing up a decapitated drum that Butch had left on the grass, filled it with water at the hydrant and, with the help of officious neighbors, brought Ma back to consciousness.

"It give me a turn," said Ma shortly, when she could talk, evidently displeased with herself for showing so much emotion. "I hope Opal didn't muss her hat or have it stole; I worried all the afternoon about letting her wear it."

The neighbors trailed off one by one, recalling other cases of people who had been drowned or reported drowned in Lake Michigan, while Ma made hasty preparations for supper.

"Folks talk more foolishness through the 'phone," declared Jule, who was surreptitiously crying for joy over a piece of bread and jam, which she was eating with much relish in Ma's pantry. "All this fuss came through the 'phone. Some folks'd 'phone for the police if a fly fell into the water-pail."

Just then Pa Flickinger, tall and bowed, shuffled into the house.

Ma and Jule looked at him expectantly; but he only said shortly, "Supper ready?"

"Where's Opal?" demanded Jule.

"Back a piece, talking with Mis' Jones. Supper ready, old woman?"

"Wash yourself and it will be," answered Ma from the kitchen where she was flying swiftly about to make up for lost time. "Better eat with us, Jule, seein' you're here."

"I guess I will," said Jule, who was dying to know how it happened that Opal was not drowned.

Bill, the eldest son, and Jed, next older than Opal, came home from work, tired and hungry, washed silently at the hydrant, and, slouching with awkward clatter into the house, took their places at the table. They took no interest in Jule's account of the excitement; they had heard it all from sympathetic neighbors before they got home; now they wanted to eat.

Opal came hurrying in just as the family began their supper.

"Did you muss your hat?" demanded her mother.

"Not much," answered Opal. But as one of the Weber girls had inadvertently sat upon it while she had it off for a moment to smooth her hair, it looked rather lopsided.

Ma grabbed the hat and eyed it critically; but she spoke so kindly that Opal was surprised: "Well, it won't last more than this summer anyway; cotton roses fade so—they're too delicate to last a day in the hot sun. Set down and eat, Opal; you must be hungry."

"Think you're smart, don't you, Opal," remarked Jule, "to have folks 'phoning all over the country that you're drowned in the lake, and then turnin' up without a drop of water on you? It seems to me——"

"That's enough of that blab," interrupted Pa Flickinger gruffly. "Opal ain't to blame for a fool kid thinkin' it was her and 'phoning in."

"I suppose there wasn't nobody drowned at all," observed Jule sourly.

"A kid did fall in—but she come to—about the size of Opal; that's how it was, if you've got to hear every blamed *de*tail," growled Pa, who, himself knowing just how everything had happened, was through with the whole matter, and wanted to eat his supper in peace.

Butch stood outside, pressing his nose against the screen. Nobody noticing him, he yelled absent-mindedly, "Opal's drowned!"

"Shut up," shouted Pa Flickinger.

"Had your supper, Butchie?" questioned Ma, whose chief pleasure in life was to feed people.

"Naw," grunted Butch.

"Opal, get a plate. Here, Butchie, crowd your chair in between me and Opal."

"Jule here?" inquired a meek voice outside.

"Yes, I am," answered Jule.

"I ain't saw no supper down our way." Milo, the father of Janice and Jasper, spoke mildly. He was a stooped young fellow, and looked dead tired.

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"No," called Ma hospitably, "Jule's eatin' here. Opal, git another plate. Wash yourself at the spout, Milo, and come in."

"What you got to eat?" inquired Milo, rather to be polite than because he wanted to know.

"Pork and beans and johnny-cake," answered Ma briskly. "Come on."

"Don't care if I do," said Milo, and shambled out to the hydrant; and soon returning with very red hands and face, was wedged in between Bill and Jed.

The family all ate ravenously—excepting Ma, who scarcely touched her supper—with a great clatter of knives and forks and dishes. Opal sat eating silently, wondering over the strange tale that the neighbors had told her of her mother's fainting. She had expected to get a good cuffing—a favorite mode of punishment in Ma's family—or even a whipping, for causing so much trouble; but she found every one strangely friendly; nobody even scolded her. Ma had not minded about the crumpled roses. Pa had stopped long enough in his hasty stowing away of victuals to dump her out such a generous supply of beans that, had she eaten them all, they would have taken her off with as much despatch as Lake Michigan, had she really fallen in. Jed, with untold self-sacrifice, stuck on her plate a pork rind which he had found in his beans, a courtesy that he had not shown her since she had the measles. And Bill, after helping himself liberally to jam, spooned out almost as much for Opal. Coming from Bill, this was a wonderful condescension.

"OPAL'S DROWNED IN THE LAKE!"

Finally Pa broke out between his bites of bread and jam: "St. Joe's a mighty slick little place in the summer-time."

"Bill's got a girl over in St. Joe," unexpectedly announced Butch, who was a perfect treasure-chest of precious bits of gossip.

"Shut up," growled Bill, but he could not help grinning to think that the knowledge of Sophie Budzbanowsky had percolated into Loretta Avenue.

"They've got a baby railroad train over there," went on Pa Flickinger, "drawed by a engine no bigger than half a decent-sized one."

"Well say!" cried Ma, interested at once.

"And a toboggan slide, and a big pavilion with a band, and walks that's fairly lined with tintype galleries. I was a-goin' to say —that is—I ain't been over there for ten year," concluded Pa lamely. He had evidently intended to say something else, but could not work himself up to the point.

"I ain't been to St. Joe but once since the day I was married," remarked Jule gloomily.

"There's the dangdest little merry-go-round there," continued Pa.

"Is't got real horses, Grampa?" asked Butch.

"No, Butchie, they're only fakes." Then Pa cleared his throat unnecessarily, and blurted out: "I've got an invite over to St. Joe to a picnic."

"What picnic?" gasped Ma, utterly surprised. It was years since she had been to a picnic.

"The boys in our factory is goin' to have a picnic on Labor Day, and we're all invited."

"Are you invited, Milo?" questioned Jule breathlessly.

"'Pears like it," mumbled her husband,

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with his meek eyes deep in the cracked cup that held his tea. "I work where your Pa does."

"Then out with it. Why didn't you tell me before? I'm goin'."

"Of course we can't any of us go," said Ma regretfully; "but it would be nice if we could. I ain't been to St. Joe since Opal was a baby."

"It's only a mile on the street-car from down-town," grinned Bill.

"I kinder thought, seein' the boss mentioned me and the family particular-like, that we'd better see if we couldn't go," said Pa. "And then when I went over and got Opal and saw how they've got things laid out there, I jest made up my mind that we'd all go."

"'Twon't cost nothin'," said Milo, unexpectedly supplementing his father-in-law; "the boss he pays for the street-car."

"We might go," said Ma, uncertainly, to herself.

"If we wa'nt asked special-like—" began Pa, and then weakly stopped.

"That does make a difference," admitted Ma.

"I'm goin' home to work on my green lawn," cried Jule, starting up from the table.

"Bring it over here and I'll help," volunteered Ma generously.

As for Opal and Butch, they said not a word, but listened greedily. Opal for once was really happy; in fact, the whole family was happy; and clumsy pleasantries were exchanged as Pa and the boys slouched outdoors to rest.

The air was full of plans for the picnic, though Labor Day was a week off. Elvie and Mandy, hearing the news, came over to discuss the basket dinner; and Pa Flickinger, peacefully smoking his pipe on the porch, helped out with a word now and then, acting as an authentic encyclopedia, corrected to date, on the attractions of the resort.

Ma Flickinger, forgetting the presentiment that one of her children would be drowned in Lake Michigan, stitched away on Jule's green-striped lawn by the flickering light of a small, smudgy kerosene lamp, a very happy woman indeed. For life—just life—toilsome as it was, with everyone safe and well, was not such a bad thing after all.

Away from Town

By HARRY H. KEMP

HIGH-PERCHED upon a box car I speed, I speed to-day;
I leave the gaunt steel city some good green miles away,
A terrible dream of granite, a riot of streets and brick,
A frantic nightmare of people until the soul grows sick.
Such is the high, gray city with the green live waters round,
Oozing up from the ocean, sobbing in from the Sound.
I'd put up down in the Bowery for nights in a hobo bed,
Where the dinky "L" trains thunder and rattle overhead;
I'd tramped the barren pavements with the pain of frost in my feet;
I'd sidled to hotel kitchens and asked for something to eat.
But when the snows went dripping and the young Spring came as one
Who weeps because of the winter, laughs because of the sun,
I thought of a limpid brooklet that bickers through reeds all day,
And made a streak for the ferry, and rode across in a dray,
And dodging into the Erie, where they bunt the box cars round,
I peeled my eye for detectives and boarded an outward bound;
For you know when a man's been cabined in walls for part of a year,
He longs for a place to stretch in, he hankers for country cheer.

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A Row of Books

By JOHAN BARRETT

SOMEWHERE in his "De Profundis" Oscar Wilde says, "We are no longer, in Art, concerned with the type. It is with the exception that we have to do." This is one of the keenest and most explanatory of his critical observations. It lays the unhesitating finger of the skilled diagnostician upon the seat of both the strength and the weakness of modern literature. It places "The Ambassador" no less accurately than "David Harum." However, since the late comers in literature must take the vacant seats, it is necessity, not choice, that has driven us, so to say, to the microscope and the X-ray for our study of life. But we still listen gladly to the man who has something unsaid to say on the bigger issues. This, I take it, is the distinctive element in the work of William de Morgan, whose "Alice-for-Short" (Henry Holt), least formal and academic of recent fictions, has yet certainly made the most catholic and profoundly human appeal of any novel of the present season. If you ask what it is about, one can only shrug one's shoulders and say that it is about men, women, and ghosts. But one can add that it deals with sentiment without being sentimental; with pathos without being pathetic; that it treats of weaknesses but is never bitter; with virtues and is never maudlin; that it is full of humor yet is never witty. I think, too, that one may indicate the book's greatest shortcoming, from the point of view of fiction at its best and broadest, by saying that the most vital personality that one meets with in its pages is that of Mr. de Morgan himself. It is less his characters than his attitude toward them, less their traffic with life than his comments on it, that touch the fundamental and stamp him an interpreter of the type and not an expounder of the exception. But, for all that, he has a touch of greatness. Let us therefore feast and be thankful. We are told that he is a man of over sixty and we are sorry to hear it. Had he begun to write younger he might not have written so ripely; but, beginning to write so late, we are conscious of a selfish fear that he may not write enough.

Whatever may be our responsiveness to art (whether of the big or the little A) and however ready we may be to be carried out of ourselves by its large simplicities or to have our attention turned inward by its later self-analyses, we are all at one in the demand to be amused or entertained between the acts. And fortunately we are not forced to go unsatisfied. For those who like aristocratic "turns," C. N. and A. M. Williamson offer "The Princess Virginia" (McClure, Phillips) as a sort of "Zenda" *a la* 1007. I suppose we all have a lingering weakness for princes and princesses, carried over from our fairy-tale days. Else it were hard to explain the long line of successful stories of this type. The present one is both brightly told and passably original. Indeed, there is little that is reminiscent or *réchauffé* about it, beyond "Rhætia's" Ruritania-like vagueness on the map of Europe. Another pleasant rehandling of a much-handled theme is Richard Harding Davis's "The Scarlet Car" (Scribner). Mr. Davis enjoys a reputation that is interesting because, to the eye of the sober-minded, it is without visible means of support. He is, as it were, the matinée idol of current literature, whose sole function, apparently, is to be debonair and to wear his fiction as though it were the adornment and not the source of his attraction. The present story meets these requirements to perfection. It is an automobile love story in three rides, written with finished offhandedness, and breaking through the defenses of the public's susceptibilities at their weakest point—their ready sympathy with a pair of lovers who are up to date.

"The Wingless Victory" (John Lane), by M. P. Willcocks, is another of the recent novels which, while it ranges itself very definitely on the modern side of Oscar Wilde's line of artistic cleavage, is of more than average merit. It is a book which one reads with growing absorption,

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even with a passing enthusiasm of acquiescence in the author's insight. And if its characters are, after all, likely to lose themselves quickly in the crowd of our memories, our sympathies and our judgments are likely to retain the impress of their acquaintance. It occupies, in fact, the middle ground between the common, or garden, novel and the fiction of full literary and interpretative achievement. It is a story of homely Devon folk whose special problems and individual struggles between the weaknesses of the flesh and the strength of the spirit are no mere daub in local colors, but are allied to the special struggles and problems of us all. Its women, especially, are presented with a clearness that holds the interest and with an understanding that broadens our own. But the book is unfortunate in what (in a literary sense) may be termed the social self-consciousness of the author. She begins each chapter, as some people begin each conversation, with the weather; and one has, as it were, to remake her acquaintance after every interruption.

W. W. Jacobs is possessed in full measure of that most comfortable attribute, dependability. When we pick up a new volume of his amphibious sketches, we address ourselves to them with much the same satisfied anticipation of familiarity and surprise with which we prepare to listen to a well-known air rendered, with variations, by a virtuoso. The waterside gentlemen and coastwise skippers who meet us in his pages are the air. The troubles in which they proceed to entangle themselves, and which follow upon their characters as inevitably as the laws of harmony, are the variations. And Mr. Jacobs himself, with his inimitable technique, is the virtuoso. His new book is called "Short Cruises" (Scribner) and its twelve stories move on characteristic lines. The quizzical oddity of his characters and the absurd likelihood of their adventures still end in sudden and conventional bow-knots of dénouement which should, but do not, spoil the humor of them. And if his latest work is no better than his first, it is (which is really sufficiently remarkable) just as good.

We were speaking, a month or two ago, of Dillon Wallace's "The Long Labrador Trail," an interesting account of difficult pioneer exploration. Mr. Wallace, I think, conveys in his narrative a fair composite impression of the explorer's sufferings in the endeavor, and gratification in the retrospect, of his achievement. But Mr. Robert Dunn, the author of "The Shameless Diary of an Explorer" (Outing Co.), evidently thinks that all explorers are liars in that, once safely home again, they wilfully minimize the discomforts and magnify the glories of their profession. His book is certainly open to no such accusation. He wrote a good deal of it on the spot while accompanying an ill-assorted, caught-as-catch-can party, led by a moon-gazing and unpractical professor, making an unsuccessful assault upon Mt. McKinley, Alaska, over an unknown trail from the coast. It is written in an atmosphere of wet horses, burned flapjacks, subarctic mosquitoes, and sweat; and has the interest which attaches to any genuine and "shameless" self-revelation. It gives,. very graphically, the reverse of the explorer's medal. But it is no less one-sided for that, and we are willing to wager that Mr. Dunn himself will, a year hence, look back upon his own experiences with much of the pleasant illusion which he decries.

The horrible and the uncanny are so seldom evoked with anything approaching artistic or psychologic effect that, as one looks back upon the experience of reading a story by H. G. Wells called "The Island of Dr. Moreau" (Duffield), one is more and more inclined to call emphasized attention to it. The story—which is a reprint, having originally been published a few years ago—is horrible, uncanny, and gruesome. But the horrible and the uncanny undoubtedly possess a well-defined and, I think, a legitimate attraction for the mind. They are bound up with the experiences of the race. They, or the possibility of them, lurked always in the unknown, and, even now, they lend to the mysterious its chief esthetic thrill. Are not most of us conscious of an emotional loss in outgrowing our terror of the dark? This account of the island of Dr. Moreau, and what went on there, is supposed to have been found among the papers of an English gentleman, who was shipwrecked in the South Seas and was picked up, apparently deranged, from an open boat some eleven months after his disappearance. The period of his absence had been passed on a small island where a scientific fanatic and his assistant had for many years been experimenting in vivisection and surgical patchwork. They had, if one may so express it, manufactured a community of monstrous animals endowed, more or less bunglingly, with human form, and imbued with a more or less tentative travesty of human intelligence. In the description of these monsters, in the glimpsing of their bestial yet cunning minds, and above all in the subtle hinting of the whole tale at a satirical and sardonic double meaning, Mr. Wells has called to his aid both his vivid and constructive imagination and that artistic restraint that knows the value of suggestion.

The literary career and personality of Mr. Thomas Dixon, Jr., have borne more than a super-

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ficial resemblance to a comet. Not only did his first and spectacular appearance from outer space, some five years ago, excite feelings of admiration and awe in the minds of the impressionable, but it even aroused recurring discussion in speculative circles as to whether, if the literary world ever actually met the nucleus of the new luminary, it would burst into flames or pass through unconscious of the encounter. Mr. Dixon has just published the third novel in his Trilogy of Reconstruction. It is called "The Traitor" (Doubleday, Page) and deals with the suppression of the Kuklux Klan in North Carolina. And it enables us to pronounce with considerable definiteness that the elements of this particular comet's effulgence are gaseous matter and momentum. "The Traitor," to drop the simile, is an essentially theatrical story, effective enough in outline, but deliberately loaded with cheap sentiment and tawdry sensationalism. It has swing to it. It moves in an environment full of the possibilities of passion. Yet one cannot but feel that its crudities are calculated and its solecisms intentional. In short, taken in conjunction with the author's previous work, it suggests, not a mere following of the line of least resistance toward spectacular superficiality, but a purposed pandering to the cravings of shallow emotionalism.

Readers of an investigative turn of mind—the kind who never meet a solar eclipse in a work of fiction without turning up the almanac to verify the date—will need to provide themselves with the latest edition of the Almanac de Gotha before sitting down to enjoy Margaret Potter's story of Russian royalty, "The Princess" (Harper). The author, with her remarkable knack of what small boys call "boning up" upon any subject that has arrested her versatile imagination, seems to have persuaded herself, and goes far toward persuading her readers, that she is the confidante of all the Romanoffs from the reigning Czar to the humblest cousin of the house. The tragic story of a double liaison in St. Petersburg which has resulted is magnificent as an example of "cheek" and is by no means without its human interest as an emotional drama. But Margaret Potter is paying the penalty of precocious talent. One does not, with impunity, write "Uncanonized" when one's generation is binding graduating theses with blue ribbons. There has crept into Mrs. Black's later work a subtle but unescapable flavor of disintegrating sensibility, which is neither disguised nor made up for by the rather obviously grandiloquent strain of symbolism and the supernatural which ran through "The Genius" and is continued in "The Princess." The present novel is effective and engrossing; it reaches, once at least, a striking height and fulness of dramatic situation; but it dies in the memory intestate and without issue.

OTHER BOOKS

"Beatrix of Clare"—(Lippincott). A revival of the earlier form of the historical romance of chivalry and love. A graceful tale by John Reed Scott.

"Jerry Junior"—(The Century Co.). A bright little comedy-romance by Jean Webster. Utterly ephemeral, but suited to an inconsequent mood.

"Through the Gates of the Netherlands"—(Little, Brown). A volume of appreciative "snooping" through the highways and byways of Holland by Mary E. Waller.

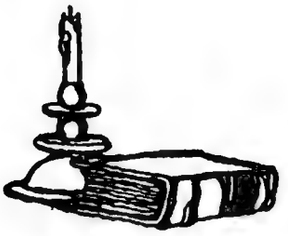
"East of Suez" (The Century Co.), by Frederic C. Penfield. The record of a trip from Egypt through the Orient, by a traveler of an observant and statistical bent, who enjoyed exceptional opportunities.

"Bar-20" (Outing Co.), by Clarence E. Mulford. A cowboy story whose pages are a human shambles.

"My Life as an Indian"—(Doubleday, Page). A volume of authentic and interesting reminiscences by J. W. Schultz, who spent many years with the Blackfoot Indians and married one of them.

"To the Credit of the Sea"—(Harper). A connected series of good stories from the life of a Gloucester fishing skipper, written by Lawrence Mott.

"German Ideals of To-day"—(Houghton, Mifflin). A collection of excellent papers upon modern German art and literature, by Kuno Franke.



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Under the Spreading Chestnut Tree

Editor's Note.—A good story is a treasure, and, like other precious things, hard to find. Our readers can assist us, if they will, by sending any anecdotes they find that seem to them good. Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree, no story is barred by its youth. The younger the better. We shall gladly pay for available ones. Address all manuscripts to "The Chestnut Tree."

An aged Jersey farmer, visiting a circus for the first time, stood before the dromedary's cage, eyes popping and mouth agape at the strange beast within. The circus proper began and the crowds left for the main show, but still the old man stood before the cage in stunned silence, appraising every detail of the misshapen legs, the cloven hoofs, the pendulous upper lip, and the curiously mounded back of the sleepy-eyed beast. Fifteen minutes passed. Then the farmer turned away and spat disgustedly.

"Hell, there *ain't* no such animal!"

A big, husky Irishman strolled into the Civil Service room where they hold physical examinations for candidates for the police force.

"Strip," ordered the police surgeon.

"Which, sor?"

"Get your clothes off, and be quick about it," said the doctor.

The Irishman undressed. The doctor measured his chest and pounded his back.

"Hop over this rod," was the next command.

The man did his best, landing on his back.

"Double up your knees and touch the floor with your hands."

He lost his balance and sprawled upon the floor. He was indignant but silent.

"Now jump under this cold shower."

"Sure an' thot's funny," muttered the applicant.

"Now run around the room ten times. I want to test your heart and wind."

This last was too much. "I'll not," the candidate declared defiantly. "I'll stay single."

"Single?" inquired the doctor, puzzled.

"Single," repeated the Irishman with determination. "Sure an' what's all this funny business got to do wid a marriage license anyhow?"

He had strayed into the wrong bureau.

"John, John," whispered an alarmed wife, poking her sleeping husband in the ribs. "Wake up, John; there are burglars in the pantry and they're eating all my pies."

"Well, what do we care," mumbled John, rolling over, "so long as they don't die in the house?"

The foreman and his crew of bridgemen were striving hard to make an impression on the select board provided by Mrs. Rooney at her Arkansas eating establishment.

"The Old Man sure made a funny deal down at Piney yesterday," observed the foreman, with a wink at the man to his right.

"What'd he do?" asked the new man at the other end of the table.

"Well, a year or so ago there used to be a water-tank there, but they took down the tub and brought it up here to Cabin Creek. The well went dry and they covered it over. It was four or five feet round, ninety feet deep, and plumb in the right of way. Didn't know what to do with it

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until along comes an old lollypop yesterday and gives the Old Man five dollars for it."

"Five dollars for what?" asked the new man.

"Well," continued the foreman, ignoring the interruption, "that old lollypop borrowed two jacks from the trackmen and jacked her up out of there and carried her home on wheels."

"What'd he do with it?" persisted the new man.

"Say, that old lollypop must've been a Yank. Nobody else could have figured it out. The ground on his place is hard and he needed some more fence. So he calc'lated 'twould be easier and cheaper to saw that old well up into post-holes than 'twould be to dig 'em."

Thereafter the new man bit more on his food and less on the conversation.

A new cabby had taken up his stand at Union Square.

"Gettin' in a new horse?" asked one of the old-timers, eying the bony nag critically.

"Aw, wotcher givin' us!"

"See yer got the framework up already."

It had been anything but an easy afternoon for the teacher who took six of her pupils through the Museum of Natural History, but their enthusiastic interest in the stuffed animals and their open-eyed wonder at the prehistoric fossils amply repaid her.

"Well, boys, where have you been all afternoon?" asked the father of two of the party that evening.

The answer came back with joyous promptness: "Oh, pop! Teacher took us to a dead circus."

One of our readers, looking over an old scrap-book recently, came across the following advertisement written by the late Bill Nye:

"Owing to ill-health I will sell at my residence in township 19, range 18, according to government survey, one plush raspberry-colored cow, aged eight years. She is a good milker and is not afraid of the cars nor anything else. She is of undaunted courage, and gives milk frequently. To a man who does not fear death in any form she would be a great boon. She is very much attached to her house at present by means of a stay chain, but she will be sold to any one who will use her right. She is one-fourth short-horn and three-fourths hyena. I will also throw in a double-barreled shotgun which goes with her. In May she generally goes away for a week or two and returns with a tall, red calf with wabbly legs. Her name is Rose. I would rather sell her to a non-resident."

A Southern lady who had been frequently annoyed by her darky cook's having company in the kitchen, remonstrated with the girl, telling her that she must entertain her friends in her own quarters after working hours.

One evening soon after this the lady left the girl arranging the dinner-table and went to the kitchen for something. A great, hulking darky was sitting in the kitchen rocker. Indignant, the lady hurried back to the dining-room.

"Cindy," she demanded, "what have I told you about having your beaux in the kitchen?"

"Laws, miss, he ain't no beau! Why, he's nuffin' but my brudder."

Somewhat mollified, the lady went back to the kitchen.

"So you are Cindy's brother?" she said kindly.

"Law bless yo', no, miss," he answered. "I ain't no 'lation 'tall to her. I's jes' keepin' comp'ny wif her."

The lady, angry through and through, sought out Cindy again.

"Cindy," she asked sternly, "why did you tell me that that man was your brother? He says he is no relation to you."

Cindy looked aghast.

"Fo' de Lawd's sake, miss, did he say dat? Jes' yo' stay here a minute an' lemme go look ag'in!"

A Coney Island fortune-teller was trying to persuade a farmer to have his fortune told.

"It's only a quarter," she urged, "and if I don't tell you your name right you get your money back."

"Humph," grunted the farmer suspiciously. "What in tarnation do I want you to tell me my name for? I know it already."

"Once when I was going out to visit some friends," says Mark Twain, "I told George, my negro servant, to lock the house and put the key under a certain stone near the steps. He agreed to do so.

"It was late at night when I returned. I went to the stone under which the key was supposed to have been hidden. It was gone. I hunted around for about fifteen minutes, but still no key.

"Finally I went to George's house—he roomed

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outside—and rapped vigorously upon the door. A black head, which I had no difficulty in recognizing as George's, popped out of an up-stairs window.

"'Where did you put that key, you black rascal?' I roared.

"'Oh, massa,' answered George, 'I found a better place for it.'"

A teacher in a New England school had found great difficulty in training her pupils to pronounce final *g*. One day when a small boy was reading, he came to a sentence that he pronounced as follows: "What a good time I am havin'!"

"No, Johnny," interrupted the teacher, "you made a mistake. Don't you remember what I've been telling you? Try that last sentence again."

Johnny reread as before, "What a good time I am havin'!"

"No, no," said the teacher a little impatiently. "Don't you know all I've told you about pronouncing the *g*?"

Johnny's face lightened, and he began again, confidently: "*Gee*, what a good time I am havin'!"

When Mr. Jones's seventh son was born, there was great rejoicing. Two or three days after the event, one of the neighbors, meeting Tommy, the eldest son, asked if he were not sorry that his baby brother was not a baby sister.

Tommy shook his head.

"No ma'am, not me!" he replied with great decision. "Y' see we're tryin' for a baseball nine."

Senator Knox told this story at the Elks' convention in Philadelphia:

A delegation from Kansas visited President Roosevelt at Oyster Bay not long ago. The President met them with coat and collar off, mopping his brow.

"Ah, gentlemen," he said, "dee-lighted to see you. Dee-lighted. But I'm very busy putting in my hay just now. Come down to the barn with me and we'll talk things over while I work."

Down to the barn hustled President and delegation.

Mr. Roosevelt seized a pitchfork and—but where was the hay?

"John!" shouted the President. "John! where's all the hay?"

"Sorry, sir," came John's voice from the loft, "but I ain't had time to throw it back since you threw it up for yesterday's delegation."

In "Under the Spreading Chestnut Tree," in the August number, we told the true story of the now famous Postage-Stamp Joke and the Seven Honest Persons. Incidentally, we announced that we were holding in trust a check for $1.98 for the man who could prove himself the lawful parent of that joke, or his heirs. Now comes a sequel to the story, from which it would seem that at last we have found the man who told the man who told the man—etc. Anyhow, the following letter looks to us like a good claim for the $1.98 and the authorship of a Good Thing:

Editor of EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE.

DEAR SIR: Concerning the joke about the young man, the postage-stamp, and the correspondence school:

One morning last January, Ralph Tilton, whose originality no one doubted, came into my studio and told Franklin Adams and me of a young man whom he had just seen in a drug store buying a stamp, and who interested him by the queer manner in which he stamped an envelope. Ralph gave an elaborate imitation of the lisping chap and of the finicky care he exercised in licking and placing the stamp. This convulsed both Adams and me.

"Now, what do you suppose the fool was trying to do?" asked Ralph.

I suggested that he probably had been studying the Language of Flowers, or Handkerchief and Stamp Flirtation, and maybe it meant "We must part" or "Beware of a tall dark man."

Tilton replied, "No. I think he belonged to a correspondence school, and that was his college yell."

This is the joke that Ralph built. We all agreed that there was a story. I handed it around for several days and it finally reached Hamilton King, who is the first recorded narrator of the yarn. There may be a thousand indorsements yet to go on the check, and it might look like a paving petition if one tried to trace through all the missing links between its inception and the time it got to King, for verily a new story travels faster than does scandal.

"Where do all the jokes come from?" is a bromidic query even among traveling salesmen, and Mr. Robert H. Davis truly says that "no man ever yet got on the trail of a joke and brought up anywhere in particular." BUT I should like it recorded that Franklin Adams and I are probably the only living persons who really sat right there and officiated at the birth of a joke.

The pity of it all is that the creator of this jest cannot take part in this merry quest, even though I feel that his natural modesty would have deterred him from revealing what he would call his "guilt."

Therefore I beg you to accept this as authority, and to credit this comparatively meager mot—considering his many other brilliant accomplishments—to the late Ralph Tilton.

Very truly,

SEWELL COLLINS.

NEW YORK, July 22, 1907.

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Everybody's Magazine

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THE RIDGWAY COMPANY

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31 EAST 17TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY

With "Everybody's" Publishers

THIS country," an old man once said to us, "is just like an overgrown boy. It's awkward and ungainly; it's as full of conceit and bumptious knowledge as a Socialist; it has a tremendous smoldering strength, and"—he paused a second—"and all the pimples are on top."

Often since we've thought of that. Mr. Wister's article on the scurrile graft in the building of the Capitol at Harrisburg—in this number—reminded us of it. The more we think of it, the truer it seems. Now, we as a country are 131 years old; 131 is to 15—for a pimply boy might be guessed at as 15—131 is to 15 as x is to 25—the age of developed manhood. Breathing hard over the algebra, we find that $x=87$,—why, we won't be a full-grown nation, really civilized, and in our young manhood, ready fully to assume our responsibilities, till 1994! And in the mean time, there *are* a good many pimples in sight; now, aren't there?

Aren't we a busy people? There is scarcely a state or city that hasn't its crusade against Graft. It is bubbling up in most unexpected places. We have Winston Churchill fighting the railroads in New Hampshire, and Heney and Spreckels fighting municipal corruption in San Francisco. They're 3,000 miles apart. We could plot a line—if plotting a line were not so much a bore—following the course of anti-graft agitation. New Hampshire, Rhode Island—both losing fights. Hughes in New York with his Public Utilities Commission—probably the most remarkable feature of this ten years' fight; Colby and Fagan in New Jersey; the half-smothered revolt in Pennsylvania; Tom Johnson and Brand Whitlock in Ohio; Judge Landis and his $29,000,000 suggestion to the Standard Oil in Illinois. Then we'll run the line up to take in La Follette of Wisconsin, and Johnson of Minnesota, and bring it back to Folk in Missouri. Then we could jump to Denver for Ben Lindsay, and end in San Francisco. We are moving some. Perhaps we can overturn the lid metaphor, so familiar in recent cartoons. It's the grafters who are struggling to keep the lid down just now.

Let's look the question in the face and report progress. There's no danger of overconfidence from a recital of the few victories we have won. The fight has only just begun. Does any one know where we are? To-day, we're in a position of some precariousness. The stock market has broken badly. Credit—the breath of business life—is hesitant. The future looms up uncertain. What we need is coolness, temperance, sanity. We have passed through the first bitter stage in which our prejudices and passions have been involved. We should now move forward justly, sincerely, with the work. We want clear thinkers for our leaders. We need Matthew Arnold's

> One common wave of thought and joy
> Lifting mankind again.

And it is this clear thinking that is our aim for the magazine for 1908. We shall do the best we can to present the sanest type of criticisms on national conditions, and to point out with the clearest minds we can get the diseases and the cures; but we can only do it gropingly. It is hard to see the way. It is still harder to get the right people to show it to us. But in the November number we have an article by William Hard, on "Making Steel and Killing Men," which is exactly the type of material we want—the presenting

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of a case with discernment and justice and fearlessness. When you get through with Mr. Hard's article, you will know both sides of the story, and you will be able to reach an honest judgment.

But if we wish to reflect in our pages the state of the country, we must show both sides of the shield. You must have noticed in the magazine for the last twelve months a number of articles that were intended for upbuilders. You saw stories of James J. Hill and of George Westinghouse—upbuilders of the Republic. These men are not perfect. You know that. So do we. But we claim that they are essentially creators, and not manipulators. Admitting his faults, what a wonderful empire Hill has added to our country; and in these days of American leadership in engineering works, how high stands Mr. Westinghouse in his vast contribution to our added wealth. We have now under way more of these studies—in individual contributions to our civilization.

If you subscribe for EVERYBODY'S for 1908 you will stand behind this policy; you will find, we believe, some explanation and illumination of our present troubles; and more than all, you will get suggestions for constructive methods of correcting these evils.

TARKINGTON AND O. HENRY

We mean to reflect the literary life of the country. We mean to get for you the best fiction of our writers. Whether their names are known or unknown, we want the best. We have begun by securing from Booth Tarkington a serial written during his last year in Paris. We should say that if there is any man among the young writers of America to-day whose work in breadth of view, in characterization and in technique, can well be compared with the best modern French writers, it is Tarkington. Perhaps the most distinguishing element in the story is its charm. It is nearer "Monsieur Beaucaire" than "The Gentleman from Indiana"; but it is not like either of them. It is new and original, working out a dramatic and absorbing problem, and throughout it runs a sweet and wholesome bit of love-making. We are congratulating ourselves that Mr. Tarkington has selected our pages for his story.

And there is O. Henry, who is perhaps the purest type of short-story writer in America to-day. His work has been compared with de Maupassant's. But this is not fair—he is not like de Maupassant except in the remarkable cleverness and brilliancy with which his plots are worked out; but in his expression, in his individuality, and in his humor, he is pure American. To know O. Henry is a joy. We were at work to-day trying hard to get a trenchant characterization of Mr. Wister's article on the looting of the Capitol at Harrisburg. We were making progress—backward, when Mr. Henry came in.

"Help! Help!" we called to him. "We want a sharp epitome of our Harrisburg article. Come on in."

He thought a short minute and then said, "Why don't you call it 'The Capital Crime by Harrisburglars'?"

Mr. Henry is a slow producer; many magazines to-day are claiming stories of his for publication. They can't get them. We have published more O. Henry stories in 1907 than all the other magazines put together. We now have two more of his stories on hand, and both the November and Christmas numbers will contain his work.

Our love of a laugh has helped and will help this nation over rough places and dangerous situations. The case of Mr. Eugene Wood might well typify our national use of humor to ease the ugly spots of life. Mr. Wood boarded a car one night on his way home, seating himself near the front door. A burly and combative-looking chap, standing against the door, was whistling badly out of tune. Mr. Wood stood it for a time and then began to give signs of annoyance.

"Maybe you don't like my whistling," said the man threateningly.

"I don't," replied Mr. Wood.

"Perhaps you're man enough to stop it," said the fellow angrily.

"Perhaps not, but I hoped you were," replied Mr. Wood.

And he was.

We've had a strong blend of humor in the last year. We're planning to have more of it. We've told you of Mr. Henry. We shall have Mr. Wood. Joe Lincoln, with his homely, lovable Cape Cod characters and clean-cut and wholesome fun, has won a warm place in all hearts. Broughton Brandenburg has more of his circus stories to tell. Hugh Pendexter, with his ingenious fun, and Porter Emerson Browne, who wrote "Daly, the Troubadour," are closely allied to us. There'll be lots of humor in the coming year.

GILMAN HALL, *Associate Editor.*

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